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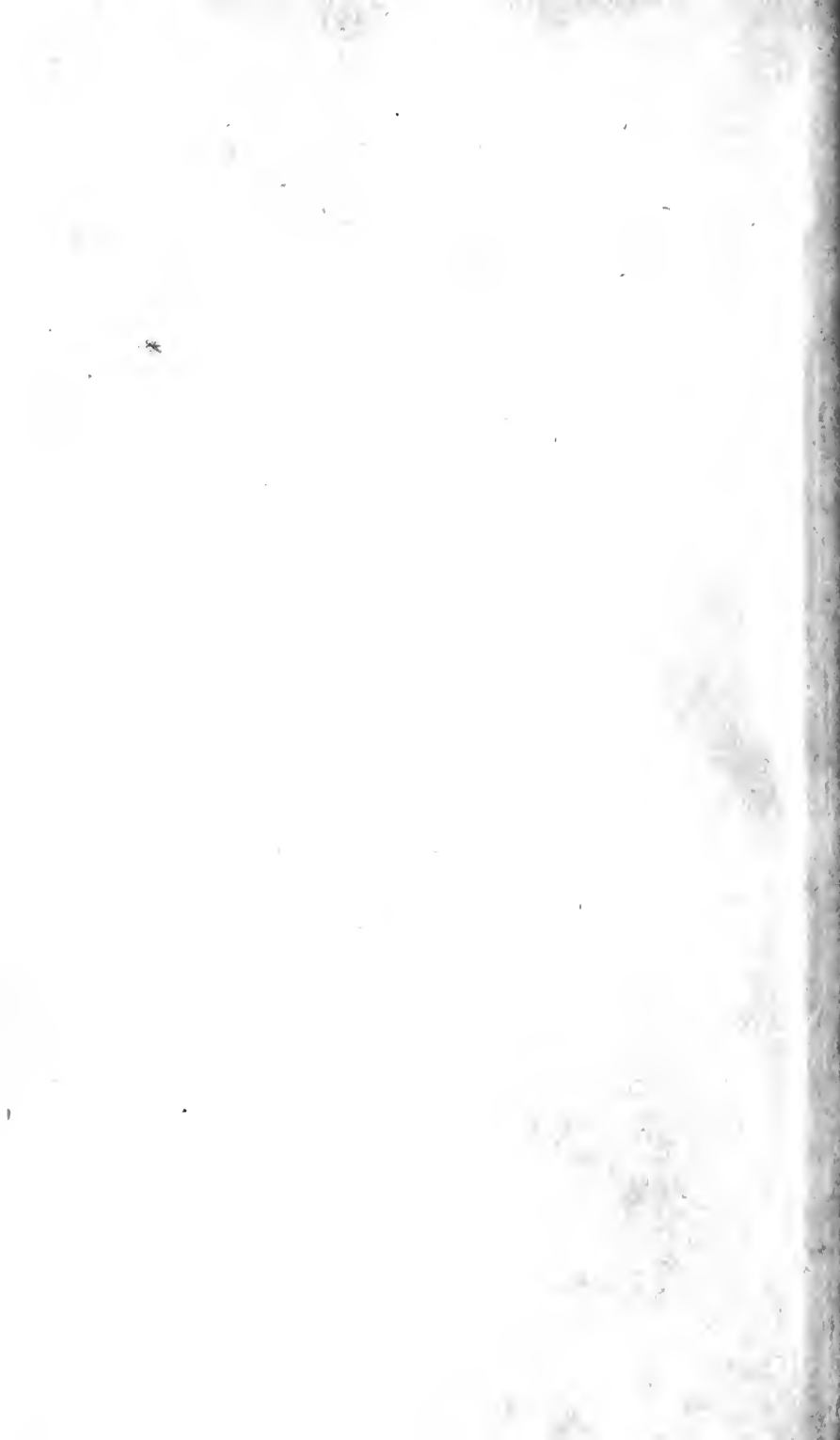
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GEORGE HOWLAND

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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1910.

NO. 1

GEORGE HOWLAND.

The following sketch of the life of George Howland was prepared at my request by his son, Robert B. Howland, of Pleasantville, New York, himself a man over eighty-six years of age.

George Howland was one of the first Friends to contribute to the funds for the erection of New Garden Boarding School, and his response to the appeal of Nathan Hunt was generous and cordial. Their friendship and mutual admiration continued throughout their lives and readers of Nathan Hunt's letters are familiar with the closeness of the tie. George Howland bequeathed to his son, Robert, an undying interest in the education of the young, and for many years he managed one of the best schools for young women which it has ever been my lot to know at Music Springs, New York. A distinct institution from the Friends Seminary in the same village. It was my good fortune to be a student there for five happy years, and I can never sufficiently express my appreciation of all the kindly offices and sympathetic interest of Mr. Howland and the members of the faculty.

M. M. HOBBS.

George Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., was born in 1780. His home then was on a retired farm ten miles from the seat of his active life and influence. When about twelve years of age, he was placed out to serve in the family of William Rotch, Jr., the son of a Nantucket ship owner, engaged in the whole fishery. The father founded New Bedford. Here he was subjected to humiliations from the boys of the house that he did not

mean that his sons should experience. It is said that W. R., Jr., to test him sent him of an errand through the heart of the town, a long distance, to see if he loitered. Persons were set along to watch his movement. He stood the test and was hired. A ship in the freighting business to England, could not secure a return freight, and so took on chalk from the cliffs of Dover, for ballast. This chalk the merchant preferred not to bother with and let the boy retail out to carpenters and other people. This secured him his first capital. He bought goods and sent them as ventures in coasters and increased his fund until he was able to secure part ownership in a vessel. When he secured his freedom he could control a vessel. The freighting business to Europe was, we believe, his employment. In this he had the help of a brother who was an able sailor. When the freight on flour came down to two dollars he quit the business and went into the whale-fishery. When he died he had eight ships in the Pacific ocean. The ship Hope he lost. The captain was a rascal and beached her on the Sandwich Island and, selling the cargo, skipped. Another ship, the Ann Alexander, was sunk by a huge whale, who smashed her solid bows in. The crew were soon picked up and the whale caught by another vessel. He was a sore-head. At the time of his second marriage he had a new ship that he named on the wedding day George and Susan; the ship was anchored at the foot of the street and when the bridal party came from the Meeting House and rounded the corner to enter the front door, the flags were run up and her name displayed. The ship George Howland, was built of southern live-oak and had no iron in her, all was of copper. The writer, a small boy, had the pleasure of being on board when she was launched. Five of his ships were Liverpool passenger packets in the early part of the nineteenth century. The celebrated Stephen Girard sold them, to be replaced by more up to date "clippers"; they were the Golconda, the Java, the Corinthian, the Cortes and the Rousseau. A ship's name cannot be changed. George Howland gathered a million out of the ocean in the first half of the last century. He died in May, 1852.

In no direction did he give as freely as to the education of

the young. His thought was especially for the mothers, hence he left a fund for the higher education of young women. First came Providence School, now the Moses Brown School; then through his implicit faith in Nathan Hunt, different donations to the North Carolina School, now Guilford College; then Oberlin, Haverford, etv. A staunch Friend, he was a faithful attender of his meeting on two days of the week. On his death-bed he revealed the fact that his line of walk from his house to his business had been a track of silent prayer for guidance and a blessing. He considered it no loss to devote an hour on Thursday morning to his worship of the Father of all. At thirty-five, he was made the president of the first bank established in the town of New Bedford, a strong proof of his high character as a merchant, and he held the office all his life. There was one exception, he resigned to spend a year in assisting his wife in a ministerial visit to England. On his return he was re-elected. He had but about three months of schooling. But he was a keen observer, had fine mathematical ability and a philosophical mind. His character was firm, he was prompt and sure in his decisions, untiring in his industry, A sound mind in a powerful body; he scarcely knew what fatigue was, much of the Roman tempered by Christian grace. In the education of his children he gave too much place to the stimulus of ambition; this interferred with family love and fellowship. By example and by precept he preached integrity, industry, faithfulness to all known duty and charity for the needy. Tobacco and idleness he abhorred. William Penn defined a Christian gentleman to be "God's servant, the world's master and his own man." Of such a make-up was George Howland, a staunch, adamantine product of the Puritanic and Quaker atmosphere in which he lived. Nantucket was the refuge of the Quakers from Puritan persecution, and New Bedford was a Quaker off-shoot. That rigorous development was a powerful leaven for many a Western community; time and the attrition of different races and characteristics have kindly polished and smoothed the ruggedness of the East, and added the suavity of the South, and the bold life of the West and we have a Roosevelt.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

Was there ever a night so calm and bright,
Has the moon ever shown with such soft pale light
On a world so strangely still?
Quaint checquered shapes dance on the ground;
From the near-by hedges comes the sound
Of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

To his mate near by in her downy nest,
With the eggs beneath her soft warm breast,
The mocker sweetly sings;
The owl calls out with hoarse sad cries,
From tree to tree the locust flies
And fiddles with his wings.

In the pine woods tall, so green by day,
By the moonlight blue, in its listless way
The brook flows idly on:
The bog beyond which used to thrill
At the close of day, is said and still,
For the Hylodes all have gone.

Instead a music low and fonder
In the deepening dusk calls me to wander,
The insects' soothing strain;
And I would not if I could, gain sleep,
Tho' pleasant dream my brain might steep,
Compared with this 'twere pain.

So dreams, be gone, when sleep would kill
The sights and tender sounds that fill
The thirsting soul's deep yearnings;
Drink oft, drink long of nature's charms,
Be fondled in her loving arms,
And grieve not o'erpast spurnings.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE COLLEGE
STUDENT.

(Oration winning first prize in Zatasian Contest.)

Among the many problems which are confronting the people of America today there is none more vital than the social problem. Every city is face to face with the question, "What must be done with the masses?" This problem is largely due to the rapid growth of our industrial nation. Time and means have been expended to increase the efficiency of the countless factories, founderies, and workshops of the modern city; man's inventive power has almost breathed life into the throbbing machine, but the multitudes who have been gathered together from all quarters of the earth as a labor supply have been neglected. Greed, competition, luxurious living on the part of the wealthy have brought it about that our industrial system is satisfied with merely paying a wage, sometimes ample, but more often meagre, and has overlooked all forms of recreation, all development of the higher faculties, and all moral training.

Hence the tenement district, its crime and disease, its overcrowded houses with neither comfort nor beauty; its homes void of music, literature, and amusement; its children for whom no flowers bloom in spring time, no play ground but the dusty street; its young girls all too soon released from parental care, permitted to walk unattended upon the city streets, and to work under alien roofs; its young boys allowed to earn money independantly of family life and to spend these earnings in the midst of vice deliberately disguised as pleasure; its aged men and women who in childhood and youth were compelled to earn their own livlihood, and now, worn out by toil and hardship, have become objects of charity.

These appalling conditions surround the industrial centers all over our land. In every city where there is a population, either foreign or native, working for wages we find the city slum. But the fact that men and women work day after day and year after year for a wage does not necessarily mean a slum district. The existing conditions can be and should be

ameliorated. The people of America are beginning to realize this fact and are rallying to the aid of the masses with a zeal little less than heroic. College men and women are becoming aroused with a sense of social responsibility and are inflamed with a desire to go into the very heart of the slum district and share their academic privileges with those who have none.

Such a desire led Jane Adams, a woman of education and refinement, to leave her home of luxury and her life of ease and take up residence in the most crowded of Chicago's river wards. For twenty-one years this woman, whose name is now known and honored throughout the civilized world, has been living with the wage-earners of Chicago, and Hull House has been doing its quite but undaunted work of social betterment. With its play grounds and kindergartens for children, its clubs and classes for young people, its lecture halls, gymnasiums, coffee house, and music rooms, this charitable institution is transforming the social conditions of that most needy neighborhood.

The people are being made to feel that Hull House is interested in their welfare and in turn they are becoming interested in Hull House. They are leaving the down-town saloon for the cozy rooms of the club; they are exchanging the vaudeville for the plays at Hull House in which their own people are the actors; they are giving up the public dance hall for the innocent games furnished by Miss Adams. The slothful, careless, indifferent man is being changed into an energetic, careful considerate man, with new hopes, new desires, and new ambitions.

Such is the work of Hull House and such is the work done in the social settlements of Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and many other cities. The people who go into these settlements do not dole out charity in the form of food, money, or discarded clothing, but with sympathy, love, and patience they give and share with their unfortunate neighbors those things which lift life from a mere routine to a pleasurable existence and a noble purpose. They are giving instruction in the case of the sick and in the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases; they are striving for aesthetic beauty, cleaner streets,

more parks and play grounds, better schools, and most of all for better homes.

The opportunities which the masses most need are those of health, increased happiness, and greater intelligence, and in the endeavor to supply these, social settlements are gaining for society that which is lovely and heroic from the midst of poverty so uncouth and intolerable. All this is done not with a feeling of disgust because the people live as they do, but with the conviction that could the homes be lifted from such surroundings, the lives illuminated by that which is lovely and beautiful, low aim, lack of ambition, and the sordid unhappy aspect of life would disappear.

The problem of the tenement district has been and is still depending upon college men and women for solution, and the American college is fulfilling her mission only as her sons and daughters go out into the highways and byways, wherever there is a need and dispel the darkness of disease, poverty and crime. If we would place within the reach of the masses the opportunity of noble living, if we would stimulate ambition and self regard in those who have no interest and no appreciation for life we must do it through the medium of the college. The need is not so much for temporary relief, nor for gifts of pecuniary value, as it is for the gift of consecrated lives—men and women of scholastic training, with firm purpose and an unswerving belief in the common everyday man.

We have only to look back on the pages of the world's history to see the deeds of valor accomplished by consecrated men and women in the trying crises of every age. It was the life of Martin Luther devoted to the cause of a blind and misled people that brought the church out of the bondage of ritualism into the glorious liberty of faith in the omnipotent. It was the untiring efforts of Florence Nightingale, universally known as "The Lady with the Lamp," that relieved the suffering soldiers in the Crimean war, and thus started a world-wide movement in army hospital nursing. It was the compassion for the masses that made the horror-stricken people of England step in between the wage earner and industrialism and declare that the wage earner must no longer sacrifice the blood of human

beings to the cruel demands of commercialism. It is the unceasing labors and the personal contact of Jacob Reiss that is bringing about such wonderful changes in the tenement district of Mulberry Bend. And it must be the real living contact of the college student with the day laborer that will solve the present social problem and eradicate the evils of the slum, for

“Not what we give, but what we share,
The gift without the giver is bare;
He who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me.”

JENNIE PUMROY BULLA.



FRED BECOMES A SOLDIER.

(Translated from German.)

The mother, the mother,
She goes before the captain's door:
"Oh! Captain, dear captain,
Deliver to me my son."

And if you give me
Ever and ever so much money,
Your son even he must die
In some far distant field.

Strasburg, oh! Strasburg,
Thou beautiful city!
Therein lies buried
So many a soldier.

Our Fred is now a stately young man of twenty years. The first half-year at the university was already behind him. He had taken lectures on Literature and Philosophy, for he hoped some day to become a teacher in the gymnasium.

One day a letter came from his father, and among other things which were therein: "Every healthy German of thy age must now become a soldier. Haer therefore my advice. Place yourself at Berlin in the army, serve your year, and then you can study again the next year."

"The father is right," thought Fred. It must come sometime or other, of course, so the sooner the better." And the very next day he presented himself. The physician declared him able-bodied, and now he must put on the colored coat. Surely he had it as a volunteer much better than other private soldiers, for after twelve months he had the obligation of the soldier's life behind him, and the latter must serve two years. As a volunteer he had also yet other advantages. He need not in all probability live in the barracks and could keep his lodgings. But, alas! He was very much mistaken. The captain

of his battalion was very strict. "Sergeant-Major," he said, "the new volunteers live the first four weeks in the barracks, and are treated as ordinary private soldiers—assign the people to the rooms of their company."

"At your command, Mr. Captain," answered the sergeant-major.

Fred gets room No. 8. This room was in the charge of Corporal Papke, and as Fred entered, the corporal came toward him and said: "Why, volunteer, I am glad, once to have a volunteer with me. Just run get me a bowl of fresh water." The poor Fred was thus to begin with, a chambermaid. He filled the bowl with water and placed it on the washstand of his superior. "Thus," said Papke, "this have you done well. What are you anyway in private life?"

"Student of Philosophy," answered Fred.

"Indeed, indeed! Student of Philosophy! Well, then just go make my bed. You see I want just once in my life to sleep in a philosopher's bed."

Fred was on the point of replying something, but he changed his mind at the right time—"A soldier must obey whether he will or not."

After dinner Fred must line up at the barracks-yard for the roll-call. Vice-Sergeant-Major Krach was in command. Sergeant-Major Grohler conducted the inspection. "Steady!" commanded Krach. Then he stepped forward and announced with nasal voice: "Company with thirty-four files, new corporals, four sergeants and a vice-sergeant-major present." "Corporals advance!" commanded Grohler, and now began the inspection.

Grohler was called the "angry sergeant major." As officer on duty he went along the line and examined to see if their clothing was in order. When he attended to that there prevailed invariably a mortal terror with the entire company, for he could always find something. He went behind the soldiers and tapped with his fingers on their coats to see whether the dust would come out, and if there came none, he then picked up their coat-pockets and knocked on them and now if one had beat out his coat as thoroughly as he might, some dust would be sticking to it just the same. As soon as the "angry

sergeant-major," saw that he said with a voice as an old bleating goat: "Record him for report on Sunday"—and they had the Sunday-off gone glimmering, and that was very sad.

"Kohlbauer, left shoulder a tenth of an inch higher! We cannot use cripples here."

"Lindner, three days' imprisonment in barracks on account of dirty boots!"

"Lohmeyer, your fourth button bobs up and down as a Polish bear. What is your vocation?"

"Very good!" stammered Lohmeyer, "wine agent."

"Indeed! Wine agent," sneered Grohler; "well, at present I give you what—the guard-house for the loose button."

"Very good," was Lohmeyer's answer.

Thus went the inspection to the end. Now had Fred two hours' leisure time. First of all he polished the buttons on the military coat of Papke, then he presented himself once again with the clothes-brush in his hand before him and brushed and fairly scrubbed him.

"No more beautiful life than a soldier's life," whistled Fred.

"Volunteer," laughed Papke, "you are really a philosopher."

L. E. S.

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NO. 1

Editorials.

We are glad to note that with one exception, all the members of the staff have returned. We have the most of us had the glorious opportunity of spending the summer, or at least a few weeks of it, in the country enjoying the fresh air and sunshine and consequently have brought back with us that energy which comes only from living in God's out-of-doors. A large part of this energy we intend to spend in making our college

paper worth while. And we ask the students and friends of the institution for their help both as contributors and subscribers. Let's all work together and try to get out a magazine worthy of the place, for the American college today is judged largely by the magazine which it puts forth. The staff encourages literary effort by offering two prizes of five dollars each yearly. They are given for the best story and poem published in THE COLLEGIAN during the school year. They are delivered at commencement. These prizes are well worth trying for.

Courtesy. William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody, no, not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small, sweet courtesies," in which there is no parade; whose voice is to still, to ease; and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing. "Courtesy" is almost an inbred virtue, but the home teaching has much to do with its being firmly rooted in the character. College life does much to nourish its growth; and we as members of a college community cannot afford to neglect the little acts of attention which make the discouraged fellow student feel that somebody at least cares about him. It may take some little effort on our part to always do the nice thing but we shall be amply repaid in the respect and love which it brings us.

The New Student. In college the newcomer oftentimes does not get into real college life until much time has passed.

This is sometimes due to the old students. However it is mostly the fault of the stranger who seems to shun college functions and organizations, thinking that he is the only new man present and that the others are all old students. He should be eager to join the Y. M. C. A. and Athletic Association. In these he should enlist without a moment's delay. Then there are left the Literary societies. Every student should cast his lot with one of these organizations, of which Guilford boasts four, which are doing excellent work. It is also important that all students should have their college magazine, and not only subscribe to it, but look forward to a time for a production of their own for it. These are some of the things a thrifty student cannot do without. Now by all means do not neglect any of these duties for they are real ones you owe to yourself, nor put them off for the second term or year in college. If they are put off then your classmates have the advantage by getting a start on you. Besides later it is hard to catch the drift and then you come to realize that the things which go to make up an ideal student have been neglected. So since you have entered college try to get the spirit by joining these organizations, for in these relations you first become acquainted and know the pleasure of college work.

"Making Good." Since old students are continually going out and new ones coming in, the future leadership of the student body will of necessity fall upon the students who are now new. It appears, from the large number of these and their superior quality, that the future leadership will be well cared for. This depends, however, upon the number of these who make good. The phrase, "making good," means a great deal in a college community; in fact it means everything to the new student. It determines whether he will

gain the confidence of the faculty, the approval and friendship of the students. Whether he will attain to the degree of success which his home people are anticipating, and whether or not he will lay a foundation upon which he can, in after years, sustain a strong and active life. To accomplish these things a good beginning is necessary. We must enter with all our might into the different phases of college life, choose very carefully our associates, and above all else do much hard work, for this is really the primary object of our being here.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

To students, opportunity is one of the greatest words in the English language. They are constantly confronted with opportunities the acceptance or rejection of which determines their future lives. What is the supreme opportunity of a life? It is to become acquainted with that life which has been proven by history to be absolutely essential for the highest development of a human being. In student life the Y. M. C. A. stands for the development of this Christ life in men. Sin is the greatest enemy man has. Jesus Christ helps us to overcome sin. The foundation of the Y. M. C. A. is sure. It needs men to push it and make students realize what it is doing for humanity.

We are pleased with the way our Y. M. C. A. work has progressed this year. September 8th, Rev. Long came out from Greensboro and conducted a decision meeting in Y. M. C. A. hall. This meeting will be of lasting value to us. On September 10th the annual reception was given. At this reception the different sections of the State pulled off stunts something like the Y. M. C. A. stunts at a student conference. On September 15th, Prof. Meredith, who has just returned from Germany, spoke to us on the subject of "Liberty." On September 22nd, Rev. Melton Clark, of Greensboro, spoke to us on the subject of "Missions." Every man on the campus has been enrolled in Y. M. C. A. study. But this is only the beginning and the year's work is by no means completed. It is up to us, therefore, as Paul says in Eph. 6-11, "To put on the whole armor of God in order we may stand against the wiles of the devil," and make this the best year we have ever had in Y. M. C. A. work at Guilford College.

Y. W. C. A.

The opening of the fall term of 1910 has brought more than the usual interest in the work of the Young Woman's Christian Association. Many things have contributed to this interest, each reflecting the faithful work of the various committees. Friendly letters were written to new girls during the summer, welcoming them to the college and into the Association. The new students were met by the old students, who were able to help them in many little ways and so make them feel at home as much as possible. After the first regular prayer meeting, a thorough canvass was made by the membership committee. Through these and later visits a membership of 79 has been secured, which embraces almost all the boarding pupils.

New students as well as old entered heartily into the plans and enjoyment of the opening reception. The stunts, especially those of the boys, were witty and well acted. We wish to thank all who aided in making this opening reception an evening long to be remembered.

Probably the most vital department, and certainly one of the most needful, for bringing students in living touch with Christ, is that of Bible Study. This we feel to be of prime importance and gladly agreed to assume the management of organized Bible Study classes to take the place of the regular International Sunday school lessons. Every student has been enrolled in some class for systematic Bible Study in which some work is assigned for each day in the hope that this habit of daily Bible study may become fixed. We feel confident that with perseverance and earnest preparation on the part of the leaders, these classes may become centers of Christian fellowship and helpfulness, as well as upbuilding in the knowledge of Christ.

The following classes have been organized:

1. Comparative Churches. Course for Seniors and Juniors. Miss Julia White.
2. Life of Paul. Sophomores. Miss Ada Field.

3 and 4. Life of Christ. Freshmen. Miss Louisa Osborne, Miss Lillie Bulla.

5 and 6. Men of the Old Testament. Second Preparatory. Miss Elva Strickland, Miss Margaret Rutledge.

7. Life of Christ (Elementary course). First Preparatory. Miss Cassie Mendenhall.

The combined loyalty and support of the whole student body is needed for the attainment of this aim through the power of Him who alone can make us what we ought to be.



ALUMNI NOTES.

- ✓ Laura Alice Woody ('09) is taking a course in Domestic Science at the University of Tennessee, this winter.
- ✓ Pearl Gordon ('10) is teaching in the graded school at Pilot Mountain.
- ✓ D. Worth Anderson ('10) is to be a physician and has entered North Carolina Medical College of Charlotte for that purpose.
- ✓ Edward King ('10) is in Y. M. C. A. work and occupies the responsible place of college secretary at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama.
- ✓ The Haverford scholarship won this year by Edward King is to be used by Richard Hobbs ('09) in default of Edward's non-acceptance of the offer.
- ✓ Henry Doak ('08), William Boyce ('09) and Roy Briggs ('09), all expect to enter Harvard University this fall.
- ✓ Eugene Coltrane ('07) is now principal of the Jamestown High School. Most readers know perhaps that he and Annie Lois Henley ('07) were married early in the summer and both attended the summer school at the University of Virginia, the latter taking a course in Domestic Science.
- ✓ Oscar Woosley ('05) and Florence Roberson ('06) were married in Memorial Hall on July 6. The wedding was a very pretty one and largely attended by their many friends. They are "at home" now in Asheboro, where Oscar Woosley retains his position as principal of the graded school.
- ✓ Henry Alva White ('94) was married on September 7 to Miss Alice Paige, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. White is a valuable addition to our Southern life and we gladly welcome her among us.
- ✓ Ada Field ('98) is now at Guilford again at the head of the chemistry department. Miss Field has had much advanced training and wide experience both at Bryn Mawr and institutions in the far west. Guilford is glad to claim its own again.
- ✓ Louis L. Hobbs ('07) is to enter the medical department of Johns Hopkins University this fall. To be a doctor seems the

natural thing for genial, sympathetic temperament such as we know Louis to have.

✓ Henry Davis ('09) is in Mary Hill, a new town in Washington state, and on the Columbia. Henry is not thoroughly fascinated with the west and has longings for the red hills of Carolina.

✓ Tickets are out announcing the marriage of Chase Idol ('02) to Miss Ruth Seiwerts, one of Salem's most favored young women. THE COLLEGIAN would congratulate Mr. Idol and wish him all the happiness he deserves.

✓ David Couch ('06) is studying at Columbia University this year.

✓ Robert Chadwick Willis ('01) is to be married on October 12th to Miss Mary Ermine Burgess, of Atlanta, Ga. They will live in Little Rock, Ark., where Mr. Willis is engaged in the Government Forestry and Land Reclamation.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

EDITORS—ELLA D. YOUNG AND HUGH A. STEWART.

"October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye
While up the hill and down the dale
Her crimson banners fly."

Prof. Carroll—"Now class, you know that up to this time the Roman people weren't used to having a female king."

New Student—"I can't eat these beans, they won't stay on my knife."

We judge that Lilly Mae and John Woosley are contemplating matrimony since they daily search the library for material on homes and furniture and laws on marriage respectively.

Dr. Hobbs (in psychology)—"What is a man's head made up of?"

Stretcher—"O! just a few thick pieces of skin."

It is never too late to mend—unless your trousers' button breaks off while running for breakfast.

M. Cox—"Do you teach Physics?"

Miss F.—"No, I do not."

M. Cox—"I am going to take them."

Misses Hodgin ('09) and Frazier ('10), of Greensboro, and Misses Richardson ('09), Harmon, Stanton and Bradshaw, of High Point, were present at the opening reception given by the Christian Associations.

Never buy a thermometer in the summer—they are always lower in the winter.

Prof. Carroll (classifying new student)—"Do you have a conflict?"

New Student—"Yes, do you want to see it."

John Anderson, of the class of '07, spent a few days at Guilford recently.

Prof. Meredith is quite enthusiastic over the tennis trophies won by our representative while she was across the "pond."

Messrs. Miller, Dalton, Holt and Sharpe, of the class of '10, and Hodgkin, '09, were with us at the opening reception.

If the new students' names you wish to know,
Jusut turn over a page or so.

Hazel—"Elva, when does Economics come?"

Elva—"Why, doesn't it come on the 22 of Sept?"

To err is masculine.

To forgive is feminine.

A. M. B. (looking up to her companion on Saturday night)
—"Woulud you kindly tell me the color of your hair?"

To bad Annie is so short, or her escort so tall.

Miss Louise, seeing many of the students pairing off Saturday night, was heard to enter the parlor singing softly to herself, "Say, darling dear, are you in here?"

Prof. R. N. Wilson, former professor of chemistry at Guilford College, was quietly married on Thursday, Sept. 15, at 9 p. m., to Miss Saza Peck, of Greensboro. Only the immediate families of both parties and a few intimate frends were present. He will reside in Durham where he now holds a position in the chemistry department of Trinity College.

H. S.—"Well how do you like G. C. by this time?"

R. H.—"Fine."

H. S.—"In what particular way do you like it?"

R. H.—"O, the girls don't wear these ???!x!y!z! merry widder hats to preaching."

"Sounds like R. P. L. H. X. Y. Z. doesn't it Tecy?"

Hazel Briggs has been blue ever since a certain person put in his appearance among us.

John Cary Whitaker, a former student, of Enfield, visited the college recently.

Smithdeal—"Is Thanksgiving on Thursday?"

"Did Mr. Smithdeal ever hear of its being on Saturday?"

If the sun shone only on the religious, it wouldn't have to get up so early in the morning.

E. Y. (going into the brick store Wednesday p. m.)—"Please give me a bottle of crackers."

Mr. X. mistaking Stretcher Bulla, a first year Prep. who came here ten years ago for a fresh fellow dumped a paper sack of water on his cranium. Mr. Steretcher may consider himself lucky for getting off so light.

We are indeed sorry to state that President Hobbs had the misfortune of losing his barn by fire on the morning of the 20th of September. We are glad, however, that none of the wagons or live stock was destroyed.

We should like to ask the gentleman from Washington, D. C., if he succeeded in blowing out his electric light.

Prof. White has recently been sick. The Dr. says he suffered from an overdose of cablegram.

The recital given on Sept. 24 by Miss Bernice Craig, pianist, and Miss Phyllis Woodall, violinist, was a rare treat for music lovers.

THE REVISED LIST.

To name the students who are new,
Beginning first we have Miss Pugh.
We see another Mary White,
Whose eyes are bright as stars at night.
Caroline Collier doth grace our hall,
Along with her is Minnie Ball.
Then Florida's little Josephine Kitching,
For whom the Phi's and Za's are itching.
Also from Florda is Mary Frei,
(How the name is spelled, O my!)
Gracie Hughes and Lola Tooten
And Annie McClain so highfalooten.
Next in line is Francis Smith;
Of her love-affairs 'tis all a myth.
Deloris Galdo, a Cuban girl,
Whose coming has set the boys in a whirl.
Olive Smith is from S. C.,
Another new one is Katie Lee.
Edna Laughlin is on third floor,
At New Garden Hall we find Miss Moore.
A "Georgia Cracker" is Margaret Cox,
Then Estelle Korner—sly little fox.
Katie Hopkins and Josie Davis—
From these far-fetched old rhymes do save us.
We'd not forget Iona Morton,
Nor Mamie Lamb, who does such courtin'.
Estella Neese and Laura Davis,
Two more from Randolph, if you'll belave us.
Eileen Lewis and Pearl A. Younts
Have come to us with all their wants.
Bessie Braxton and Clara Worth
Declare that Guilford's the best on earth.
Two more new girls in G. C. fix
Are M. Blanche Futrell and Bertie Dix.
In old "Prep Parlor," among the noble,

We find Miss Pike and Kathleen Coble.
V. Lilly Garrett and Hattie L. Gray,
We sincerely hope have come to stay.
Carrie Morgan and Lucy T.,
Show good sense by attending G. C.
Here and there and round about
We find Miss Pegram and F. Blanche Stout.
Miss Winningham and Ora J.,
The one is staid, the other gay.
Lelia Allred and Mabel E.,
We hope you'll never get a "D."
Now Irma Coble and Georgia J.,
Be "Keerless" what you do and say.
Our baby girl is little Miss Brittain,
Who's full of tricks as a playful kitten.

We'll now start off on another speil,
And head the list with a new Smithdeal.
Rufus Dalton and Ernest Lamb,
And along with them is Preacher Sam.
Hardie Carroll and Georgia Short
And Lewis Nelson—the studious sort.
Now, Earl Pearson and T. G. Perry,
Just be patient and not too merry.
To find the image of Bryson Hockett,
You must look in some girl's locket.
Two new boys in similar plight,
Are James C. Davis and James S. Knight.
Clifford Hinshaw and Paul T. Taylor;
The one a farmer—the other a sailor.
John R. English and C. A. Crump,
If you don't mind you'll have to hump.
No new student we wish to lose,
Not even Lewallen nor W. H. Hughes.
Two more have joined this happy lot,
They're C. P. Barker and Penn C. Scott.
J. W. Pegram and E. McBain,
Have come to us because they're sane.

Roland Edgerton and Norman E.
Will be content if they get a "B."
There's 'Fessor Faulkner and George A. Swan—
Girls, treat 'em nice or they'll be gone.
We find among us to air their minds,
Vance S. Garrett and Rob Huffines.
With Hayworth we mention his cousin Bess;
She'll not mind her surroundings, we guess.
One Henry Cox and Mr. Wade Barber
Have found at Guilford a peaceful harbor.
Wilbur Thompson and Herbert Cranford
With Robert Johnson have come from Sanford (?)
We bring up the rear with short Scott Hodgins;
If he's like his brother the girls won't dodge 'im.



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The Guilford Collegian.

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NOVEMBER, 1910.

NO. 2

NOVEMBER.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

All in a chamber
Besprent with amber
The parting year his guests receives.
His sunsets tender
Their robes of splendor;
Still is he crowned with golden leaves.

While yet he lingers
The Frost's swift fingers
Are weaving him his wintry shroud;
A pall descending
With crystal blending
Shall veil his forests, slumber-bowed.

Beyond this curtain
His end is certain,
Why, then, does he still smile and sing?
Because a vision
Of hope elysian
Reveals the promise of the spring.

THE PASSING OF PREJUDICE.

The feeling of prejudice is as old as the race. For centuries little groups of men have been discovering little bits of truth and surrounding them with a halo of sacredness and declaring to the world that here at last has been found the only true way. In their zeal for their idea of the truth they have not been slow to pin the label of "heretic" on all who do not view the truth from their own standpoint, preferring rather to work out their own salvation in fear and trembling.

The prejudiced mind cannot appreciate a spirit of sincerity and honesty unless it is clothed in the phrases which it uses, and when some new prophet arises, it is ready to raise the question which the self-righteous Jews of old employed—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Prejudice was one of the greatest forces of opposition with which Christianity in its beginning had to contend. It was highly developed in the Jewish world at the time when Christ began his ministry on earth, and many of his parables and teachings were put forth to counteract its harmful influence on the common people. One has but to take into consideration the great number of factions among the Jews to form some idea of the degree of prejudice prevalent at the time of Christ. The Pharisees, Sadducees, Samaritans and Publicans are but a few proofs of the existence of prejudice in a high degree since each sect felt that it was the embodiment of the whole truth and refused to see the light reflected from some other shield of truth than its own. This feeling of prejudice and class distinction Jesus sought to eradicate by many of his parables, teaching that God's displeasure rested on selfishness, pride, cruelty, injustice, and falsehood and not on the breach of rules invented as a system of religion.

The teachings of Jesus are characterized by a spirit of humanity which shuts out any thought or hint of prejudice. Nowhere in the gospels is this side of his teachings more forcibly portrayed than in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Here we have set forth every type of the prevailing Jewish sects—

the scribe, the priest, the Levite and the Samaritan. The first three were highest in the social scale, and it is natural to suppose that the mere circumstance of their high profession would have led them to relieve the sufferings of the wounded man; but no, their type of goodness has nothing of the human in it; they did not care for the people and their feeling of prejudice was so strong that they despised the people as ignorant and profane and contemplated their misery with indifference and even calm satisfaction, drawing their robes of priestly sanctity around them, passing by on the other side and congratulating themselves that they are not as other men are. It is characteristic of Christ's manner of teaching that he selected the Samaritan who belonged to one of the lowest social orders to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded man. He often chooses the weak things of the world to confound the wise and prudent. The fact that the Samaritan ministered to the needs of the wounded man is proof that he had brushed aside every feeling of class distinction existing in his mind and had grasped one of the basic principles of true religion, that he had a clear conception of his duty, and that for him all class distinctions and barriers were broken down; and in the light of this clearer vision he saw only a fellow being in need of help. From that time forward we may suppose that he cultivated what in our time is known as the "open mind."

The teaching of this parable is just as applicable in the twentieth century as in the first, and the need of the cultivation of an open mind, one devoid of prejudice, is even greater; for he who has not gained a largeness of view because he has not learned to enrich his own view of truth in the light of other men's views will be as if he had rolled a stone over the entrance to his mind and his one concern to guard the little stock of ideas already there, thus making a kind of mental sepulcher from which there is no hope of resurrection without a miracle. He who possesses an open mind has a sensitive taste for discerning the true and good from the false and bad, and will be able to grasp with comparative ease the principles underlying all the problems which is called upon to solve.

The change of attitude of one class toward another is one of

the most significant signs of the times, and most significant of all is the fact that the various branches of the Christian church are beginning to perceive that the church is one united whole, forming one body, sent into the world not to preserve a body of truth against attack, not to maintain certain forms of worship or to work out certain plans of organization. It was not organized as a place of rest or a haven of refuge in the midst of a hostile world. All of these things it is, and will be, but it is none of these things alone. It is primarily a moving army whose strength lies in the rapidity of progress, whose safety is to be found in its willingness to do and dare in the cause of right. It is not the guardian of a sacred fire upon an altar; it is a torch bearer carrying light and courage and truth in the very forefront of progress. In the exact degree in which it is a torch bearer, holding aloft the flame of faith in fearless hands, is it a living church and not a company of men who accept a creed.

Progress along all lines of activity, individual, commercial and religious, has been retarded and in some instances stopped by the feeling of prejudice existing between the parties most vitally concerned. One mighty influence in breaking down of class prejudice is the fact that the church as a whole is grasping the idea that first and foremost the true conception of the church is that it is missionary in its nature, and men everywhere are beginning to feel the breath of a new day and are awake to the opening of closed gates, to the universal letting down of bars. In China and Japan especially the opportunities are on a level with those which the early Christians met when the church set out to be a living army, moving aggressively through the world and not a company of the faithful comforting themselves with a truth which they did not feel compelled to share. As the early Christians had to contend with Judaism in all its forms, so the Christians in China and Japan have to contend with Confucianism and Shintoism. Many of the leading missionaries are statesmen in their grasp of conditions, their conception of the relation of the church to the world and their far-seeing adaptation of Christianity to national needs. They are true interpreters of the spirit of

Christ and of the fundamental idea of the church which he founded. It is from the mission field that the most powerful impulse toward breaking down of prejudice in the home land has come, because when men are engaged in a common work under the same conditions, whatever may be their difference of creed and form of worship, they get a true view of the relation of essentials and non-essentials, and prejudice banishes into thin air. The preachers of the church abroad are facing the greatest opportunities since the beginning of the Christian era. They are drawing together by the irresistible impulse of a great need and a fresh revelation of what the church stands for, and the church at home is beginning to see the vision which is dawning on the church abroad and right nobly is she making answer. The call of the conference of Christians held at Shanghai some months ago for the purpose of taking some steps toward church unity abroad has been nobly answered by the churches in the home land by the action of the conferences held at Richmond and Hartford; while the recent world's missionary convention held at Edinburgh, Scotland, will go down in history as a mighty factor in brushing aside the feeling of prejudice.

The action of these two conferences is significant in as much as it is an indication of the general trend of Christian thought that the members of the church are one in spirit, aim and activity, bound together in loyalty to one Lord and Master who in a hostile world declared the Fatherhood of God over one great family of which all men are members. Christians will never think or worship just alike, but as every branch of the living vine becomes imbued with the spirit of Christ, there will be unity in diversity of an organism where the several parts are developed, each in a freedom which the more fully ministers to the rich life of the world.

It should be the aim of every Christian to lay aside all feeling of prejudice and work for that unity which, while not severed from the life of the past, shall yet take hold of and enfold the life of the future, ever seeking to find some common ground of faith and order, returning to the great and simple things

of God in Christ which do not disserve but unite men, as in the days of the apostles, in One Lord, one faith, and one baptism.

MARY D. HOLMES.



OUR NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

BY WADE CALDWELL.

'Twas the first watch of the night. A half-round moon curved over in the west. We children stood by the casement of the window looking out upon the beautiful new-fallen snow, shimmering in the tremulous light of the waning moon. And, standing there by the window peering out into the dreamy depths of the night, we espied a traveler approaching from the road—the Old West Road through the linden wood. He, the traveler, came on through the avenue among the yew trees and the fir that in majestic colonades arched in the way—the way to our ancient old home, with its ivy-mantled walls looming up gray and grim in the somber silence of the winter night. The traveler was mounted on a magnificently caparisoned steed of an ebony hue, and was clad in a glossy dark armor that shone in the soft colorless light of the half-round moon. Across his saddle-bow balanced a lance, a shield was upon his arm, and from the spike of his helmet dangled a beautiful plume.

We ran out to greet him—we children to greet the traveler, for we knew him—knew the name he bore in the parlance of the land—we had seen others of his kind—he was a “knight errant,” seeking lodging for himself and steed. And, right glad were we to see him, for, no doubt, he would tell us many stories of wars and adventures in far away lands.

Encircling the huge log fire long we sat and listened—listened with our hearts all a-thrill with a yearning for emulation—to the great knight recount his wondrous deeds of chivalry. He told us of the many bouts and tourneys, and “affairs of honor” he had participated in; of great cities stormed and taken, and fair lands laid waste with fire and sword. Of this and more he told us, until he fell asleep in his easy arm chair—the great knight quietly slumbered till his helmet fell from his nodding head to the floor—upon my foot.

“Hi-hum! I’ve been asleep. Good gracious, it’s after midnight; the fire’s all out and I’m half frozen! What’s this on the floor by the side of my foot? ’Tis ‘Annie of Geierstein’!”

THE SIEGE OF FORT MACON.

It has always been the policy of the United States to protect the harbors on its coasts. Hence, very early in our history a fort was built at Beaufort Inlet about one and one-half miles from the harbor of Beaufort, North Carolina. This fort stood for only a short time however when it probably succumbed to those terrible southeast storms—one of which has made a record for itself during the last decade, by taking upon a sea-voyage a hotel from the shore of Beaufort. Or perhaps it fell a victim to the treacherous sand—which only about three years ago sank a portion of the life-saving station situated two or three hundred yards from the present site of Fort Macon. However the destruction of this fort may have come about, it was out of service in the early part of the nineteenth century, and Fort Macon was erected, to replace it, during the period between 1829 and 1835.

The position and arrangement of this fort shows much engineering skill, and its splendid walls tell the story of what might almost be called a masterpiece of masonry. The fort is in an embankment, and, upon approaching it, there is only one feature that would suggest any thing more than an ordinary sand hill—that is the regular outline of the sand and such growth as is peculiar to the beach, which has accumulated on the upper parapet. On top of the hill is the parade parapet. This is enclosed by a low wall which is buried to its top on the outside by sand. Just inside this parapet is a great cavity, which is perhaps twenty-five feet deep and thirty-five or forty feet wide. The main wall lies inside the cavity. Upon walking around the edge of the cavity, on the parade parapet, one finds the whole to be an irregular polygon of five sides. There is a bridge upon which one can enter the fort. Going into the outer wall and through a passage about thirty-five feet long, he finds himself in the open air again, and surrounded by a wall of the same shape as the outer wall. There are several flights of steps, upon any of which he can reach the upper parapet, where he sees that while he was walking around the

outer edge he was on a hidden portion of the fort. Here he has a good view of the surrounding country, which, however, is mostly water, since the fort lies on the western shore of the inlet and the eastern extremity of a narrow sand bar—Bogue Banks. To the north is Bogue Sound, Morehead City and Beaufort; to the east, just across the inlet, lies another narrow sand ridge known as Shakelford Banks, and on the south it overlooks that portion of the Atlantic which affords an approach to the inlet. It has excellent control of the latter, since the channel lies only a few hundred yards from the western shore. This splendid fortification, in such a prominent position, must have done much toward the protection and encouragement of commerce in the surrounding waters during the twenty-five years before the Civil War; and it was a stronghold for the Southerners during that awful struggle.

The most active period of the war, around Fort Macon, was in 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Bridgers had been in command, but upon his own request he was relieved, and Colonel Moses J. White had been put in his place. Early in the year the garrison consisted of Companies B, G and H, Tenth Regiment. Meanwhile Lieutenant Cogdell and Captain Blunt, with Company F, of the same regiment, and a company of the Fourteenth regiment were stationed some miles east of the fort in earth works for the purpose of protecting commerce in Core Sound. These men were supplied by the fort and under the direction of Colonel White.

January and February passed quietly—the monotony of the situation being relieved at times by a gun from some of the blockading boats, which was occasionally replied to by one at the fort, but without the slightest damage being done on either side. At this time there seemed to be no danger of an immediate attack upon the fort, therefore there was no special anxiety in the garrison. Communication with the outside was freely carried on. This pleasant situation, however, was not for long duration. After Roanoke Island had been taken by the enemy there was much speculation as to what were the intentions of Burnside. It was soon decided that he aimed to attack Newbern next, but in a day or so the light-draft vessels of his

fleet were seen, to the east, landing troops to attack Fort Macon. It was soon evident, however, that Newbern would be attacked first, so the fort was again in a state of quiet, and it was generally supposed that any attempt of Burnside upon the fort would be easily frustrated. March 14 came and Newbern was in the control of the Federals. Unrest again fell upon the fort. No attempt had been made to strengthen the land side of the approaches, and all the interrenching tools of the fort, with those of the surrounding country, had been sent to Newbern. The men who were at the picket station at Look-out Lighthouse—which is about eight miles up Shakelford Banks—with the garrison at the outlying earth works were called in, and all was done that could be to make the position as secure as possible. The garrison now numbered about four hundred men, but at no time from March 25 to April 25 were there more than three hundred efficient for service, there being much sickness among them. About March 23 the enemy began to approach the fort, and a formal demand was made, by General Parker, for its surrender. Colonel White refused, and his action was highly approved by all the garrison, both officers and men. To surrender without fighting would be disgraceful and not for a moment to be considered was the universal opinion; all were in favor of resisting until the last.

On the night of the 29th Captain Pool and Colonel White were standing on the upper parapet, discussing the situation, when lights sprang up all around, on the fleet, in the Federal camp on Bogue Banks, at Carolina City, Morehead and Beaufort, on steamer in the sound near the Straits, and Shakelford Banks completing the circle. "Do you see that Captain?" said the Colonel, swinging his arm around the horizon and pointing to the lights. "What is it and what does it mean?" "I see it, Colonel," was the reply, "it is the Federal anaconda of which we have read. Its folds incircle Fort Macon, and they must be broken or they will crush it. It means good-bye to outside friends and all news from this time until the end of the siege.

Hasty preparations were made now for the fast coming conflict. All outside buildings were destroyed; sand bags were

filled and placed so as to protect the guns of the upper parapet, and seaside angles were arranged so as to defend the guns just inside the low wall which surrounds the parade parapet; ammunition was prepared and placed in readiness for each gun. The fort was well supplied with provisions, shot and shell, but very deficient in powder, there not being enough of this to reply vigorously to an active bombardment of three days. Thus equipped the fort was soon ready for the fight.

The picket stations were still kept up by Company H. The farthest of these was three miles east of the fort—where the pavilion is now situated. They watched the landing and movements of the enemy until April 12, when they were forced to seek shelter in the fort, one man being wounded in the skirmish. It was soon decided to send to the Confederate authorities and ask if relief could be given. This was a difficult task, a task which required much boldness as well as good management. A crew was detailed and placed under the command of Lieutenants Coolman and Primrose, who put to sea one dark night early in April. They reached the Confederate line safely, but those at the fort did not know it until after the final conflict.

The Federals constructed mortar fortifications on Bogue Banks, using the sand hills to great advantage. The batteries of the fort could not easily be brought to bear upon them, therefore, because of the scarcity of powder no attempt was made to check the enemy's work.

Finally, at daylight, April 25—two days after another demand for surrender had been made—the real fight began. The Federals opened the fire and the guns at the fort responded promptly and rapidly. Those bearing upon the land were handled very skillfully; their roar was incessant and defensive. Cogdell's batteries did not bear upon the land and his men chafed under their idleness. They were soon relieved, however, for in less than an hour guns from seaward announced the approach of another foe—a blockading squadron had run an and opened fire. The heavy guns promptly paid their respects to the fleet. Here was game for which the batteries were prepared and anxious to meet; and their fire was

directed with so much accuracy that within an hour the vessels drew off beyond reach, one being disabled and the others in a damaged condition. This seems to have been the only attack upon the fort from the sea.

The attack from the land was kept up with great vigor. The enemy had much advantage because of their superior number, a fact which rendered it possible for them to relieve the men at their guns. Notwithstanding the small number of Confederate men on duty, the morning's report at the fort showed only 263 men efficient for service—the guns were well managed. They were, however, unable to do much damage to the mortar batteries and siege guns which fired through the narrow embrasures of the sand hills. The Federals continued an active fire, doing much damage, dismounting guns, disabling men, and battering the fort in general.

About 6.30 in the afternoon it was found that half of the forty-four guns in the fort were disabled, seven men killed and eighteen wounded. The fight was now being carried on with only two guns—the others efficient for service bearing upon the sea. It was under such conditions as these that Colonel White, for the first time, looked upon surrender with any degree of favor. But when General Parker demanded an unconditional surrender, that great courageous spirit, the pride of Southern aristocracy, refused to accede to his demands. Although they only had two guns with which to answer NO, these thundered it forth as bravely as if they were only the prelude to a great battle. Upon seeing the position which the Confederates took, General Parker asked that the firing cease until morning, in order that he could converse with General Burnside. He requested also that Colonel White should meet the General on Shakelford Banks at 7 o'clock the next morning, to which Colonel White agreed.

Every man, upon going to his quarters that night, supposed that he would awake the following day to return to his post and renew the fight. But at the meeting just mentioned an agreement of surrender was reached which provided that the garrison should be paroled and allowed to take with them to

their homes all their private effects. Thus Fort Macon fell into the hands of the Federals.

H. S. S.

AT TWILIGHT.

The evening sun now slowly sinks beneath the western wold,
And twilight comes, while night steals from the clouds their
wealth of gold.

All nature with a sweet, soul-stirring whisper bids us rest,
And with the perfume of the flowers our senses now are blest.

The farewell tears of day on leaves and flowers are softly lying,
The last familiar sounds of day's departing strifes are dying;
The birds sleep silently; the night wind in our ears is breathing
A sigh of the shadows that a dream about our heart is wreath-
ing.

At peace with all the world we sink into a night of shadow,
But swift the hand of time that brings us the eternal tomor-
row.

Tomorrow we'll live and love and work, and trust the spell
that holds us,

Our restless longings shall be still when night in peace enfolds
us.

THE STORE SCANDAL.

"I've a sweetheart good and true,
Who it is I'll not tell you,"

sang Maud as she ironed the dimity curtains which had done duty in the spare bedroom for six years and had been ironed as many times.

"Young girls in my day," spoke up her Aunt Jane, "didn't get any sich foolishness in their heads. They thought about their work and goin' to meetin' and lookin' after the old folks who took care of them when they couldn't take care of themselves. You needn't think any young man's a comin' here after a plain, homely girl like you. Besides you'd be mighty ungrateful to go off and leave me and your Uncle Hez after we have done so much for you."

Maud finished ironing the curtains in silence, then went to the pump for a cool drnk. Next day was commencement at Smith's High School and would have been Maud's graduation had she not quit two years before. She had been thinking of this all day and at times could scarcely keep back the tears. Even before her mother died Maud would talk of the time when she would finish high school. She planned how she would then earn money so that her dear mother would not have to sew all day long. After her mother died and Maud went to live with Aunt Jane and Uncle Hez her desire never once abated. But Aunt Jane's mind was different. "Girls at fifteen," she said, "should know something besides book learnin'." So in spite of her entreaties and promises to work early and late outside of school hours, Maud was compelled to stay at home. For two years she had been cook, laundress, maid, and chore girl. She was thinking of all this as she played with the pump handle when a sudden "Hello, Maud!" startled her. It was Addison, the son of Brown, of Brown & Smith Co.'s big store at the cross roads. Addison, the sweetheart of her first school years. Tomorrow he would receive his diploma. Again she was reminded of her own sad lot.

"Coming over to Smith's tomorrow, are you Maud?" he asked in his usual frankness.

"I think so. Aunt Jane says I may if I will prepare the butter for market before going."

"Let your aunt go to Halifax!" Addison blurted out, then thinking he had spoken too roughly said very politely, "come if you can."

By sun up next morning Maud had the butter ready for market, and by half past nine had the morning chores done and everything in readiness to go to Smith's. She was all ecstasy with the thought of going. Her aunt, who saw no good in such occasions, was not often this indulgent, and it was only after a good deal of coaxing that she agreed for Maud to go.

It was one of Lowell's perfect days in June. The large chapel at Smith's was filled to its utmost capacity. At 10.30 the one hundred and thirty-three pupils marched down the aisle and taking their places, sang, "School Days on the Nottaway." Reverend Mills gave the invocation, then the superintendent, in his clear, deep voice, gave a few words of welcome and read the program. The first was an essay given by Helen, Maud's rival in algebra. The next two were declamations, given by James Herman on the negro problem and Robert Harris on irrigation. Then came Emily's essay on "Woman's Rights." Each speaker did so well that Maud had grave fears for Addison, who was last on the program, but her fears soon subsided. From the first minute he held the audience spell-bound. When he had finished wave after wave of applause arose. The decision of the judges was unanimously for the last speaker.

Dr. Reider in a few appropriate words presented the prize, then began his address on the Possibilities of the High School, in which he referred to the young orators of that day, and especially to the last one.

Maud secretly rejoiced that Addison had won so much honor. As they walked home together that evening she was both sad and glad—sad because of her own missed opportunities at school, glad because—well, because he was glad. "I will see you Friday afternoon on my way to the ball game," he said as they parted at Maud's home. Maud went in, glad that she would see him again so soon, and hurried about to do the

evening chores. When supper was over and the dishes done she went to her own room to be alone with her thoughts—the day, the address, Addison, and all. She was not left with her thoughts long, however. Aunt Jane soon came into the room intensely excited.

“Maud,” she said, “I don’t ever want to see or hear of you goin’ with that low, shiftless, Addison Brown again. He’s—”

“Why, aunt, what is the matter? You know he’s considered one of the nicest boys at Smith’s, and all the teachers all like him.

“Makes no difference. He’s a thief, a liar, and a robber, and you’ve jist got your head turned or you could see it long ago. I always told you to let him alone and now you know for yourself.” For once Maud was angry.

“Tell me quick, what’s the matter.”

“I only hope no one saw you with him this evening. I’m ashamed to know he’s ever been here.”

“But what is it?”

“I am that worked up till I can’t tell you. The whole neighborhood’s disgraced forever. I’m goin’ right over to Mis’ Spier’s and tell her in the morning.” Maud saw that it was useless to insist upon her aunt’s divulging the awful secret, so she quietly went on with her embroidery. From the incoherent exclamations and sighs, and I-told-you-so’s, Maud finally learned that two hundred dollars had mysteriously disappeared at Brown and Smith’s store, and that the suspicion lay on Addison since he was the only one in the store at the time.

Maud became thoroughly excited. “I don’t believe a word of it,” she said. “I’m sure Addison would never do such a thing. It is not right to condemn him on mere suspicion. The money could have been misplaced in a thousand ways without his having taken it.”

“Well, it’s so, for your uncle has just come from the store and he knows all about it,” snapped Aunt Jane as she left the room. Maud retired early, grieved, not because she had even the shadow of a doubt concerning his innocence, but because his name should be associated with such a dishonest deed.

Mean while matters at the store were becoming serious. It

seemed that Smith upon leaving the office had placed two one hundred dollar bills in a small drawer in the desk. When he returned half an hour later the money was gone. No one had been in the office except Addison. Smith was furious, and as was his custom on such occasions gave vent to his feelings. That the boy's actions were suspicious had been clear to him for a long time. He had been trusted too much and now they saw the results. Mr. Brown believed that the money had been overlooked, but two hours search proved unsuccessful. In the meantime inquiry was made for Addison, who was found at C——, a village four miles away, with thirty-five dollars in his pocket, bargaining for a light runabout.

Mr. Brown gave Smith two hundred dollars to hush the matter, but there were too many people in the store for the matter to remain quiet. It spread like wildfire. Every one told it as though a premium were offered on gossip.

Mr. Brown went home with a heavy heart. He had never mistrusted his son before but this thing looked dark. Why was he purchasing the runabout? He had never bought anything before without his father's consent. He had some money usually, but was never known to have that much at one time. That night he had a long talk with Addison, who maintained his innocence, said he was only looking at the chaise and had no intention of buying until he had consulted his father. Mr. Brown was perplexed. His long experience in the store had taught him that Mr. Smith was not a man to be crossed in his present mood. Being anxious to keep the matter quiet, and, at all hazards out of court, he quietly dissolved partnership, leaving Mr. Smith two hundred dollars to the good.

It was not until after supper the next night that Maud heard the whole story. The hot tears cursed down her cheeks as she thought over the much exaggerated account of the "store scandal," as it had already been christened by the gossiping neighbors. For the first time she had misgivings. "I am sure he is innocent," she would repeat over and over again, then there would come a heart-sickening doubt. She would declare that she would stand by him even though all others turned against him, then she would remember her aunt's atti-

tude and knew she would be disowned should she attempt to shield him. Besides this her own mother had instilled into her heart the priceless value of uprightness and honesty. To Maud's mind anything short of this was not to be tolerated. Her ^{late} uncle and aunt had been unsympathetic, had been exacting, and at times harsh, but they were honest.

How these thoughts filled the mind of this beautiful girl—not beautiful because of beautiful hair or bewitching eyes or lovely complexion—Maud had none of these, but beautiful because of her sincerity, her simple ways and pleasant manners. She thought of Addison, the “handsome one,” as he had been called at school. She thought of him on the day of his graduation—his large brown eyes, arched eyebrows, well-set mouth, broad shoulders and deep chest. She thought of how he held the audience with “Through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs have fought bravely for that unseen mistress—their country, so through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still muster and fight and fall.”

Again she declared she would not believe anything she had heard. “I will see him tomorrow,” she thought, “in spite of what aunt says, and I will talk it over with him, and learn his side of the affair, and tell him that I believe he is innocent.” Gathering the faintest comfort from this she went to sleep.

Next morning she went about her work silently and listlessly. Her only ray of comfort was that she would see Addison in the evening. At ten o'clock the postman brought a letter. It read:

“Dear Maud:

“Perhaps you have heard of my accusation. It is needless for me to tell you that I am innocent, for I am sure you have never doubted me once. But others think I am guilty, and, although father has settled with Mr. Smith, my reputation is gone. The people of Smith's have placed a ban upon me, therefore I have decided to leave. I am sorry I cannot see you this evening, but, although you think me innocent you may not want to see one whose name is stained as mine is. Time will

prove my innocence; some day the stain will be removed. Tell then, good-by.

Very sincerely yours,

"ADDISON BROWN."

Maud's misgivings were increased. If he is innocent why did he leave? His going away would only confirm his guilt. Why did he not stay and prove his innocence? As she went about the day's work she kept hoping that the money would be found, or that something would happen to prove his innocence, but nothing of the kind occurred. Aunt Jane had referred to the "store scandal" more than twenty times, but it was not until late in the evening that she heard of his departure, for Maud never confided in her aunt. She had never tried it but once and then she met with such results that she never repeated the attempt. To Aunt Jane's mind there need be no greater proof of his guilt, and she began anew her slandering of his character. Maud was truly glad when night came.

The next day failed to bring any news from the store, and the next and the next. Each morning Maud hoped; each night she was disappointed. The days wore into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into a year, and finally two years passed. The "store scandal" was seldom mentioned now except by Aunt Jane when she wanted to be especially provoking. Maud's sense of duty to her aunt, together with the fear of the consequences should she be found out and her own misgivings in regard to his innocence, kept her from writing to Addison.

At the end of two years Addison returned. Except to refresh the "store scandal" in the minds of the neighbors, there was nothing of importance about his return. To be sure he had grown more manly and more handsome while away. People remarked about his fine looks, but usually ended with "what a pity" or "too bad." Maud saw him occasionally at Smith's and some times on her way to and from the store, but they seldom conversed and never referred to the store affair.

One night about six months after Addison's return, Mr. Smith rushed into the sitting room at Brown's and asked for

Mr. Brown. On being told that he had gone to see a neighbor on some business, he rushed out as unceremoniously as he had entered. Ten minutes later he bounded up the front steps into the porch where Mr. Brown sat conversing with Mr. White.

"O, Brown!" he exclaimed, catching his breath, "I've come to tell you—it's no longer a mystery—everything's been cleared—your son didn't take the money! It's been found—found it myself in between the money drawer and file. I didn't know there was such a place in the desk. I want you to forgive me! I want your son to forgive me! I want to make wrongs right. I want you to come back in the store with me." Hardly before Brown could realize what it all meant Smith was gone.

By the next morning the news was all over the neighborhood. The I-told-you-so's would have filled a volume. At ten o'clock Maud received this note:

"Dear Maud:

"You doubtless have heard the latest. I have never fully doubted your confidence in me, yet when so many were against me I could hardly dare hope that you were for me. I have wanted to see you all along but it would have been selfish of me to have brought you into the gossip of the neighborhood by forcing myself upon you. Now that my innocence is proved, as I told you it would be, I am going to ask if I may see you this evening.

As ever,

"ADDISON."

Maud carefully penned the following:

"I am rejoicing that the truth is known at last. Come down this evening and tell me all about it.

MAUD."

JENNIE BULLA.

Athletics.

Athletics has always held a prominent place in the college life of every wide-awake institution for it is through the athletic activities that most of the college spirit comes. Imagine if you can a college of any standing that does not put out a baseball or a football team and contrast it with an institution where all branches of athletics is encouraged. You will readily agree with me that the school where athletic activities are fostered will be the school where most college spirit is manifest, and as a general rule the place where most hard studying is done. Who is not aroused by the sight of a thirty-yard dash for a touchdown in the last five minutes of play when the score is a tie? Who can sit listlessly by and see a ball hit to deep center for a home-run when that run means victory for his college? If you will show me the man who is not aroused by these and similar sights I will show you a man who is neither loyal to his college, to himself, nor to his fellows.

If then athletics tend to develop college spirit and to arouse a feeling of loyalty in the student body do they not also benefit those who take part in a way far more material? We are told that wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, but, if we sacrifice our health in order to acquire this we fall short of the three-fold development which in recent times is coming to be considered the well rounded man, that is, the development of the spirit, mind and body into a complete, well-proportioned whole.

There is a danger of carrying athletics to an excess in which they become positively injurious, but almost every virtue carried to excess may become a vice. Even religion is sometimes so carried to excess that it becomes fanaticism, but this fact does not detract from the real value of religion. In a similar way the value of athletic exercise cannot be estimated by taking examples from a few who carry it to such an excess that it occupies their entire attention.

In a small school like Guilford it is necessary for the same men to take part in several different kinds of games, but sometimes men try to do too many things and as a consequence do nothing well. In order to compete with the larger colleges we must use a good deal of hard individual work if we intend to win. It would be a good thing for the new men if they would select from the various branches of athletics at least two games and work on these and let the rest go. By the time you have been in school two years you should be able to stand in the first ranks in your line without slighting your studies in the least and at the same time deriving a benefit from the exercise received which you would have gotten in no other way. The able-bodied man who is too lazy to get out and make a varsity team, if he stays in school four years or more, has missed a chance to be of service to his alma mater. If you help fight her battles in a clean and manly way, you will be better prepared to fight life's battle when you are called upon in later years.

BASEBALL.

Since for the past several years there has been no football at Guilford the first of the fall is given to baseball practice. From the very first week of school until it is too cold to practice, every evening that the weather will permit the men who are trying for the team may be seen on the ball ground. Practically all of last year's team are back and with this nucleus to begin with and with some very promising material to select from the prospects are fair for a swift aggregation in the spring. Mr. A. W. Hobbs will coach the team again this year and it is useless to say that under his efficient direction no stone will be left unturned in putting out a winning team in the spring. Manager Woosley is already at work on his schedule and it will appear in the columns in due time. The usual game with Davidson on Easter Monday has been arranged and we are hoping to be no less fortunate than for the past two years. It is too early to give a very definite or precise estimate of the ball team, but from all indications it will be up to the standard and will, we hope, be a winning team.

BASKET BALL.

Each year there is an increase in the interest in basket ball, notwithstanding the warm weather the rst team has already been getting in some hard practice and it is hoped that the team this year will be even better than last year. There are four of last year's team back and with several promising men to select from there is no reason why we should not put out the best team in the history of the institution.

C. F. Benbow was elected captain again this year and when the vacancy on the team is filled he hopes to get down to work in earnest.

The gymnasium floor has been oiled in order to keep it smooth and also to prevent the dust from filling the air. It is hoped that the walls may be weather-boarded before any games are played.

Only a few games have been arranged so far, but Manager Fitzgerald is working on a schedule which will probably appear later and in which it is hoped to include all the colleges in the State that put out a team.

TENNIS.

The tennis work has been handicapped this fall by the loss of three courts in putting down the new track, but before spring we hope to have three courts just as good or better. The new courts are to be upon the site of the old track, one being already almost completed.

A meet was held with Elon on October 21 and 22 in which Guilford took three straight sets in the doubles and won two sets in the singles and lost two sets. We hope to meet Carolina and Trinity before the season closes. Very little interest is shown in tennis, probably from lack of courts, but more probably from lack of knowledge of the merits of this the best of all games.

It has been suggested that the girls' tennis court be turned into a rose garden as no one ever uses it and the bare ground would look much better planted in flowers.

TRACK.

The new track of which we are all so proud is just about

completed. There is no college in the State that can boast of a track better than ours and very few, one as good. Some cinders are needed to cover the track but it does very well as it is and is an excellent place for the practice of track athletics.

It is several months before the track season opens but already the track men are warming up on pretty afternoons. William Taylor has been elected captain and as a good man, acquainted with track work he is very well fitted to captain the team next year.

Probably some inter-collegiate meets will be held here next spring.

GURNEY BBIGGS.



A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE.

One bright autumn morning in October I boarded a south-bound train at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, for Norfolk, Virginia. After having comfortably seated myself I began reading a paper. Before the train left the station my attention was attracted by this question:

"Mr., is this the train to Norfolk?"

As no one replied, I turned to see who the questioner was. The language of foreign accent was spoken as if the person were in doubt of having boarded the right train. Three seats behind me sat a woman and several little children, all poorly clad. The question was asked of a man sitting immediately in front of her, who had his face buried in a newspaper. He paid no attention whatever; hesitating a little she repeated it. Still he disregarded it. A gentleman across the aisle, seeing the expression of her face, and noting her disappointment, answered her in the affirmative.

"How shall I know when the train gets to Norfolk?" she asked.

"The conductor will tell you," he said.

"Are you going to Norfolk?"

"No, I shall get off at Wilmington, Delaware," he answered.

Being bound for Norfolk myself I became interested in the woman and her children to such a degree that I felt it my duty to dispel the fear and doubt from her mind. I therefore arose, went back to where she sat, and told her that I was going to Norfolk and would gladly let her know when we got there. She then tried to tell me her final destination, but her English was so badly spoken that I could not understand her. Then she produced a slip of paper showing that she and her children were bound for Boydton, Virginia. But her tickets read for Norfolk. After assuring her that everything was all right I returned to my seat, feeling that I had made her contented.

At Wilmington many people left the train, among them the man whom this woman first questioned. Seeing this seat vacant she immediately had her oldest boy to ask me to occupy

it in order that I might be near them. This I did, and kept the seat until I reached Cape Charles about five hours later, four o'clock p. m.

The distance is much greater than she had expected, and about two o'clock she asked me how much farther it was to Norfolk. I told her that we should not get there before seven o'clock in the evening, and that in order to get there we should have to cross Chesapeake Bay. Some one had informed her that she did not cross water on boat in going to Boydton, Virginia, from Philadelphia. She now began to lose confidence in me, and my troubles began, for she firmly believed that she was on the wrong train. In order to convince her that she was right I took our tickets and compared them, showing that they were the same, and that we were bound for Norfolk. Then I explained to her that she would have to get other tickets at Norfolk for Boydton. This bit of information did not seem agreeable to her.

Outside of an occasional question as to the distance from Norfolk, and how much longer it would take to get there, I was not bothered again until we arrived at Cape Charles.. She had so much luggage to be removed from the train to the boat that I felt it my duty to add to my already heavy burden some of hers. The oldest boy took a large box, and two smaller children other bundles. She carried the two babies and a hand satchel; I lead the way carrying their large canvass cloth containing much heavy material. In the rush from the train to the steamer I was afraid her children would get run over by the jostling crowd, but the hand of Providence seemed to be with them. After we had boarded the boat, I found a comfortable place for them to sit, then I retired to the upper deck having assured them that I would be down again before the boat landed at Old Point Comfort.

As is the custom the captain of the steamer would not allow passage from one deck to the other while collecting fares, so I was on the upper deck longer than I had expected to be. However, when it was permissible I went below to look after my charges and found the mother and children crying. Upon inquiry as to the cause I learned that the captain had taken

her ticket. After considerable effort I succeeded in making it understood to her that it was the proper time to deliver the tickets. But it was with difficulty that I made this plain to her.

The children continued to cry, and I asked her what was the matter with them. She said that they were hungry and had nothing to eat. By this time we had become the centre of attraction in the saloon; some one asked me if I did not think it necessary to have a doctor. I replied that the children were only hungry. Two or three ladies very kindly offered them some food from their lunches. The children, poor things, were as ravenous as wolves.

A little later as we were approaching Norfolk, the question arose in my mind as to how I should dispose of them, for I knew that it would not be well to leave them without a guide as soon as I should leave the boat. Finally I decided to turn them over to a policeman for guidance and direction. As luck would have it a policeman was standing just outside of the waiting room of the wharf when we left the steamer. In a few words I explained to him their destination, and asked if he would see to it that she got the right train. He agreed, and I left them, much to my relief.

I hurried on to the bureau of information, only to learn that my train had long since gone, and that the next train for Suffolk, Virginia (for that was the point at which I wished to arrive that night), was the 7.30 train over the Southern road. I hustled to the station; as I entered the waiting room I saw the woman and children whom I had just turned over to the policeman. He, however, was gone. I explained to the woman that my train had left me, and that I had to go out on the same road that she was going. She told me that she couldn't go then, that she would have to wait until morning, but she could not tell me the reason. I inquired of the agent and he said that the night train did not stop at Boynton. Again she seemed troubled and the children began to cry. Her English was very broken, and difficult for me to understand. Having learned what language she spoke, I inquired of the many people in the waiting room if there was any one there who could

speak "Low German." One well dressed man, who later proved to be from Texas, said that he could. I got him to talk with her and find out what he could about her circumstances.

After a minute or two of garble he turned to me and said, "She has only money enough to take her to Boynton; she and her children will apparently have to go without food or anywhere to sleep until noon tomorrow." After explaining her pecuniary condition to a dozen or fifteen curious people standing around, I made up a purse of about four dollars and gave it to her. A hotel representative was on the spot, who offered to take care of them.

The last I saw of my friends they were following the hotel man and the canvass luggage out of the door, the mother and her little ones bringing up the rear. How glad I felt that I was not a hotel man. Hereafter I shall not be so hasty in making my destination known to strangers.

HCLEW MAILLIW.



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Editorials.

Perhaps it might be well to say a few words about the COL-
LEGIANS to come after this and to designate which class will
compile each number. The Sophomores are already earnestly
at work on the December issue. The staff get ou the January
number; the Seniors, February; the Freshmen, March; the
Juniors April and May, while the staff elected for 1911 and '12

is responsible for the commencement write-up. We hope each class, which has not done so before, will soon choose its officers and get to work to make their COLLEGIAN the best.

The Power of Quietness. Effort, to some minds, seems to mean a noisy manifestation of their every attempt. To such persons the three-fold aim of a college course is lost in clamor. Yet they are deluded into believing their goal is a gain in knowledge, efficiency, and character. This I fear is the common weakness of us all. We never stop to consider how much a little calm reflection might accomplish. Nothing is truer than "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Powerful minds like loaded streams move quietly and steadily onward, ever dropping their fertile grains in needy lands and as quietly and continually picking up new material for future use. Such power is acquired in holy solitude, which is the right of every man, woman and child. We starve and stunt our individuality and our character so long as we neglect to get acquainted with our own power, to think earnestly, to gain inspiration and repose and learn the lesson of restfulness from the quiet about us.

The surroundings of Guilford College offer a glorious opportunity to its students. After a day of mental and physical storm seek the companionship of the fields and wood. Learn from nature the secret of endless peacefulness. Try an hour of meditative repose. This is the time when little wisps of cloud, bird notes and most of all the song of the tree top will creep into your very being and give you a new start in life with a determination to see the good in yourself, the world and every disagreeable acquaintance for—

"The silences of life
Are mightier far, and higher lessons teach
Than all its noisy clamor."

The Senior Class. The responsibilities resting upon the Senior class of a college are grave, and should be treated as such, for the eyes of the whole college are watching their movements. The faculty members are watching them because they know that the institutions everywhere are judged by the products they turn out. Therefore we have the regulation in the college that "No student whose moral character is not satisfactory will be given a degree." Both the faculty and student body expect the Seniors to set the moral standard and to maintain it; and no Senior, who has not the desire to live a good moral life, and to maintain a good moral standing in the college, is the finished product that the colleges wishes to send out from her walls.

"Freshness," "smartness," "conceit," "profanity," etc., do not belong to the Senior class. It should be the purpose of every Senior to cut every trace of these out of his life. Dignity, judgment, morality, congeniality, and steadfastness of purpose are some of the important characteristics that should go to make up the Senior of the college; and it should be the aim of the whole class to possess these qualities.

Julia Ward Howe. In the passing of the late Julia Ward Howe at the ripe old age of ninety-one, America loses one who for the past fifty years has been in the forefront in many fields of activity. The daughter of a banker, she had been for three years the reigning belle of New York city when her marriage with Dr. Samuel Howe, a prominent philanthropist of Boston, caused her to become also a worker in this field. An ardent believer in woman's suffrage, she was the president of innumerable clubs and conventions. Notwithstanding her enormous activity along many lines her own countrymen will remember her chiefly for her best poem, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." This was struck off at white heat early in the civil war when she was visiting the camps about Washington. She set the new words to the familiar tune

of "John Brown," and it soon became to be sung around camp-fires from Maine to Florida. It is today the Marseillaise of a people who are often accused of being unemotional.

Rivalry in Literary Societies. In all college literary societies there is a tendency on the part of the members to stir up an undue amount of rivalry. Certainly there is no objection to it as long as it remains within the bounds of reason, for a society will grow and become much stronger by having fostered such a spirit. In fact you cannot have a well-rounded organization of any kind unless there is an opposing faction. We see this very plainly even in politics. But some members nourish such ill feeling for their brother society that they will do things which are destructive to it, and go so far as to work a detriment to the college or university as the case may be. Now if the spirit extended only into the societies themselves it would make little difference, but instead it falls into every phase of college life; athletics, debates, and even the Christian associations. Often a weak man is elected to some office over one of ability on account of some scheming on the part of the society. You cannot call this anything but injury to the office and college. So it should be our aim and desire to suppress all unnecessary rivalry, and it will not only be to the interest of the society but to the college as well, and a better feeling will eventually come about among the student body.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Guilford College is the one organization in which all the young women are brought together. To win girls to Christ, to build them up in Christ, and to send them out for Christ, is the three-fold purpose. This is the goal toward which all strive with united effort. In every other department of college life there are divisions, and competition enters as a prominent factor. In class work, in the literary societies, and even in amusements the girls are separated by advancement, by proficiency or by choice. In the Association we find a different spirit prevailing. The Association belongs to the girls and is entirely under their control. It is a training school in which they attempt to work out the lessons taught in the other departments of the college, those received through the Y. W. C. A. publications, and those gained from contact with student secretaries and conference leaders. It is a school within a school in which the most efficient work is in training girls in Christian service. With knowledge and experience comes the desire to win others to Christ and sometimes in our meetings girls are led to take a definite stand and publicly acknowledge Christ as their leader.

In our weekly prayer-meetings visitors always notice the spirit of helpfulness and friendly interest among all the girls. The familiar hymns, sung without accompaniment, with their clear voices and their delightfully Southern accent, brings a benediction of rest and peace. The problems of school life are all swept away before the leader introduces her subject. This subject is always one she has chosen and thought out herself and therefore more applicable than any borrowed thoughts. The students take part in these meetings, not always in well-rounded sentences, for when the mind and heart are full the sentences crowd into each other. Some are only beginning to know the Savior and a short halting sentence requires much

bravery. The seasons of silent prayer also have a profound influence. The twilight hour, the stillness, and the spirit of Christ in our midst, helps in the decision of many questions for the right. These meetings give strength and power for the remaining duties of the week, and those who have felt their helpfulness rejoice as David when he said "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord'."

On October 20th the Mission Study rally was conducted by Miss Clara Cox, of High Point, and the same evening Mr. Chas. H. Houndsell gave a stirring address. After such a world-wide vision as this, we felt the need of mission study more than ever before. The canvass for the study classes made that evening was most successful, enrolling every member of the Association. There are six study classes now organized and ready to begin work that shall count in the lives of the students. We earnestly pray that the knowledge of the great need in these heathen countries may raise up volunteers for service right here in our very midst, that we may have an individual part in this great enterprise. Miss Helen Bond Crane, of Baltimore, spoke to the girls on the subject, "Reasons Why I Should Not Become a Foreign Missionary." Miss Crane in her interesting way presented the reasons as given by different persons, then overbalanced these with such forceful, logical, world-wide truths that the objections were overwhelmed and entirely forgotten. These secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement help the students not to have their minds centered on the problems of one college and community. They help us to realize that the statement, "I am come that they may have life and that they may have it more abundantly," was not meant for us alone, but for all God's children even unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The records show that a very small per cent. of the students have been absent from Y. M. C. A. Bible study. The way we account for this is the fact that most of the leaders have been to a Y. M. C. A. conference and have taken up the studies which they teach under experienced men. They have been led with a burning desire to help those in their classes by bringing them into a knowledge of the truth.

On October 21st and 22nd we were pleased to have with us Mr. Charles Hounshell, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. After a stirring address in Memorial Hall by Mr. Hounshell sixty men were enrolled in mission study. We will give four courses. I. "Negro Problem in South." II. "Study in Japan." III. "Study in India." IV. "Effective Workers in Needy Fields."

October 28th and 29th five men from our association attended the Y. M. C. A. Bible Conference held at A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C. They bring back a good report. Those who attended were T. J. Covington, J. B. Woosley, H. S. Sawyer, G. T. Perkins and K. T. Futrell. These men will report in full at regular meeting next Thursday night Nov. 3rd).

Secretary H. S. Johnson visited our Association about two weeks ago and we feel benefited by his suggestions.

The year is passing quickly and if we are accomplish what we have planned we must renew our efforts, looking unto Jesus Christ from whence our strength cometh.

Exchanges.

JOHN B. WOOSLEY.

If properly handled, there is no department of our college magazines more important than the exchange department. For it is through this department of the various magazines that "we see ourselves as others see us," a thing which often proves as profitable for a college magazine as for an individual. Criticism, we maintain, is of a two-fold nature, namely, commendatory and and adverse. Both are important and we shall give both their share of attention. It is our aim, therefore, to say impartially and in the true spirit of criticism those things about our exchanges which we think ought to be said.

The Wake Forest Student was the first magazine to reach us this year and as usual is a good one. To go into detail in regard to it would require too much space, but a few points of interest might be noted. "Down the Cape Fear" is an interesting as well as instructive narrative. Its chief value lies in the historical points brought out. The chief fault is the sameness in the transition from one point of interest to another. Don Quixote and its Influence on Spanish Literature is a rather masterly article. The author should be commended not only for his study and research but also his method and style of exposition. "Typhoid Fever" is a splendid treatise both on the disease proper and the methods of treatment. "Rural Progress" while it deals with things that have come and are under our observation at all times, still it serves to intensify our interest in the same. We agree emphatically with the author in the statement that the farmer is the backbone of our country. "The Personal Traits of Character of the Homeric Heroes" is perhaps the exposition that required the most thought and in this the author has succeeded admirably. Of the stories of this issue we consider "Uncle Billy Payne's Flyng Machine" to be the best. There is a little inconsistency in the language of Uncle Billy. If he said showin', fishin', and huntin' we should

also expect him to say prowlin', goin' and strainin'. This is, however, a minor fault, and taken upon the whole, this story is one of the best we have ever seen in a college magazine. The two poems, both from alumni, are good. This issue of *The Student* is a splendid one and we congratulate the staff upon their success.

The Haverfordian this month contains a rather peculiar subject for an article, namely "Hell." But as the author states, the attempt of some to remove from the thoughts of men the probability and we might add the desirability of such a place ought to be frustrated by public opinion. In this issue is also found a splendid defense of Edith Wharton's book, "The House of Mirth." A "Scholar in Love" is a rather pleasing satire on those students who leave off practically everything of a social nature in the desire for a college degree. This issue of *The Haverfordian*, though rather thin, is fairly good in quality. The alumni department is especially good.

We congratulate Elon College in the continuance of a weekly paper, *The Elon College Weekly*. This is a newsy little sheet.

The Trinity Archive abounds in good poems and stories as well as some good sound articles. The poem entitled "The Dreamer" is a fine picture of a dreamer. It is true to the core and well expressed. "The Inheritance of the Spirit" is a good story illustrative of the spirit of man. The particular strength of this issue, however, lies in its poems, "The Dreamer," "An Autumn Idyl," "Longing," and "Weariness" all being poetic in spirit and style. *The Archive* appears to be well managed and we predict for it a most successful year.

The Chronicle with a new cover back has just arrived, but owing to the lateness of the hour we will have to postpone any critical study of it. From appearances we would judge it to be a creditable number.

We also acknowledge the receipt of *The Wilmingtonian*, *Earlhamite*, *Comenian*, *The Old Penn* and *The Ides*. Several

of our usual exchanges have not made their appearance as yet. We trust the delinquents will be on hand in time hereafter.



THE ZATASIAN-WEBSTERIAN RECEPTION.

On the night of October 21st every member of the Websterian Literary Society was filled with joyous expectancy, as the secretary read an invitation from the Zatasians to spend the following Friday evening in their hall. The old members, knowing something of what they might expect, bid each new member put on his best looks and wait for a good time. When at last the time arrived we marched down to Founders, some with a feeling of sadness because this was their last visit to the Zatasians, others with a feeling of nervousness because it was their first.

Instead of entering the brilliantly lighted Zatasian Hall, we were ushered into a semi-lighted apartment by a witch, who, with mysterious motions of her broom, bade us take our seats. The presiding officers for the evening were not the dignified president and secretary which we had expected to see, but two ghosts seated in a great white sepulchre. Their voices did not sound of this world but had the mournful tone of spirits in distress.

The first number on the program was "A Message From the Evil One," and surely, as this black spirit came out from the forest, we thought our time had come.

Next was the debate. Resolved, "That superstition has been, on the whole, more good than evil." Affirmative, A Modern Witch; negative, The New Women.

Then a song by two gypsy maidens, and last, a recitation, "Little Orphan Annie," by one of her playmates.

All through the program we felt ourselves being wafted to a world of spirits, ghosts, and goblins, but after adjournment we were brought back by black coffee and pumpkin pie. By the time the other refreshments came around we were getting well over our nervousness.

As we left the hall that night, each one carrying under his arm a black cat, we thanked our stars that we were still alive, but were heartily glad for the experience we had had in the land of ghosts, witches, and goblins.

W. H. S.

ALUMNI NOTES.

- ✓ Lucy O'B. White ('09), after a most pleasant year at Earlham College, is now assistant teacher in her home school, the Belvidere Academy.
- ✓ Sallie Raiford ('08) is one of the teachers in her home school—Corinth Academy.
- ✓ Alma Edwards ('07) is one of the principal teachers in Salemburg Academy, of which Mollie Roberts Jones ('96) husband is the principal.
- ✓ R. Cabell Lindsay ('06) has entered the University at Chapel Hill, taking a course in law.
- ✓ Bessie Benbow ('05) is in Northampton, Mass., taking a course preparatory to becoming a teacher of the deaf and dumb.
- ✓ D. Ralph Parker ('04) is still with the Tate Lumber Co. of High Point. Is on the road most of the time, but made home in time to be best man for Chase Idol on October 5th.
- ✓ Delia Raiford Winslow ('03) is the proud mother of a daughter named Sarah Maie, born in midsummer.
- ✓ J. Carl Hill ('01) is to be congratulated also on the advent of a young son, Carl, Jr.
- ✓ Mr. and Mrs. Chase Idol after a northern trip of ten days or more returned to High Point and are making their home with J. Carl Hill till their house next door is ready for occupancy.
- ✓ Anne Blair Allen ('00), never robust, has been much on the decline during the last two years. An affection of the neck has required a serious operation in New York city and all the doctors promise is that at best the recovery will be very slow.
- ✓ Augustine W. Blair ('90), who is still in the chemical department of the University of Florida, has with his wife and daughter recently visited their relatives in Carolina.
- ✓ Mary E. M. Davis ('91) despite the fact that she "went and got married" is still an important personage in the college community. She has much to do with the workings of New Garden Hall, is president of the campus club, and a worthy member of both the Literary and Biblical clubs.

— Emma L. White ('92) is this year taking a needed rest, and is together with her sisters "keeping house" while their mother makes a six months' visit to Texas, Chicago, Indiana and perhaps other points.

— James P. Parker ('93) has a farm at Black Mountain and while his delightful home is on the crest of a hill (?), he claims to have some of the best meadow land in the community.

— William McCulloch ('03) is now at Harvard taking a course in English. He has for a number of years past been a teacher in the Georgia School of Technology.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Miss Louise (in Livy, noting contrasted form of a word)—
“What’s wrong with that word?”

G. Hughes—“It’s misspelled.”

Miss Grace Wood, of Asheboro, spent several days with Miss Edna Laughlin recently.

Inez Wilson, a former student, spent several days with us on her way home from Pocono Lake, Pa., where she spent the summer.

Miss Maggie Davis, of G. F. College, visited Miss Bess Laughlin last week.

Bee: “I’ve got a terrible cold.”

Mayme: “Why, don’t you take something for it.”

Bee: “All right, what’ll you give me?”

Joseph Ellis, of Richmond, Va., visited Miss Craig not long ago.

O you first year chemistry class! But cheer up! The worst is yet to come!

W. C. Hammond, of Asheboro, spent a short time with us this month.

Smithdeal (reading a poem after which “Old Epigram” was written)—“Well, I’ll declare, here’s *Old Ephrim*, where did he come from?”

A very interesting lecture was given on Monday night last by Miss Lillian Phelps, subject, “Rome, The Eternal City.”

W. G. Lindsay, of the class of ’05, was with us last week.

Miss Helen Crane, of Baltimore, was with us on Oct. 25, and gave the W. Y. C. A. a very interesting talk on foreign missions.

Elva (in Chem. Lab. fixing an experiment)—“Now, Bessie, get out your ‘Burette.’”

B. Cox—“O! I broke mine yesterday and just sent to town to get another.”

“Kind words are good, but somehow, old fellow, they’re not good to eat.”

Messrs. Freeman and Gilchrist have made a very important discovery in the study of chemistry. They find that gunpowder held over a Bunsen burner will explode.

Gilchrist (to Chem. teacher)—“Miss Feld, please give me a crucifix (crucible).”

She—“The impudence of some people!”

He—“And the cheek of others.”

We are glad to inform the Spalding agent, who thought he had a paper sack of water dumped on his head, that it was merely an optical illusion, and therefore it was next to impossible for him to get wet.

Freshmen, if you are not taking the “elective” work this year, you aren’t in it.

Report from convention at Founders—“Reddy Perk. has been given full membership. Etc., etc., will keep their places as before. “Little Tommy,” after some very serious filibustering, log-rolling, dark horse riding, and a very eloquent spiel from one of the old school, delivered in favor of the applicant for entrance, was given membership by the insurgents, who overshadowed the regulars by a vote of $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$.”

Harvard can boast of its number of presidents of this great commonwealth, but we have her “skinned” on the ticket for next election with “Spero” clerk of the court. Hats off—to Spero.

“Hanks” is not as attractive as he used to be. Some one has torn up his hair.

Mr. M. B. Young, of Purcellville, Va., was visiting his daughters at the college October 9-10.

Prof R. N. Wilson, former member of our faculty, but who has recently been elected to the Trinity faculty, spent October 15th with us.

Among our other visitors was J. O. Fitzgerald, of Pelham, N. C.

‘There was a man in our town,
His name my memory slips,
Who feared he’d kissed some microbes
From off his sweetheart’s lips.
And when he found what he had done,
With all his might and main,
Rushed back again the following night
And kissed them on again.”

The girls’ basket ball team has reorganized and we hope to see them doing some good work this year.

“SCENES ON THE CAMPUS.”

Red neckties over left shoulders.

Red silk watch fobs.

Red hair-ribbons.

Red dresses.

Red complexions.

Red socks.

And well-read letters.

Rob—“Who is that new boy by Tomlinson?”

George—“Prof. Wilson, our former Chem. teacher.” Married life hasn’t worn the youthful look off of his face—yet.

D. D. Carroll, our efficient instructor in History and Economics, has recently had a successful operation for appendicitis and is now in the St. Leo Hospital at Greensboro. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Directory.

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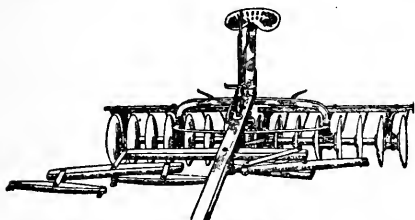
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C. C. SMITHDEAL, Manager.



The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1910.

NO. 3

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

O care-free, glimmering fire-fly sprite,
I'd change my life for yours tonight,
To dance and fly as a fairy dight
Kissed gently by the pale moon's light.

A little star amid the flowers,
Enthroned in fragrance, fed by showers,
Drunk with sweetness from the bowers
Where reveling you pass your hours.

Lulled all night by whip-poor-wills
And those sweet sounds which daylight kills,
The meadows, low-lands, woods and hills
Are yours, in which to rove as wills.

Your majesty, in gold bedight,
Which makes the dreary bog look bright
Guiding onward by your light
Your humble friends, less fair in sight.

I would our world were half as fair
As yours, and half as free from care—
A light as true to freely share
Were ours, and less of dull despair.

ANNA DAVIS.

HIGHER DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC.

There is in the soul of every man who is constructed in accordance with human nature, a rambling spirit, or an unsatisfied feeling, which can be soothed by nothing other than that of harmonious tones. Time after time we have seen these unsatisfied feelings, which had developed into melancholy and even wrath, cast from man's soul and happiness restored by pleasing strains of music. Again we have seen man come to his home at night, tired and worried with the cares of the day, get out his old violin, and as he gently drew his bow across the strings, sink (as it were) into a world of happiness and joy. It may be said of music, what Shakespeare has said of sleep:

"It knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's both,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

We cannot deny the fact that music is the most affective instrument with which to touch and stir to action a seared soul. Frequently we have known persons with corrupt and base thoughts to have been brought on a higher plane by being thrown constantly in touch with the music world.

On the other hand, there is only one thing other than that of music that can stir man's patriotism to the point of entering the line of battle, or facing death with a resolute heart and cheerful, and that is the hope of victory. To my mind we are greatly indebted to the drumsmen and trumpeters of the Revolutionary war for the liberty and freedom which we now enjoy. In every case we have found music bringing under subjection the evil and ravaging forces of human nature, and agitating and stimulating the better forces to more worthy and active positions. Not only have we found it performing miracles among the natural forces of mankind, but also in

those of animals. The myth is told that Orpheus, the son of Apollo, played so beautifully on the lute that the rivers ceased to flow, the fowls of the air, and the most dangerous beasts of the forests became tame.

Now since music can have such a stimulating influence on the better forces of man, and has such a complete influence for good, over the wild and evil elements, it stands to reason that by a higher development of the musical talent in man, we could eventually with it as a weapon conquer the forces of the devil which arise in each and every one of us from day to day.

With a realization of the force and influence which a high class of music has on humankind, I hardly see how we can afford to not give music a major place among the many courses of study in our colleges.

Yet we find it (in the majority of our colleges) among the minor studies and an elective. Should this be? To my mind this is one of the gravest mistakes the great promoters of education and culture make; and it has always been a mystery to me why they haven't seen the error.

The Quakers especially (I suppose not without a cause) have heretofore neglected the study and development of music in their colleges, but we are glad to notice that they are now coming to realize that there is something high and holy in music. It has been only a few years since there was but one piano to be found about Guilford College, and it was not used except on state occasions. But now it is encouraging to note that Guilford has a fairly extensive department of music, and there is real interest being taken in this department. A large per cent. of the students are studying music, and trying to cultivate a love for it. An orchestra has recently been organized, and is making excellent progress. But there are other branches in this department which are being seriously neglected. The most important one of them is that concerned with the higher development of voice. Very few if any students here are cultivating their voices. There are no glee clubs, and but little interest is being taken in that direction. It is necessary that the student body take more interest in the

different branches of the musical department and support them. By such an act it will be possible for us to give music a place of more distinction in our college, and a better chance to exert that influence which has been so helpful to mankind throughout the past ages.

GEO. T. PERKINS.



TIT FOR TAT.

"Why, yes! I'll be glad to go with you if I can be of any service."

"Thanks. I'm afraid we can't get time to make the trip until pretty late this evening. You know John and I are booked for an engagement down town right after supper, but since we've spoken for those watermelons and promised to get them tonight, we've got to be there. Of course we might send for them by some one else, but the old man had a trick like that worked on him one time before, and he gave us strict orders to come for them ourselves. We've just got to have them here by tomorrow. I'm sure you understand our predicament. So be ready at about eight o'clock, when we will start if possible."

"All right, Guy." Then with a "see you later, old fellow," and a friendly slap on the shoulder, Jack was left to resume his walk to his room. He had been in school almost a month, but because of his rather reserved disposition his list of acquaintances was yet limited. Still when one came to know him better, one found a depth of humor which often made his steady gray eyes sparkle with merriment.

Meanwhile, Guy had joined three of his classmates who had been waiting for his appearance. "Boys," he cried, "that was a soft snap for sure. I explained everything to his perfect satisfaction; but I had to tell him to be ready earlier than was necessary, so that he might not suspicion anything by the lateness of the hour. What do you say about starting at nine o'clock sharp?"

"Wouldn't that be too early?" suggested one of the crowd. Another spoke up and said, "We can't start out too late because he will catch onto the joke if we do. Besides, it is pretty dark before that time, and the old man doesn't stir out much after then."

"Yes," said Guy, "the patch is a piece from the house, too, so there'll not be much danger of his catching onto the racket. I move we start at nine o'clock."

The others signified their approval, and the crowd dispersed.

That evening as Jack and his roommate were quietly talking, the latter chanced to look in the tray of his trunk, and exclaimed, "There's Guy Gorden's revolver that he was showing us the other night. Some one called him out of the room and as he didn't return, he left it in here." Jack remarked that he expected to see Guy that very night and he would give it to him then. So he slipped the weapon into his pocket, but in a few minutes he had forgotten all about it.

Supper was over, study hour had begun, eight o'clock rolled around—then eight thirty. Still Jack received no call. He had finally decided that something had hindered their plans, when a slight tap was heard at the door. There stood one of the party who briefly explained that the engagement downtown had made the boys late, but they were ready to start. In a few minutes they were well on their way. Jack's thoughts were indeed different from those of his companions. The latter were of the night's fun before them, while the former were only of sincere enjoyment of the trip. It was one of those glorious nights that made one feel glad to be alive. The air was made fresh and cool from recent rains. Everything was lovely—except the mud. Objects were plainly outlined in the gentle moonlight, but were so wrapped in its silvery rays that they seemed to take on new and beautiful forms. At last they could see the old farm house dimly loom up in the distance. Presently they halted by a fence. Then Guy broke the stillness by saying with a short laugh, "It's hardly worth our while to disturb the old man's slumbers at this time of night. Suppose you climb the fence, Jack, and bring us the choicest water-melons you can find in this patch; but don't be long about it, for it wouldn't be well for any one to discover you in the act. Hurry, boy! Don't you hear?" In an instant Jack understood all. With flashing eyes he hesitated. Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind which made his whole attitude change. The boys would hardly have been so confident if they could have seen his eyes twinkle as he quickly climbed the fence and steadily crept through the patch.

But, hark! A loud report broke the stillness of the night

air. The boys' hearts almost stopped beating. They saw Jack throw up his hands, stagger, and fall, and a groan fell upon their ears that chilled the very marrow in their bones. It was Guy who first found voice enough to say through his chattering teeth, "Boys, we've got to get him out of there and be quick about it." There was but one thought in each mind as they hastily scrambled over the fence. "What if he should die! His blood would be upon our hands." When they reached his side his breath came in quick, short gasps. They spoke to him, but he faintly muttered only two words, "home, mother."

Upon tearing open his coat, their worst fears were realized, for a great patch of blood was over his heart. Tenderly they lifted him and bore him as gently as possible to the road side. Meanwhile plans frantically raced through each mind as to what they could do. The most plausible thing ventured was to take him to the doctor's home, half a mile distant, lay him on the porch, ring the doorbell, and run. The wounded boy's labored breathing urged them to immediate action, so they staggered on with their heavy burden. The mud clung to their feet in great lumps, until their shoes became almost as heavy as their hearts. The strain began to tell on their bodies as well as on their minds; yet a delay might lessen the chance of life, so on and on they plodded. At last, completely exhausted, they lay their burden upon the doctor's porch. When Guy had motioned the other boys away, he desperately rang the door-bell, then flung himself out of the yard as fast as his tired legs could carry him. A few rods from the front gate was a huge elm tree, under whose protecting shade he stopped with the rest of the boys to await results. At last the doctor came to the door. The white face of the prostrate boy seemed to be appealingly upturned to the physician, who stooped over him, lifted him in his strong arms, and carried him into the house to the light. Here the front door closed and the boys saw no more. They realized that their wounded companion was in good hands, so they turned their trembling steps toward the college.

As the doctor closed his front door, he was startled to see Jack rise to his feet. It took him only a few minutes to tell

his story. The young doctor laughed heartily at his recital, though he roguishly added, "So you allowed them to disturb my peace in order to make your revenge complete, did you?"

A certain crowd of four boys, who seemed much engaged in an earnest conversation near the chapel door the next morning, were electrified to see Jack Weatherly walk calmly down the steps from the morning exercises. Their amazed eyes faltered under his steadfast gaze and they were disconcerted to see his eyes twinkle with laughter. At last Guy slowly turned to his companions with the words, "For once in my life, I'm beat! Boys, I've made my last trip to a watermelon patch." And he laughed a little as he added, "All of you look as if you had seen a ghost. There's the bell for our Geometry."

LEORA CHAPPELL.



THE RECENT ELECTION.

It is not altogether unprofitable for the student to lay aside his books, for a short while, and learn a little about what the nation and world is doing. True, he should zealously perform his scholarly duties, but at the same time he ought not to be ignorant of such events as the recent off-year election.

The United States has just undergone one of the most complete political changes known to this Republic. The people have shown an unprecedented element of independence, relative to political parties, and have expressed by their votes a keen interest in politics. The House of Representatives has been radically changed from one of the two great political parties to the other. The result of the election shows also that many standard Republican States have elected Democratic officers not only to represent them at Washington, but also to carry on their governments in the respective States. This, in turn, may be interpreted to mean that the re-election of at least seventy-five senators will be seriously effected and very probably the upper House will also be ruled by the Democratic party.

The Republicans have been defeated because they did not carry out their party platform as presented to the people in 1908. These broken pledges led also to what seems to be the rise of a new party or at least a rigid reorganization of the regular party which has dominated national legislation since 1896. Almost all the old senators and representatives who have been so intimately connected with the great corporations and gigantic trusts, have been defeated and the Republican party is about to fall into the hands of young, capable, honest, and patriotic politicians who distinguish themselves as insurgents. In fact the only important figure of this "old ring" who has been re-elected is the invincible Joe Cannon. This famous character has probably been chosen as speaker of the House for the last time, but still he will be in Congress to cause trouble for the Democrats and insurgents.

The cause for heavy Democratic majorities in many northern

and western states was due to their choice of candidates. A tendency toward clean politics was also apparent in the winning party and may be attributed as a cause for great gains. This does not mean, however, that the Democrats are now on a much higher moral plain than the Republicans. It simply shows that the United States has reached the point in her history where she will no longer uphold a party which has become indolent because of its long tenure of office.

It is apparent also that the people of the United States are strictly opposed to powerful party leaders. They naturally look with contempt upon any man who shows the least signs of monarchy or absolute rule. This has been vividly illustrated by the results of the last election. Mr. Bryan has been almost ignored by the Democratic party, other great leaders of the same faith have been lost from public sight, and yet the party will have a majority of about sixty members in the next House of Representatives, besides numerous governors and state officers throughout the several states. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt took a very active part in the Republican campaign. He paid special attention to New York and yet Mr. Dix was elected governor of that state by an overwhelming majority. Even smaller men than those mentioned above were the object of up-to-date issues in different sections of the country.

There has been various opinions expressed as to what effect the Democratic victory this fall will have upon the more important election of 1912. Some claim that it will merely incite the Republicans to renewed strength and that that party will come back in the presidential campaign with such force that the Democrats will be crushed forever from national legislation. Others think that a splendid opportunity has presented itself to the Democrats and that by means of the proper candidate for president together with popular legislation between this time and then they will grasp the reins of the government in all its branches. Whatever the destinies of the two parties may be I think it safe to predict that from this time forward the nation is to have cleaner and more beneficial legislation. The people have begun to think. They have been

awakened to political graft and scandal. The time has about past when such bills as the past tariff bill and the great appropriation bills that so intimately concern the great mass of people can be made law without a direct responsibility falling upon some one. The people must be correctly and intelligently informed about these important questions so that they may the more easily plan their business. We may, therefore, expect more efficient service and less self interest legislation in the future from our national representatives, regardless of party allegiances.

B. R.



THE INVINCIBLE ARMOR.

On the hearth blazed a bright, crackling fire. Between the andirons were apples and chestnuts roasting. In a semi-circle on the rug sat six bright happy girls merrily talking and laughing. It was very evident from their faces that these girls had never taken life very seriously. They had talked for some time when Elizabeth Paton, rather abruptly said in a more serious tone than usual, "Girls, strange to say, I've been thinking about that literary society. While I was over in the reading room the other day finishing that grand continued story, Nan Smith came in hunting something to recite or read at the next meeting of their society, and she didn't even notice "New Life" but went straight ahead hunting her article and when she had found it she came by where I was sitting and whispered, 'Better come to society tonight we're going to have lots of fun.' I told her that we had planned to do something else tonight, but that we might come some time. And some way I can't get her seriousness out of my mind. She looked so interested in what she was doing. I have concluded that the reason we don't get anything out of such things is because we don't put anything into them. We have wondered how those girls could enjoy what seemed to us dry and monotonous meetings, yet they get as animated over their programmes as we would over an announced party or mid-night feast."

All the girls sat in amazement; they were so carefree that only fun and mischief attracted them. They had never seriously thought it possible that they might add something to the society as well as receive much themselves from it. Finally Mae spoke up, "Well I suppose their society is a pretty good thing but —some how I don't have time and—I wasn't made to make stump speeches and do things like that." The other girls kept quiet for they knew that their own excuses were no better than Mae's. They had all drifted along never realizing that every body is capable of doing something that is worth while.

The apples and chestnuts were now done and each girl proceeded to help herself, glad for once that she did not have to express her opinion. When they had finished their little feast they took up their embroidery while one girl read an interesting story, which they had just taken from the library. In spite of all they could do a feeling of depression took possession of them. Some little obstacle had ducked the flow of their light spirits, and each girl felt relieved when the ten o'clock bell called them to their respective rooms.

"Oh, tomorrow is the day for that wonderful match game of basket ball," exclaimed Jean; "going over?" "Oh, I don't know," answered Martha, rather listlessly, "I guess I will go and be loyal to old W. C., but don't you know I never have had any great fancy for basket ball games. I know the rules, but I've never played; it is just too much for me to have to go to that gym. Every time, there's always something else that I want to do at that hour."

No one but Mae noticed the expression that came over Elizabeth's face. She was thinking, "Oh, there it is again, how we drift."

As Mae walked down the hall with Elizabeth she very curiously asked, "Why, what is the matter? I don't know when I have seen you look so queer." "Oh, Mae, I cannot tell you now, there isn't time." With this they parted, the one earnestly looking for something to do to help others the other pondering in her heart what all this meant.

As W. C. was a large school it was easy for cliques to be formed and these six girls had come together by merely seeking pleasure for themselves alone. Elizabeth did not go to sleep for a long time that night but when she did she felt a quietness that she had not known for a long time. She had resolved that she too would be earnest in all that she undertook, and that she would do the thing that was nearest her, be it small or great. The next day she noticed that the college yells were old and unimpressive—she said, I will try my skill on some, and we girls will surprise everybody by giving them at the next game. Perhaps we may catch the spirit of work by that time and society will not seem monotonous or basket ball

games slow. The next morning on their way to breakfast, Jean announced that the semi-weekly lecture would not be given that week as Dr. Boyd was away attending some kind of a conference and how glad she was, for they were the greatest bores that she ever came across. They all expressed their delight except Elizabeth and she only announced that she had a scheme she wished them to help her carry out, and asked when they could all get together to consider it. They agreed to go to her room immediately after dinner that evening. When evening came she had written some yells and having become really interested herself she hoped with all her heart that this interest might have the same effect on the other girls that Nan Smith's had had on her a few days before, for the more she thought on their purposeless lives the more serious it became. When the girls heard her plan they were not all forcibly impressed at first, but when they saw that Elizabeth did not swerve from her purpose they too began to think that such a thing might possibly be done. There was to be another ball game soon so they all began to practice their yells with enthusiasm in order that they might do well the thing they undertook. When the day came with Elizabeth as their leader and their colors flying in the breeze, they seated themselves in one corner of the grandstand and when the W. C. girls appeared on the field they gave one loud and inspiring yell which startled every one and turned every eye in their direction, but they were perfectly oblivious of all this as their own yell had multiplied their enthusiasm for the success of their party. The game started out very encouragingly, but in the first part of the second half the W. C. girls began to fall behind. What was to be done. The usual yells failed to accomplish what was needed and Elizabeth had thought it unbecoming and immodest to give theirs more than once, but something must be done to inspire the players with confidence and determination. Quick as a flash Elizabeth waved to the other five and they ran down in front where their yell might be distinctly heard and they gave it clearly, with all the spirit and enthusiasm possible. The people in the grandstand caught the spirit and cheered more lustily and

their faith in the home team increased and the team itself caught the wave, realizing what was expected of them they made themselves equal to the emergency and when the referee called time they were two points ahead.

The girls gathered around Elizabeth and her five followers and gave nine rahs for the six and extended thanks exclaiming, "You won the game." To Elizabeth the five gave the honor and praise and returned to their rooms happier than they had ever been before.

Elizabeth had found herself in effort and she went forward from strength to strength although she knew that not all the tasks would be as easy as the first had been but she gave only her best. She took for her motto, "Earnestness," with this armor she was invincible. It is needless to say that with the close of the spring term she had added five more girls to the college activities and also to the list of those who at times really have serious thoughts. She had done it not by little side lectures and pleadings, but by simply performing her own tasks with earnestness and zeal.

M. M.



THE FRUIT INDUSTRY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Among the many problems which are before the people of North Carolina today there is none which demands more immediate attention than that of food. Of our ever-increasing population only a small per cent. are good producers. The others busy themselves in carrying on all the remaining industries that make a great commercial state. This vast multitude, who carry on our commerce, manufacture our goods, teach and govern our people, are cooped up in towns and cities and must be fed. The most wholesome food must be supplied at the lowest cost possible.

Our great variety of fruits will go a long way towards supplying the demands of man, and can be produced at very low prices if properly cultivated and marketed.

Our state is well adapted to the growth of various kinds of fruit. Truly in the temperate zone where the temperature never reaches the extremes; neither the severe cold of the arctics nor the scorching heat of the tropics to blight the growth of vegetation.

Stretching from the sea five hundred miles westward our state contains altitudes varying from the low marshes at sea level to the mountain sides several thousand feet above. This gentle slope is well drained and watered by the many streams that wind their way from the mountains to the sea.

Indeed Sir Walter Raleigh's colony did find a country where all kinds of fruit grew wild. From Cherokee to Currituck there is not a county in which some kind of fruit will not thrive. With the grapes, melons, berries and peaches of Eastern Carolina; the plums, pears, cherries and apricots of the Piedmont, and the unexcelled apples, peaches and nuts of the western counties it should be impossible for a Carolinian to become hungry.

Our orchards and vineyards, however, are in a deplorable condition, bearing very short crops of small, faulty fruit. The majority of those growing fruit, in this state, know nothing about the occupation. They think that as fruit was found

growing wild by the white men when they discovered this country, it is only necessary to put the seed or plants into the ground, sit back, and depend on nature for the development of a crop. It not only takes some knowledge, but also careful and persistent work to grow fruit successfully.

The careful selection of a place is the first thing to consider if one wishes to have an orchard. The most intelligent orchardists differ as to the best location; some recommend a northern slope, others eastern or northeastern, and some others prefer a southern or even a western slope. In this state it is generally believed that the gentle eastern or northeastern slope is best, as orchards located on these slopes suffer less from the effects of heat and drought.

All sites for an orchard should be thoroughly drained. No orchard can thrive, for any length of time, in a damp, sticky soil. Care should be taken to procure a soil sufficiently rich in good materials and yet firm enough to withstand the hard winter freezes. A loamy clay with a free subsoil is considered best; for it will hold moisture, withstand freezes, and is sufficiently rich to nourish the plants.

After the selection of a site the preparation of the land must be considered. The main rule to remember in the preparation of the land for an orchard is deep tillage, and the deeper and more thoroughly the soil is broken the more successful the orchard will be. This preparation should be done in the fall, so that the land will be ready for early spring planting. Orchards may be very successfully planted in the fall, but spring is commonly recognized as the best time, for in many cases the roots of plants set in the fall do not obtain sufficient hold in the ground to maintain a healthy circulation of sap, and the plant is not able to live through the first winter.

Careful selection of plants is one of the essential things pertaining to a paying orchard. A small per cent. of the orchard may be delicate fruits, but the body of the orchard should be composed of plants that will bear thrifty fruit, which may be marketed or kept for winter use. Strong vigorous plants 1 to 2 years old are best. Plants of this descrip-

tion suffer less in transplanting, cost less, and are more economically handled than older ones.

In most cases the nearest responsible nurseryman is the best person to buy from. He is more likely to understand the demands of his local customers, and should carry the varieties best suited to the surrounding country. The farmer making his purchases directly from the nurseryman saves the profit that would otherwise go to the retail dealer or agent.

The simplest way of planting is very easily done by opening deep furrows with a plow and cross checking where the trees are to be set; the plants being set, the earth may be thrown to the rows of trees, with a plow, leaving a furrow in the middle of the space between the rows for surface drainage.

The orchard should not be neglected as soon as it is planted, but should be worked, pruned and sprayed from year to year. Planting, though, is as far as most farmers carry the process. After the orchard is planted it is generally sowed in grass, fenced and converted into a pasture. It is utter folly to buy and plant valuable fruit trees to produce only shade for cattle.

Thorough cultivation of the soil is without doubt essential to success. An orchard needs as much cultivation as corn and cotton. Deep thorough cultivation regularly every year and in no case should grass or small grain be grown in an orchard. Cultivation should be carried on until the trees are fully grown and bearing, to discontinue even then is doubtful. If cultivation is dropped at this time, red or crimson clover is the only crop permissible and that should be turned under every two years.

Along with the cultivation of the soil, careful pruning is essential to the successful and convenient growth of fruit. In pruning and trimming, the farmer should bear in mind what size and shape the tree is to be when fully grown. Most any size and shape may be obtained by careful training. The oval shape is considered best, in this state, and should be grown just full enough to prevent scorching without becoming crowded. In no case should trees be allowed to grow so large that the fruit cannot be properly gathered, and the trees thorough-

ly sprayed. Careful pruning should be carried on as long as trees live, and no shoots or faulty limbs left.

All these things previously mentioned may be done, and still the trees will not bear or bearing will bring forth faulty fruit, unless careful steps are taken to prevent diseases and prohibit all insects which are dangerous enemies of fruit trees. Orchards and vineyards may blossom abundantly in the spring, but if care is not taken there will be no fruit in the fall. The coddling moth, apple and peach tree borer, plum and cherry leaf spot, fruit rot and various other insects and diseases are forever ready to prey upon an orchard. These insects and diseases can be excluded if sufficient care is taken. An orchard should not be neglected until it is eaten up with disease, but should be treated several times a year and every year from its infancy until it is completely worn out. There are different treatments for different diseases and trees; most treatments consist of a careful spraying with poisonous solutions. Orchards should be sprayed several times each year whether healthy or diseased. Further and more complete information may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture at Raleigh, concerning all diseases and their treatment. Information from this source is always free and should be sought when complications arise.

Harvesting the fruit is the last of the process, and then especially great care should be exercised. It is a great waste of time and money to raise fruit and then let it spoil through lack of careful harvesting. This is what a great many farmers do; after the family has been supplied the rest of the fruit is shaken off the trees, thrown into a wagon and finally dumped into a bin there to rot from the bruises obtained from such rough handling. Fruit should be carefully gathered by hand; when it is to be marketed, it should be packed in boxes or barrels and shipped the same day it is gathered or as soon after as possible; if it is to be kept for future use, it should be carefully stored in bins in a cool, dry place. Care should be taken in both instances to prevent specked or otherwise faulty fruit from remaining with the sound.

The farmers of Washington and Oregon, through the ob-

servance of several laws and principles regarding the fruit industry, are having great success with their orchards. Though their climate is far too cold, and the land has to be watered these states are leading all others in fruit culture. The fancy apple market of the world is supplied with Washington apples. This success is due to their laws and customs, combined with incessant care. There is a law in these states which compels a man to spray his orchard several times a year, and when there is disease in it, more frequently. If the farmers neglect this, it is done by professionals working for the State, the expense for which is added to the farmer's taxes. By this very efficient regulation diseases are never allowed to gain much headway. It is useless for one farmer to spray if his next door neighbor does not; it takes universal spraying to keep down such diseases as are commonly found in an orchard. It is very evident that we need some such law, in this state, as that in Washington.

The Washington apple is carefully picked by hand and packed very firmly in boxes, with a guarantee attached—that there are a certain number of sound apples which will keep for a given length of time. This guarantee is no boast and is able to be made because of the care and precaution which was taken throughout the whole process.

Our state is far better adapted to fruit culture than these states mentioned. It has a better climate, soil, and needs no artificial watering. The flavor of our fruit, grown in a natural soil, is far better than that grown by irrigation. Several years ago a Burke county farmer entered some apples in an apple contest at Spokane, Washington. One variety of his apples took a first prize as being the best flavored winter marketing apple shown.

If North Carolinians would pass and observe a few laws regulating the spread of fruit diseases; observe and practice some of the customs common in the Northwest; and try with persistent care the fruit industry of North Carolina would soon be ahead of that in any other state. With this word care always in mind we can develop an industry that will add

much to the present wealth of our state; decrease the cost of living, and once more render our state the Garden of Eden found by our forefathers.

J. THEO. PERKINS.

THE ISLE OF REST.

At mid-day, when the huge cloud ships
Traverse the sky's blue crest,
Me thinks they're bound for the breeze-lulled shore
Of a far-off Isle of Rest.

Each morn, as I see the white sails furled,
And the helms all lashed a-lee,
I play that a helmsman steers so low
As to make a mate of me.

I picture how from the sun bathed deck
I'd view the main below,
And learn what the mighty Open holds
For the soul, in her sun-set's glow.

I'd hear sweet music, too, I ween,
For I'm sure the stars do sing
As they vibrate in the bluey deep;
And oh, the breath of Spring.

Would steep each breeze that struck my cheek,
And the birds would sing all day,
Because off there on this blissful Isle,
It is perpetual May.

Sun and shade sport hand in hand
O'er the fields all sweet with thyme,
Where death ne'er checks the wanton throb
Of the warm pulse-beat of prime.

If I could roam through those flower-clad fields,
While my ship at anchor lay
In wait till the rosy, saffron lights
Proclaimed the rise of day,

I'd let that lucid, amber light
From the moon, so steep my being,
That my store of light could ne'er be spent
Though it were always fleeing.

And down where the brightest lilies grew
The waves would bring me sleep,
And the things I'd dream would rob the world
Of its mystery, cold and deep.

I'd learn that beauty's a common tie
Which binds all souls, tho tossed and whirled
By different passions, in a common love
For the beautiful, wonderful world.

And I'd strive that the Crest of the Sea of Life,
After my voyage was done,
Should be unmarred, and as pure as the sky
When it shone 'neath the mid-day sun.

ANNA DAVIS.

A CRUSADER.

In the early part of the thirteenth century certain priests of western Europe, being disappointed with the results of the crusades made by the armies of knights, and believing that the failure of army after army was a clear manifestation of God's wrath against the sins of the camp, resolved to send the children on a crusade. They thought these could do what their fathers, because of their wickedness, had been unable to do. Therefore, they promised the children that the Mediterranean would be dried up for their passage and many miracles would be wrought for their recovery of the Holy cross and sepulchre. Accordingly they brought together 50,000 boys and girls from France and Germany who were so wrought upon by the impassioned preaching of the monks that they could not be restrained from going by either parents or friends. In this excited state they set forth on their journey without money, provisions, or leaders, singing hymns and waving branches.

They were divided into two main groups. The one made its way through Germany, across the Alps to Genoa. The other made its way to Marseilles. In the French division was Charles Bordeau, the only son of a wealthy merchant of Paris. He was a brave boy of noble impulses, and all through the journey he was a defender of the defenseless and in his manly courage the timid found strength. While thus serving his fellows his own heart was lonely. Depending upon charity for his daily food was a new experience for him. Never before had he been without a mother's sympathy and a father's counsel. Remembering the comforts of his far-away home only made his present homelessness seem more unbearable.

Not only did he miss his accustomed luxuries, but also his little friend and playmate, Mary, with whom he had spent so many happy hours. She was not in this army. She heeded the entreaty of her parents and remained with them. In her he had implicit confidence, and when they parted he assured her that he should return victorious and then their lives would

be more happy for the temporary absence. She, though enthusiastic in the cause, realized that many difficulties would have to be overcome and many dangers braved before he ever reached the Holy sepulchre. Would he be able for them, or would he fall by the way and she never know his fate? So with trembling courage she bade him God speed and turned to her own chamber to hide the tears that would not stay.

The army reaching Marseilles, their numbers decimated by exposure and death, found that the sea did not open a path for them as had been promised, but after waiting some days they were offered a passage on some trading vessels. They accepted this offer and for the first few days everything favored sailing. The sea was calm and the wind drove the ships along in the right direction. Charles never having been on sea before liked to gaze at the sunset and the other wonderful scenes, heartily wishing that his little playmate could enjoy them with him.

This calmness, however, did not last long. For one evening, when they had been at sea only four days they saw a dark cloud rising above the western horizon. It grew larger and larger until it covered the whole sky. Lightning flashed from one side of the heavens to the other. In a short time the rain began to pour down in torrents and the wind scattered the ships. As there were no lighthouses to guide the vessels two of them were wrecked on the coasts of Sardinia. In one of these was our little hero. When he saw that he could do nothing to help save the others on board, he attached himself to a piece of the ship that was drifting away. While drifting he saw a light in the distance. As it came nearer he saw that it was on one of the crusade ships. He called for help. After repeated calls the vessel came along side of his raft. A rope was lowered and amid the cheers of the little crusaders he was again on board. How good it seemed to see the faces and hear the voices of those he knew, but how much better it would be to see gay Pare and the dear ones there.

The five remaining ships reached Alexandria safely, but the merchants proved to be kidnappers and sold their passengers as slaves. Charles fell into the hands of a wealthy Egyptian

prince. His duty was to carry messages for his master. This seemed to him a very hard task, for he must be ready, night or day, to do the prince's commands. Here as he attended his master he developed from a mere boy to a tall, stately man, secretly recognized by those who knew him as possessing an ability much superior to that of the prince. During this time he also became familiar with all the luxurious gayety of court life. He saw its debasing effects and purposed in his heart that he would keep himself pure for the sake of the cause for which he stood, and for the sake of those at home, even if he never saw them more.

Meanwhile Mary had grown to womanhood. She was known throughout her town as one whose greatest desire was to help others, especially the poor. She never attended the parties of her friends, having firmly resolved to live a life of usefulness for the sake of the little crusader whom she loved.

The children had been lost seventeen years before their parents learned of their fate. When Frederick II, King of Germany, heard of it he regained the few remaining ones by a treaty with the Sultan of Egypt.

Charles could hardly realize that he was free again. During the long voyage to France he could only wonder how he would find them at home. Among the many persons who waited to greet him were his father and mother. Although he was glad to see them and enjoyed talking over the past with them he was not truly happy until he saw Mary and received her promise to be his nearest companion in the future.

ERA LASLEY.

NATURE.

Of all the things which furnish a constant source of pleasure and comfort, leaving unmentioned the deeper good done, living close to nature is the first of all seasons.

Many people affect a love for nature which shows in itself a lack of appreciation and understanding, a love and sympathy for which, more than anything else, is unpretentious. Instead of affected enthusiasm there must be a desire for the real colors and the real music, rather than the unnatural and hot house imitations. It also means being able to see beauty and something new in the things which are constantly before our eyes, and never becoming accustomed to anything to a degree of callousness.

The insensitiveness which we often see is due to a great extent to individual temperament. The power to detect delicate beauty is largely an inborn faculty. For instance, Lord Byron felt deeply the majestic grandeur of the craggy mountains; he worshipped nature through her cataracts; he was awed by the power of a fierce thunderstorm, and he went into passions of ecstasy at the sight of a gorgeous sunset. But his was not a love of nature in the purest sense.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, loved it only for its own sake. "His heart leaped up" at the sight of things which Byron never saw. He enjoyed the things that were hid to the common eye, and felt influences unfelt by less sensitive natures.

Such an appreciation of nature, to some extent at least, is necessary before we can have any true artists or poets. They must have this sensibility to things usually unfelt, they must be able to translate nature to the people about them. And living in this way, close to nature's heart, their message, whether with brush or pen, will always be fresh and new.

LILLIAN AND JOE.

Lillian and Joe had been sweethearts for years. There was no doubt with their acquaintances that they would make a match. Joe was one of the leading young men of the town; admired in society, respected in the church, and loved at home. Lillian loved Joe dearly and knew that her love was returned, but somehow she was not satisfied. Joe was all right, she said. He was honest, he was kind-hearted, he was good to everybody. The children on the street hailed him as he passed along, the older people always had a smile for him as he went about among them. Even the dumb brutes, especially those at home, were acquainted and pleased with his gentle touch and kind word. Lillian knew this and appreciated it, still she was not satisfied. She wished that he was a ball player or a skilled musician. She much preferred that he would be a traveling man instead of being a high school professor. She would have been better satisfied if he had been a railroad man. Then she would have free access to the railroad and could then see some of the world. She didn't believe she ever could be reconciled in marrying a school-teacher, they would always have to be so poor. Why should she stunt herself by marrying a man who had chosen such an humble and secluded life-work.

Of course Lillian did not make a talk of these nor did she complain openly. She kept them all to herself but brooded over them every day. Even Joe had not the slightest idea that Lillian was dissatisfied. He went about his work, happy in the thought that some day in the near future he would "rent a flat for two."

One night when they were together, Lillian, after having brooded all day over the matter, felt disposed to venture some of these complaints and rebukes on Joe. She let him know that she was not willing to marry him unless he would get out of this easy-going life of teaching school, a life which offered no possibilities of wealth or prominence; he must get out and see some of the world; he must get into a work that would render him more money and more prominence, one in which he

could show himself to be a man. Joe was indeed surprised at this outburst, this new idea of Lillian's; more than that, he was disappointed, and hurt. He did not enjoy himself any more that night. Even Lillian's singing failed to drive the morose thoughts from his mind. At an early hour he told her good night in a vague way and went home.

When he got to his room his brain was all in a whirl. She was not satisfied with him as he was. She had inferred that he was not a man. It was such a stunning blow, such a disappointment, such a revelation to Joe that he was not long in making up his mind and in beginning to take action.

Next morning all was excitement at the school. Joe's older brother was there to take charge and to work out a two-weeks' notice that Joe had given the school board late the night before as he tendered them his resignation. He had been called away on the early morning train and was not sure when he would return. Lillian heard all these things, but felt sure that Joe had left a note in the postoffice explaining all. But there was no note there and Joe was many miles away.

Two years after this we find Joe almost in despair. After leaving home he had entered college and for five months he had tried faithfully and incessantly to learn to play ball. But he was a failure. "You will never make a ball player, Joe," his captain told him, "you had better take up something else."

When college closed he secured a position as traveling salesman. For months he kept at this work, but it was a misery to him. Somehow he felt out of place and never could get any interest in his work. He chafed under the evil environments that a traveling man has. One day his employer calling him into his office said, "Joe, you are an all right fellow, but you are no good as a traveling man. You are too easy, frank, and honest. I hate to part with you, but I must get another man."

Again Joe was left to his wits. Was he after all a failure at everything? Was there no place for him in the world? He thought of returning home, but "No," he said, "I would die first." He thought that perhaps the avenue to his success lay in his employment to the railroad company. But on trying

this work he soon found that his health was fast giving away, and he was forced to give up the work.

Thus two years had passed and nothing yet had been accomplished. He had tried and failed. He had almost proved that he was not a man after all—and Lillian was at home pining for him.

There seemed only one thing left for him to do, and he did it. In one of the smaller colleges of the State he secured a position as instructor.

Year after year he toiled here, successfully, thinking often of the dear ones at home and of his mother who had died in his youth. But he could not go back to gladden their hearts nor to do reverence at the grave of his mother. Promotion after promotion was made to him until at the death of the college president Joe was elected to that office.

It was natural that Joe would soon become well known throughout the State, because the college was one of good standing. Imagine Lillian's pleasure and surprise when she first learned where Joe was and what he had come to be. How proud she felt of him! How glad she was that he had become a man in his own way. But would he ever come back to her? No! she knew that he would never come back—and he didn't.

E. H. M.



The Guilford Collegian

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VOL. XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1910

NO. 3

Editorials.

The editors wish all the readers of THE COLLEGIAN a truly "Happy, Happy Christmas." The holiday season should be the most enjoyable time of the year and to bring this about we believe that studies should be put aside and all efforts centered in having and making others have a good time. While we are far from criticising the pleasant remembrances and presents

so intimately associated with Christmas, we do agree most heartily with the present agitation for repressing the "giving craze" into its proper bounds. Unless this is done we see very plainly that the true meaning of the present will be misconstrued and gifts will become burdens. It seems to us that our twentieth century culture calls for a truer Christmas spirit than the mere giving and receiving of trinkets. Friendships mean little indeed if they require frequent reminders to keep them constant. For this reason we think that a heartfelt wish means much more than the most handsome gift which bears the mark of repaying an obligation.

College Leaders and Followers. Although it is an undeniable fact that leadership is rather a gift of nature than an acquirement, and that personal influence is stronger in one individual than it is in another, it is none the less true that individuality is common to all individuals and that every person though not a leader has the opportunity to select the leader whom he is to follow. We believe that it is as great an art to be a good follower as it is to be a good leader.

On one hand we find a student who by lavishing his jovial nature on those with inferior abilities constantly draws an admiring crowd around him, whose wanton flattery, in some measure, brings to him the universally desired self-satisfaction. He spends his time listlessly among his admirers and encourages them to follow his example.

On the other hand there is a student sincere to himself and his followers, respecting their individuality and refusing to cheapen his own by lowering his standard of life to an equality with those below him. He shuns the praise which his better self tells him is not due and tries to make himself worthy of the esteem of his followers.

These two types of leaders are always at college and it is

necessary that college students decide whether they prefer to be a leader like the first or second or which one they wish to follow.

Why Go to College? The aim that one should have in going to college should be to study and to learn. As we read the papers at this season and at almost every season, we would suppose it was to gain muscular, not mental training. The daily papers are giving columns and pages to college football, and at other times it is to college base ball. We know that most of the professors in the colleges act as if mental training is the purpose and aim of the college, but as we read in the college magazines edited by students themselves, we should judge from the portion of the paper that is taken up with the subject of athletics that muscular training is the aim of the college. We know that some students come to college with only one aim and that is to make good on some team or be a proud wearer of a college initial. These are the students that gain distinction among the student body, and give fame to their college. This distinction lasts only for two or three years, and it is not worth the while to go to college to get it. Besides, this fame and physical training can be found in the professional field in which one does not have to attend so many lectures or suffer the chagrin of failure on examinations. (The professional base ball team can beat the best college team at any time.) The student most honored in college should be the one who, if he has a good character, shows the clearest, the quickest, the most comprehensive grasp of what he is required to learn in the routine of study. Scholarship is the best thing in college. It indicates superior brain, which is better than superior muscle. Most students simply want to "pass thru," getting the most from social prominence that is possible. But it is scholarship more than anything else that marks the man. The men who have won honors in athletics or social prominence cannot meet the business world as the man with scholarly ability.

High Ideals. We notice by coming in contact with those people who have reached what the world considers a high mark in personal attainments, that they are constantly aspiring to something higher than they own. Indeed this discontented state is such a marked characteristic of those who possess a depth of character that we as students are often led to wonder why if dissatisfaction is continually ahead, men continue to strive for greater things, and whether it really pays. We know that there is no stronger influence in a person's life than his ideals, and at no time in life are ideals higher than they are during college life. Everything, practically, seems possible, and we are led to believe that practically everything is possible. Although a student's ideals may cause him some bitter disappointments it is only by steering his way by these that he can hope to accomplish anything worth while. We tire of hearing that nothing can be gained without effort, but it is true nevertheless and if we keep this fact before us we shall be more likely to escape the sad words of the poet, "It might have been."



EXCHANGES.

Each college magazine should, and we trust does, fully realize the importance of true criticism. In it we find a sort of mirror which ought to show us what we are as well as what others think we are. By it we improve. This, then, is the reason that both commendatory and adverse criticism are welcomed among our college magazines. So let us work hand in hand for a common interest, making due allowance for, and pointing out in a kindly way, each others mistakes and failures.

Upon glancing over our exchanges this month, the pretty cover of the State Normal Magazine immediately attracts our attention. Between its covers neither quantity nor quality is lacking. "A Glimpse of Maderia and Algiers" is realistic and well told. The short but vivid description of the two places mentioned, and the trip in general makes one almost feel as if one was a member of the sight-seeing party. "Sara Thinks" is a splendid story of a college girl who for the first time saw her selfishness. The other stories are good. However in this issue of the Normal Magazine the lack of poetry is noticeable. Perhaps the poetic talent is only lying dormant and will burst forth in its real splendor in the later magazines.

The Davidson College Magazine contains much good material. The sketch on Woodrow Wilson should be read with interest by every one. Students of Davidson should be proud that he was once a member of that college. "The Rose Petals" is a good story, but the plot is an old one. On the whole, the paper shows much hard work on the part of the students.

The Acorn appeals to our literary tastes. One article worthy of mention is "The Croatan Woman." It teaches us to appreciate our congenial surroundings and indeed brings into our hearts a true missionary spirit. Another production which we cannot forbear mentioning is the "Face." Its vim and force are pleasing and we would say it is worthy of our most favorable criticism.

We are, as usual, highly entertained by The Wake Forest

Student. In turning the first few pages we find a splendid essay on "The Reconstruction of Korea," which shows deep study and careful preparation on the part of the writer. It is highly interesting and instructive. The stories are all original. Two of them are incidents of the Civil War, which are ever interesting. The two short poems show talent on the part of the writers. Poetry adds much to the variety of material in college magazines. The November copy of The Wake Forest Student has this variety and maintains its old standard—that of a well balanced monthly.

We are grateful for the receipt of the following exchanges: The Trinity Archive, The Oracle, Whittier College Acropolis, Old Penn, The Earlhamite, The Acorn, and the Davidson College Magazine.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Br-r-r-r!!!

Ask Prof. Carroll what is the best remedy for recovering consciousness.

Rev. J. E. Woosley, of Ramseur, N. C., was a visitor at the college November 4.

Mr. Charles G. Venable and Mr. Karl Bailey, who were the representatives of U. N. C. in tennis, played us here on November 6-7.

Elva (in German)—Driemal veer ist zwolf. Three times six is twelve.

C. C. Smuck—My! Gee, you show has growed.

Prof. White—"That is all right. She is A. King of all she surveys."

Prof. Davis (in German)—"How do you express a date?"

Voice in the rear of room—"Depends entirely on what kind of date."

Mr. N. Rush Hodgkin, '09, of Greensboro, N. C., visited the college last month.

Reddy Perk had a soliloquy last month, two feet, thirteen and three third inches big. And Hazel Briggs had one also, which size and dimensions are below:

"My Bonnie rooms over in Archdale,
My Bonnie lives over the lea,
I'd like to see thee my Bonnie,
Bonnie, my Bonnie, Bonnie."

Prof. Hobbs was fouled in socker game for nosing the ball.

Becca—"Mary did you like to talk to your mother over the phone?"

Mary—"Yes, but I couldn't hear her."

Elva (calling)—“Hazel Briggs.”

Hazel Harmon (coming out of her room)—“Here I am.”

“Never do today what can be put off until tomorrow—for tomorrow you might not have it to do.”

Mr. Bunn Hearne, of Elon, was a visitor of Mr. C. F. Benbow at the college November 18.

Miss Gertrude Frazier, '10, of Greensboro, was a welcomed guest of the faculty November 18.

All things come to him who waits, but it doesn't pay to hold your breath till it comes.

The unkindest cut of all is your portrait in the Courier.

Among the visitors at the college last month were Mr. and Mrs. B. F. W. Bryant, of Thomasville, N. C.

Prof. Kibler—“X Y Z ? ! ! ! ? ? ! !—get right out of here before I say something I will regret.”

A pity, what a pity, the Democrats got only ten Congressmen last election.

Never marry a girl who thinks she may learn to love you. “A little learning is a dangerous, mighty dangerous thing.”

George Perk (eating lemon pie and talking about Geometry) —“There is one thing I understand about that stuff, and that is it.”

In singles with Carolina, Briggs knocked a ball, which hit Hazel Harmon.

Thomas Perry—“Wrong court Gurney.”

A. G. T. (at breakfast table)—“Good morning, Annie, I'm glad to see you.”

Annie—“Thanks, I am glad to be here.”

Ask Big Rich and Tommy did they “hol um?”

Annabella (looking at the souvenirs)—“O pray give me a boy, I like them.” ? ? ?

Big Rich (looking for something to eat)—“Br-r-r-r-r-r, I eat a pickle every night; it’s just night now.

Kemp—“I hate to see two girls walking around here so loving.”

Tecy—“Who do you mean?”

Kemp—Mamie Coble and Edgerton.

Annabella (putting two handkerchiefs on the window pane to dry)—“I’ve washed every handkerchief I have got. What am I to do until one dries?”

Margaret—“Mary your hat is certainly becoming. It comes down over your face.”

Prof. Jay—“Name Paul’s letters.”

Class—“Thessolonians, Corinthians.”

Voice in rear—“Philomatheans.”

Mary and Hazel discussing the situation, one night when we did not have any lights.

Hazel—“Mary, were you here before they had electric lights?”

Mary T.—“Holy horrors, no!”

Prof. Kibler (seeing Commodore Perry going down Memorial Hall steps)—“Hold on Prof. Hodgins, I want to say a word to you.”

Eva Leonard, of Advance, N. C., was the guest of Ethel Smithdeal Thanksgiving.

Annabella (during an animated discussion on evolution)—“Sis does believe in monkeys, doesn’t he?”

Iona L. received a composition marked over with red ink, and at the bottom a request to stop after class for consultation.

Mary—“What did Prof. Hodgins say?”

Iona—“Stop after class for consolation.”

Is it the proper thing to send flowers to a nurse who was especially nice to you during a recent illness? Anxious.

Ella—"They tell me that our new student can sing fine."

Big Rich—"Why, yes, yes, yes, he sang Fairly well,, when we came around to see him one first night."

Mary taking up trash at her door.

L. M. R.—"Mary, what are you doing?"

Mary—"Riding a bicycle."

Ask Rebecca what color of hair she likes best.

Lillie Mae (singing)—"It breaks my heart for us to part—
For I've grown so fond of you."

C. C. S. (passing under her window)—"I wonder if she means me?"

Harris, J.—"Honorable Judges, the question is resolved:
That trusts and co-operation should be abolished."

Mrs. H. D. Reinhardt, of Dayton, O., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Edwin Jay, for some time, left Saturday, 19th, for her home.

Teddy—"Miss Louise, that is a piece of ancient antique china, is it not?"



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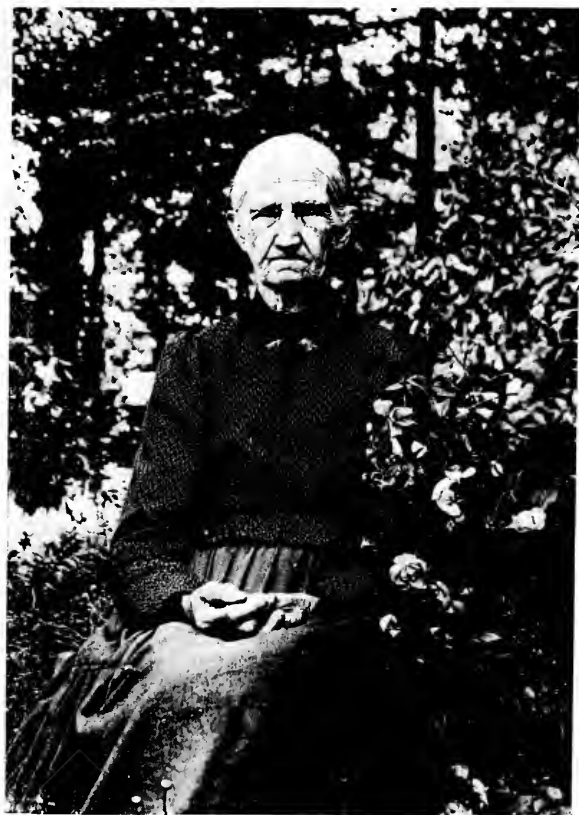
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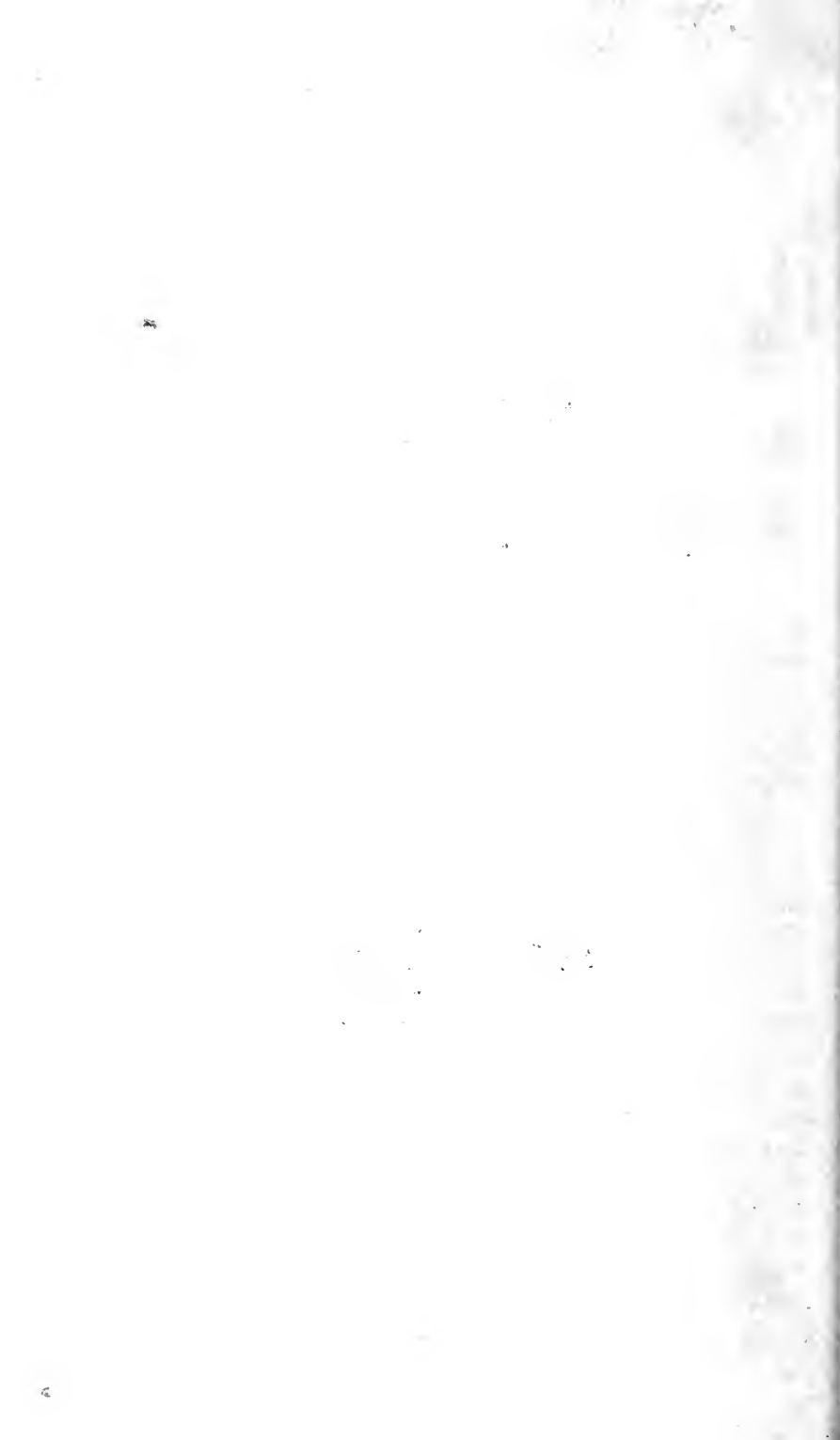
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C. C. SMITHDEAL, Manager.





Hannah W. Osborne



The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1911.

NO. 4

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Those who were watching at twelve o'clock Saturday night the last of 1910 heard the chimes of many bells as they echoed and re-echoed from hill to plain. These midnight heralds were the joyous messengers of a glad New Year with all its untold possibilities, with all its hidden treasures, and with all its unknown opportunities. These midnight chimes were also the death knells which ushered 1910 into the dark, gloomy abyss of past time, far from the reach of any being; where it has heaved into one great mass the many deeds of the past, whether good or evil.

Thus as we stood between the two years, facing the one which come flying in upon the wings of the morning with a warm, sweet welcome for both saint and sinner and looking back upon the outgoing with all its trials and temptations in the past, we might well reflect for a moment upon our lives and ask ourselves, What has this past year meant to us? What have we done that will impress the world's life? What events have taken place in our experiences that will help to shape our characters or influence our careers? How have we used our opportunities for the betterment of the world? Whatever the deeds, whether good or evil, they are past recalling and the work of 1910 is buried. The labors of a grand new year are staring us in the face and the question which we should now ask is, How shall we use the disciplines of this new year for the improvement and enrichment of our lives, for the strengthening and the building up of our characters and for the sweetening of our dispositions?

Life's circumstances and experiences are meant for a school

in which we may learn how to live. There have been thousands of lives in the past which have undergone all kinds of experiences and are now in the reach of all of us to serve as a guiding light to us, and yet we let ourselves rush blindly into the angry waves of time where we lead lives that do not count for the most, still these precious days, which have been idly spent, are drowned so deep that even the mighty Neptune cannot bring them back. Lucky is the man who has taken the experiences of others as a preventive for useless actions and accordingly has performed well the duties of the past so that he now faces a new year with a strong spirit and is not ashamed to analyze the past. The good and bad of 1910 is on record. An ocean of tears cannot blot out the bad nor can the utmost powers of evil destroy the good. If any one is not satisfied with the life which is gone, that person's hope lies in the future alone and his watchword should be a better future with the past years as a guiding star.

The world is rolling in a practical age and regrets for past deeds, sentimental farewells and worrying over what is gone in past life, is no longer tolerated. The grave of 1910 must be deserted while we greet the dawn and face the responsibilities of another year. What the struggle and demands of this new year may be, it is impossible to foretell; but if we may judge it by the years which have gone before, it is safe to say that the person who does the most work, who does it in the best way and who sticks always to the right will emerge from the heat of the battle at the end of the year crowned with the greatest success. Our success will be measured by the amount of work which we do and if we expect to reach the goal we must follow the path of duty, never turning aside nor shirking the tasks set for us. We must follow the path of duty through trials and temptations, through success and good fortune with our eyes always ahead and with never faltering steps. The one who wins most worthily the triumphs of the new year is the one who will be found most often in the thickest of the fight, in the heat of the battle, letting neither fear nor favor lure him from his onward march.

Men are not placed upon this world merely to pass away

this little life. Every human being has an assigned talent to develop and a given work to accomplish. If there is any one who thinks life is blank or worthless, who is not learning each day new lessons, who is not growing more wise and finding some new way of helping the world along, that person has not yet learned how to live. From day to day new opportunities and possibilities are thrown into the lives of every one, and if these duties or chances are ignored and left unregarded, the person grows weaker and finds himself less able to cope with the demands of the world. The exercise of our powers strengthens us and those of us who strive to accomplish the little things will soon find in ourselves a wealth of force by which we can overcome the most difficult problems.

New Year resolutions are not usually worth while; for they are invariably broken before the year has reached the second quarter. Years are made up of days and the days come to us one at a time. A resolution for one day is not hard to keep and if we repeat the resolution with the dawn of each day we will, without a doubt, make a year's record of that resolution. Let us, then, live one day at a time and by making each day, in its turn, count for as much as possible, when the year 1911 has passed into history the backward glance will reveal to us a year of our lives which has been spent to the best advantage and one which we will recall with pride.

B. RICHARDSON.

MISS ZELINA'S BEAR.

BY WADE CALDWELL.

"Daxxy's behind the wood-shed chawin' a straw!" That was all the boy said. But it was enough to put the whole Utelander Camp (as the Boys' Boarding Club at Scrubby Ridge College was christened) on the eve of expectations; for when ever Daxxy was discovered behind the wood-shed chewing a straw they knew something not down in the college curriculum was to be done between the next two suns.

As a boy, Daxxy was along in the early teens, red-headed, freckle-faced, and rather knotty looking as a whole. But he had a pair of gentian-blue eyes, one glance of which was sufficient to convert even President Turnbull's classic frown into a ragtime smile. Indeed, it was said of Daxxy, that he had daring and self-confidence enough to disturb the peace of all the Ridge, and love enough to rule it when it was maddest. And, his love was of such a socialist turn that it never occurred to him that it was not as much in the plan of things for him to have a mutual affair of the heart with Miss Zelina Hudson, the music teacher, as with the president's Jersey calf. But there was one individual it did occur to. It was Prof. Limbergaunt. The professor had had a life and death case with the teacher of music for several seasons. And, man like, he heartily disliked seeing some one else doing so well in a business in which he himself was doing so miserably; for, Miss Zelina, true to her sex, who are never happier than when they have a good case of jealousy on hand, encouraged the little fellow in his love-making, thus keeping the professor's feelings feeling like chapped hands. And he occasionally let Daxxy feel his feelings in a way as to cause him to put it down against a day of reckoning.

And now the day of reckoning had come. Just after school that evening a boy overheard Daxxy musing: "No he ain't, neither!" As to whether Daxxy's muttered negatives had reference to the president's Jersey calf not being cross-eyed, or to Roosevelt refusing a third term, the boy never inquired,

for Daxxy's musings, like David B. Hill's children, were to be thought about, but not asked about—not the second time. However, it afterwards came to be known that the real cause of his self-communion this evening was, he had just asked Miss Zelina to let him see her over to the president's annual reception to the student body on the following evening, and she had regretfully informed him that the professor had had an engagement with her of two months standing to that end.

Then Daxxy chewed a straw behind the wood-shed, and the rest of the Utelander Camp awaited orders. Now, all that came to pass around Scrubby Ridge that night may not have been included in Daxxy's planning, for the gods generally favor those who favor the gods. However, the rest of the camp believed they were, which amounts to about the same thing. Then the moon being full may have helped matters a bit, for the whole animal kingdom is more or less subject to lunacy. Anyway, maybe an hour had passed after the tolling of the "all abed bell," when two Utes out in the piazza of one of the camp cottages held up the end of a plank and a third Ute walked up it. The plank was then let go, and, of course, it made a thundering racket. In fact the plank had been dropped but two or three times when Prof. Limbergaunt was seen to issue from the rear door of the "Kiddery"—the small boys' dormitory, an hundred yards or more across the campus from the Ute camp—and hit a bee line for the seat of trouble, his long white nightgown streaming off in his wake like a banner of peace. But when he got to the camp the lights were all out and the Utes all in bed. And when he asked who it was making the noise the Utes, of course, all with one consent gave a negative answer. "I didn't expect you'd be able to tell me anything about it," explained the professor. "But I want to know who it was so I can have them sent to the asylum." Then the voice of "Big Tim," the heavyweight of the camp, lifted up in the shed-room of the cottage like a megaphone: "We have to take the prep. course at Scrubby before we can enter the 'sylum!"

The professor knew boys well enough, especially those com-

posing the Utelander Camp at Scrubby Ridge College, not to make further inquiries. So, without any more he turned out of the cottage and started back to his room in the "Kiddery." And, as he walked slowly along, his bare head bent down at his bare feet, meditating on the question as to whether or not it wasn't just possible that the way of the redresser was harder than the way of the transgressor, he did not see two girls approaching along a path that cut his at right angles. One of the girls was Miss Zelina and her companion was a young girl she had taken with her on a visit over to the president's. They were returning to their dormitory, and, owing to the professor walking in the shade of the trees, did not see him until they were about to collide at the junction of their paths. The meeting was such a cold-blooded affair the professor could think of but one expedient: Go fast—and fast he went!

Now, it was not the manner of Daxxy to plan things only in part. While the professor was parleying at the camp, other Utes slipped around, caught the president's Jersey calf, took it over and put it in the professor's room. And, when the latter came dashing into the dormitory and threw open his door, the frightened calf made a break for liberty, catching the late peace-maker exactly between the legs, who, taken unawares, fell flat on the animal's back, and, not knowing what else to do, held fast. The panic-stricken calf, with a bleat, bolted out of the building and took a circle around over the campus in such a way as to fetch its fearful rider plump up with the girls again. The terrified girls raced with all their might to their dormitory where they fell shrieking on the steps. The aroused and startled inmates, with Dr. Elderberry, the spiritual and physical "remidier" of the institution, at their head, came swarming out to learn the trouble. And, all poor Miss Zelina could tell them was: "I saw a bear!" But the younger girl, who had no such scruples as the music teacher had for concealing the true cause of their fright, instantly corrected her by explaining: "'Twarn't a bear, 'twas Prof. Limbergaunt riding old Jersey's calf in his nightgown!"

This latter announcement gave even a more serious phase

to the fright at headquarters. For, surely, if Prof. Limbergaunt, who had ever been a stickler on discipline, had taken to such nocturnal stunts as that, he needed attention immediately. So the Doctor, with several hastily summoned men servants of the place, fared forth to investigate.

Meantime the professor, after being peeled from the back of the calf, like the skin from a banana, by the limbs of a scrub oak, hastened to his room again, where he buried himself between the mattress of his bed. And when the investigators arrived at his place of refuge and sent soundings down to him in regard to his late conduct, all the reply they got was: "I wish the blamed world would catch on fire and burn up in five minutes."

Yes, Daxxy said: "No he ain't, neither." And he didn't either."



SOME ECONOMIC EVILS OF TOBACCO USING.

The moral and physiological effects of the weed on the individual are no doubt the most important phases of the tobacco using question. Nevertheless it is often well for us to set aside the more difficult parts of a question and go into the lesser details. It is with this thought in view that I attempt to discuss the economic evils of the tobacco habit.

In the first place, when one smokes or chews up a quantity of tobacco, he seldom considers just how little good it has been. He never thinks of the time, energy, and plant food represented in growing and manufacturing the stuff, all of which is wasted.

Well, we say when we want our tobacco, what difference does it make? We are not a poverty stricken people in a pauper's land. There is not a single one of us but can take a smoke or chew whenever we want it and never miss the money spent. But take a larger view; think of the millions spent for tobacco each year, even more than it cost to furnish our nation with bread. Think of the fertile lands that are made poor from growing the weed. Think of the thousands of people devoting their time to the growth and manufacture of tobacco. Millions of dollars worth of good timber has been slain only to see the land on which it grew sapped of its fertility by this plant and left to wash into gullies. Think of the increasing cost of living and realize that every acre of tobacco grown lessens the production of corn, wheat, oats, hay or other good materials. Then we can see just what the increased use and production of tobacco means.

There is still another economic contrariety in the tobacco question that is seldom called to our attention. The state and national governments maintain experiment stations at which careful and expensive work is done for the purpose of ascertaining the best methods of growing, caring for the cured crop and manufacturing. Then lecturers are sent to the various farmers' institutes to demonstrate these results to the

growers. On the other hand, the state is paying teachers to demonstrate to the youth the evil effects of its use. Now there is something wrong in a government teaching such direct inconsistencies. If tobacco using has its evil effects and immoral tendencies, the government should lend its every aid and influence in teaching the farmer to substitute useful crops for the enormous tobacco crops, which would be just as remunerative. (This is surely practical.) On the other hand, if it is right that the government should promote its growth, it is wrong and extravagant to attempt to teach its evil effects thereby lessening the sale of a farm product.

Personally, the tobacco habit is believed to be an evil; but granting to the world that it is all right, it is necessary to admit that it is worthless. Then why indulge in a worthless habit which is costing so much.

Now I maintain that the college student should leave off these habits of tobacco using, because the world holds him up as an example and surely he desires to set only good examples. The world demands, and has a right to demand, only the highest things from one of his opportunities. Again it is easier to teach by example than by precept. By abstaining from the use of tobacco students can prove its worthlessness. Then he is prepared in after life to demonstrate the practicability of substituting useful crops for tobacco. It is worse than useless to censure the farmer for growing the stuff so long as he sees no harm in it and thinks it the best and easiest way to make a living. Furthermore it is natural to suppose that college-trained men will occupy the higher and more important stations in life. If these men are weaklings of the tobacco habit, it not only casts reflections on the quality of men the colleges are turning out, but also on the type of men to be found in a community.

HENRY W. SMITH.

TO THE SONG SPARROW.

I often wonder how you sing
Birdie dear, and know the spring
And spring-time's joys have fled;
Can't you see that all the hills
Are scared, and that the daffodils
And buttercups are dead?

By the brook where once the sweet woodbine
In coral wealth was wont to twine
Your vacant nest is swinging:
You built it when spring's sky was blue.
When your heart was young, and your love was true,—
And birdie still you're singing!

When the sun inspired the anemones
From the loam, and decked the Judas trees
In their modest purple hue,
When the blood-root pushed the dead leaves up
And its spotless, pearly cup
Drink the sweet draughts of dew,

When the dogwoods stretched like a bank of snow
Against the green of the pines which show
Green yet against the sky,
I often watched you while you flew
Far, far into the flawless blue,—
A mere speck to my eye.

But now as autumn's golden sheen
Comes in the place of tender green
Methinks you must feel grief:
How can you still keep up your song
When you see the dome you've known so long
Falling, leaf by leaf?

Your birdie prince first met you there,
Woodyou, won you, while the air
Was throbbing with his bliss.
All summer long near by he swung
While you nestled o'er your young
In perfect happiness.

Have you forgot his low love trill
Which used to pierce the evening still
Before he reached the nest,
When darting through the rosy light
Toward you and home he turned his flight
From out the gorgeous west?

I watched him then as I watch you now,
While he sat upon that self same bough
And pruned his new spring gown:
He had no way, I ween, to know
That the soft May winds would cease to blow
Or that green would change to brown.

But now you sing as tho' you knew
These things would all return to you.
Ah, sing, sing on, my dear!
I, too, am trusting that the spring
Will come again, and that 'twill bring
Its lotus—ease and cheer.

'13.

THE INFLUENCE OF PAINTINGS.

Painting is nothing but an expressive language. It is invaluable as a vehicle of thought, but of itself nothing. He who has learned the art of representing nature has only learned the language by which to express his thoughts. He has advanced just as much toward being a great painter as the student who has learned to construct grammatical sentences has done toward being a great author. This power of expression can be mastered by persistent effort, but artistic expression requires much more ability—power is required to awaken thought, exultation or sympathy as the artist desires. The thought is the only excuse for its existence, but the merit depends not so much upon the thought expressed as upon that which is suggested.

Take, for instance, one of Edwin Lanseer's paintings, "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner." Here the shaggy hair of the dog, the touching of the green bough beside it, the roughly hewn coffin, and the folds of the blanket are all language. But the pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive paw which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the powerlessness of the head laid upon its folds, the tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness since the last blow was struck on the coffin lid, the gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating the lonely life, the unwatched departure of his master; these are all thoughts—thoughts by which this picture is distinguished at once from hundreds of others.

The thoughts stamp the artist, not as an imitator of fur, or the fold of a drapery, but as a man of mind.

Language and thought enter in the same way in landscape painting. The language of landscape is to reproduce the forms of nature, but his highest aim is to guide the spectator's mind to the most worthy objects, to convey the thoughts and feelings of the artist himself. In attaining the first end, the painter only places the spectator in his own position. He sets

before him the landscape and leaves him. The spectator is alone. He may follow out his own thoughts, or he may remain untouched and unreflecting. But the true artist not only places the spectator, but talks to him; hurries him away in his own enthusiasm, guides him to all that is beautiful, lifts him from all that is base, and leaves him more than delighted, ennobled and uplifted. He has not only beheld a new scene, but has held communion with a new mind.

Why cannot every one go to the fields, the woods, and streams and enjoy these beauties for themselves? In the first place we do not see everything that is before our eyes. We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision. Nature surrounds us with such an abundance of impressions that we are bewildered, and miss the beauties of familiar objects. Sensibility to color, to beauty of form, to light and shade, is found in every degree of bluntness and acuteness. And out of this grows the love of the beautiful which hallows the physical perception by the pure feelings of the moral nature. The energy and passion of our moral nature does influence our sight. Perception is so quickened by love, and judgment is so tempered by veneration, that one of deadened moral sensation is always dull in his perception of truth, and thousands of the highest and most divine truths of nature are wholly concealed from him.

To the small, conceited painter with his narrow knowledge, our only word would be, "Stand aside from between that nature and me." But to the imaginative painter, excelling us in every faculty of soul, we would gladly say, "Come between this nature and me; temper it, interpret it for me; let me see it with your eyes and hear it with your ears and have help and strength from your great spirit." All the noblest pictures have this character. They are inspired ideals seen for the moment to be real; they are thoughts of the sublime transmitted to us through men. A mind which can conceive such thoughts, united with such ability of expression, is one of the rarest gifts of God. We call this God-given power, genius, and those who possess it in any form are set apart and revered after

their genius has been recognized. But we know too well the tragedy of those whose genius was not recognized until too late to aid their efforts.

It is not easy to distinguish the works of genius from imitations, for popular opinion can never be taken as a standard of true judgment. The temper, by which right taste is formed, is first patient. It dwells upon what is transmitted to it; it does not trample upon it lest it should be pearls even though it look like husks. It is a good ground, penetrable, retentive. It does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts to choke the weak seed; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls upon it; it is an honest and good heart, distrustful of itself, ready to believe and to try all things, and yet so trustful that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. The pleasure which it has in things that it finds true and good is so great that it cannot be led aside by any tricks of fashion, nor diseases of vanity. The visions are too penetrating, too vital, to be supplied by any white-washed object. It clasps all that it loves so hard that it crushes it if it be hollow. Such knowledge is vastly different from the comments of the average pleasure seekers. They exhibit great enthusiasm, but enthusiasm which is not founded on love or truth, and is therefore worthless. Such tastes will prefer the sensational, amusing pictures that are now so common to those expressing the truths of nature. The noisy, shifting scenes of murder and robbery at some moving picture show will attract this taste more than an art gallery, where the orderly arrangement and perfect quiet are conducive to the loftiest thoughts. This brings us face to face with the question, are not pictures as sure an index to our character as the books we read or the friendships we make? The use of pictures in public places shows that this truth is widely recognized.

The students of Guilford College never enter this hall without feeling that they are in the presence of those whose portraits are before us. This silent, perpetual reminder of their interest in this college, their service here, cannot help but

awaken in us a spirit of devotion, and a desire to preserve every good influence, and to do all in our power to realize the ideals for which they labored.

What lawyer pleading the cause of the innocent has not obtained help and strength from the kindly face of Washington or Lincoln? Perhaps in the moment of greatest discouragement he has looked up into those rugged features and found courage.

What worn and disheartened minister has not found in the face of Christ, as painted by the masters, a never-failing source of sympathy? That sweet, familiar face of Jesus, shown in the transfiguration by Raphael, that simple, home-speaking countenance is beyond praise. A calm benignant beauty shines over all this picture and goes directly to the heart. A light and spirit as from another world bids us forgive seventy times seven and press forward toward the goal of our high calling. It is with such scenes, such lives, such thoughts as these, that we are permitted to live. This opportunity is ours for the asking. Like all of God's choicest gifts, we have only to reach out and make them ours. We have only to open our hearts and minds to receive these visions. And as we love and rest in these truths, they will open up great stores of happiness, they will reveal to us the boundless wealth of the realm of pictures.

MARGARET V. RUTLEDGE.

IN THE LIBRARY AT GUILFORD.

In ordinary thought, the library is a place of sober, earnest work, of constant delving into the accumulated wisdom of past generations—and such it is. But with all that, there are side issues and byproducts which would give a Mark Twain plenty of material for another Pudd'nhead Wilson or an Agnes Repplier philosophizing ammunition.

Since the completion of the west wing of King Hall and provision therein of a study room for Preparatory and Freshman students, popularly known as the "Prep Parlor," there has also come a ticket system by which a register is kept of students leaving the study room and coming to the Library. When this system was first inaugurated it seemed to the student body, and perhaps to others, like an extra amount of "red tape." So one of the brightest of the Freshman appealed to the Librarian thus, "How can I secure a season ticket?" Well, season tickets do not work on this—two periods in succession is the best one can do. One poor fellow seems to think he spends more time securing tickets than working in the Library. The new student and the student coming to the Library with well meant intentions deposits his ticket first and that's the end of it—proving the system by no means a terror to good work. But the new one—though he can be sized up and classified by his very looks sometimes—yet there are other methods which sometimes reveal a newness which is very verdant. For example, suppose his ticket reads "English." "What English do you wish?" says the Librarian. "English History." "What particular subject in English History?" queries the Librarian again. Startled with the answer "Grammar," the Librarian knows she has a 1st year preparatory who does not know enough to tell what he wants to find.

Then there is the bevy of girls who are bent on earnest work, know what they want and all want the same thing. Too timid they are to be self-reliant and not yet able to find for themselves. All want the "reserved" books of course. So to get all of them quiet, the Librarian must seek their subject

in non-reserved material and is happy to see how they settle down to find what must be known about "Solon" or "Draco" or the "Battle of Marathon," or to revel in the elysian fields of Greek and Roman mythology. But the new members of the debating societies, here they comes, full of ambition and interest, with a resolve, timid or bold—as the case may be—to make their maiden speech a telling one. Each must be carefully shown where he or she will always find the references on the subject, must then be shown how to find those references—and (would you believe it) must in cases not so few as could be imagined, be told whether a given article is on the side of the question which has been assigned to him or her.

But the ignorance is not all with the new debater. The Librarian herself finds much which takes time to ferret out and perhaps is never found. Familiar as is the expression she may with difficulty find that it was Bacon who put these words in the mouth of Islam's prophet, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet can go to the mountain." The origin of Marlow's "Jew of Malta" may baffle much work, only to find its origin unknown. The Librarian is again at sea when fresh from the history class, and full of the atmosphere of the times, Charlemagne, the student makes an appeal to know how Christmas was spent in the city of Rome in the year 800. Now who ever dreamed that a Librarian must know how Christmas has been spent in various places of the world at any and all times. She must circle about considerably before lighting upon Charlemagne and the coronation ceremonies.

But the sporting news in the daily papers! How the boys ache to read it, and as there are only six dailies all except six students must wait their turn. To read the papers for fifteen minutes is encouraged, but to read them for an hour is well nigh ostracizing to the real student element. To get to read the paper after the English and History and Biblical Literature have been carefully disposed of is the reward of merit. To find all "reference" books on your subject in use by the 30 or 40 other members of your class is a happy event for the lover of newspaper literature. But even then there is the

boy—not a saint, not even posing as one—and regarded as far from saintly in many particulars, but this boy is “a man to his word,” and what his ticket says do, he does unless permission is secured to do otherwise. Such a boy is one of our best athletes and wants to see the athletic page very much and yet has too much conscience to beat about the bush to get to do the same, and so studies “History,” if his ticket so reads.

Mr. Bighead is also in evidence, but knows too much to gain very much in the Library. He thinks it a part of his bigness to do the thing which is not ordinarily done in the Library, namely, studying his text-book not especially to have the lesson but more particularly to be doing a “smart” thing.

How the students do enjoy “Life” and as its fun is so innocent in the main, it is a wholesome enjoyment, for “A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.” But for a Senior to hail the Youth’s Companion with zest and earnestness from week to week is hardly excusable. When a little twelve-year-old girl comes and at once turns to its children’s page you can but be pleased at the congruity. For a Senior to do so is not what the world expects to say the least.

But to characterize all would be impossible tho’ in no place on the college campus is temperament more surely manifest. The Library is pre-eminently the place where the genuine student is likely to be found unless the Laboratory claims him, and it is also the place where those with “nothing to do” try (?) to spend their time profitably.

The class debaters have no time for play—the oration writers must meet the dates when the product of their effort must be “in,” and the newspaper fiend plies his trade. To try to equalize all and mould them alike would be impossible, but so long as some students are never seen in the Reference section of our spacious reading room, and so long as others are never seen in an effort to keep up-to-date in the world’s march, just so long will there be duties for a Librarian other than cataloguing, registering and reserving books—just so long will she need to know and to interpret human nature in its inclination to be lop-sided—and needing helps to proper adjustment.

J. S. W.

HANNAH W. OSBORNE.

It has seemed to me that one of the most fruitful fields of service for The Guilford Collegian is to gather and preserve within its files as much of the history of old New Garden Boarding School and its successor, Guilford College, and incidentally of North Carolina as is possible.

For this reason it is desirable to obtain as much in the line of biography which reaches back to the days of the founding of the school as is now accessible. The history of people embodies the chronicle of events; for through men and women God accomplishes His beneficent development from one stage of cultivation to another, and His kingdom is enlarged and extended by the loving devotion to duty of such as the one whose earthly life, but recently closed, we would record here.

To many of the present readers of this magazine the face on our frontis-piece will be unfamiliar, not because it has been an unknown face, but because most of those to whom it was well known and by whom it was greatly beloved, have long preceded its owner to the better land. If the same picture which we now see had been placed in any prominent position within the walls of Founders hall during the early years of the school, it would perhaps have been recognized in spite of the fact that age had left its stamp upon the strong, decided features then familiar to every one about the place; for Hannah Reynolds was amongst the first pupils at the school, both in time of entering it and in character of work done.

Her previous opportunities for an education while meagre had been well improved and her progress at the Boarding School was so rapid and satisfactory that when Catherine Cornell, the first teacher of the girls' school, resigned and returned to her Northern home, Hannah was at once installed in the vacant place. She was the daughter of Jeremiah and Susanna Reynolds and was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, Second month 28th, 1817. Her death occurred Eleventh month 24th, 1910. Thus she had reached the advanced

age of ninety-three years, eight months and twenty-eight days.

She was a much valued and beloved contemporary of my own parents, being two years the senior of my father. It was through hearing them speak of her and her much esteemed husband, that in early childhood I became familiar with their names and acquired some knowledge of them. The recollection of seeing them come up the walk to our front door is among the few first things which I can remember.

A few years ago I had from her a charming letter giving her recollection of Nathan Hunt, the greatest, perhaps, of our Carolina Quaker ministers, and incidentally giving some account of the Boarding School of that period. This was published almost entire in the Friends Historical Journal of Philadelphia in an article I had been requested to prepare on Nathan Hunt. Between the lines, as it were, one could form a very intelligent conception of the attitude of the writer upon many present day tendencies, which was very interesting.

She was twenty-two years old when she entered the school, which she attended a few months only and then became teacher, which position she held for two and one-half years. She was married on Fifth month 11th, 1843, to Joel Watkins, a teacher, and with him conducted a school at Deep River, North Carolina, for eleven months, at the expiration of which time the happy union was severed by the death of Joel.

Soon after the death of her husband she again entered the Boarding School as principal of the girls' department, and continued at this post for three and a half years. She was a thorough, efficient teacher, devoted to her work and to the struggling institution. This kind of self-sacrificing care is one of the essential, fundamental things in the history of many, if not most, of the educational institutions; and who can tell how much is due to the men and women who were willing to struggle and toil to keep the plant alive in its germinal period. We tell with pride and admiration of the donation of thousands of dollars today, and we do well to be grateful, but should we forget the pioneers who laboriously laid the foundations and counted not their own comfort dear, we shall do very ill indeed.

I have a letter from Barsine Osborn in regard to her mother which so exactly expresses the facts that I cannot do better than to quote from it. Speaking of the college, she says: "Mother's love and interest in that institution were deep and abiding. To have been a student of the Boarding School she considered one of the greatest privileges of her life. She also seemed to take pleasure in the recollection that as teacher she was one of those who kept the school alive in its struggling days when it was about to succumb to financial straits, teaching for a very small salary and waiting for that little until their clothing was threadbare and ragged for want of means wherewith to buy new."

On such foundations has our present structure been reared. What, on threadbare and ragged clothes? Yes; such as have long ago been transmuted into raiment white and glistening in the eternal city of our God; and on love, which could suffer long and be faithful; on courage, which could fight on undaunted on a loyal self-sacrifice, which for the joy set before, could endure the cross and disregard the shame. These attributes are more precious in human character than ease and comfort, purple and fine linen or the ability to dwell in kings' palaces. Do we think that the causes for such are non-existent in our day? That the heroic age has past? We will not find it so if we but open our eyes and see the needs about us as this dear woman did and was not unfaithful to the heavenly vision.

"She was always full of reminiscences of old New Garden days, the names of her friends there were household words. I shall never forget them. She outlived nearly every one. Eliza Lindley is the only one that occurs to me as now living. All the girls she taught there, I think have passed away—there is not one left to give a tribute to her efficiency in the place of teacher and care-taker of the girls. The memory of New Garden days clung to her to the last; she talked of going to school there after her brain failed so that she could not collect her thoughts."

On Fifth Month 24, 1849, she was married to Obed Osborne

and settled in Randolph county. Her interest in education and her love for young people made her active in assisting any who came under her influence. She continued school work in her own home, giving aid to her own and neighboring children. This active interest in educational matters continued; and for myself I can say that her sympathy and participation in the whole work which is now centered in New Garden Hall at Guilford was one of the greatest sources of encouragement which I had. Every year at yearly meeting she gave not only words of encouragement and cheer, but her hand stole down into her pocket and there was laid in mine a donation to assist in carrying on the work. She did not subscribe, nor put into the collection, but gave it to me with kind words and a helpful shake of the hand. I always felt as if a benediction had been pronounced, as indeed there had been. Her name is inscribed upon one of the Memorial rooms in New Garden hall, and often as I go through the building, I pause before it and give thanks that such a woman has lived in our midst.

Her connection with the Society of Friends was life-long. For thirteen years she served as Clerk of the Women's Yearly Meeting. She was also largely used as Clerk of her own quarterly meeting, and served as an Elder in the church for many years.

There was a very interesting incident related at her funeral which is closely connected with the subject of her service as Clerk. Her mother was not an educated woman, but one who was willing to do what she could. It devolved upon her to be Clerk of the monthly meeting and although she felt keenly her unfitness for the task, she undertook the duty. At meeting she would make such notes as she could and carry them home and Hannah, then a little girl, would correct the spelling, construct the sentences and copy the minutes. Thus at a very early age she became familiar with the forms of minutes for different kinds of business. Her mother's faithfulness was beautifully rewarded in the excellence with which her daughter served the church in after years.

On First month 5th, 1890, she was again left in widowhood.

Three sons and two daughters had grown to maturity and been carefully educated, one of whom, Susanna, graduated at Guilford College. She died suddenly somewhat over a year before her mother's death. She was a lovely, highly cultivated woman, quiet and retiring in her disposition, and one of the choicest spirits, not easily known, but never relinquished when once known. Stricken as her mother was in her death, her thought flew at once to other girls who needed the care and advantages which her own daughters had enjoyed and she said, "We must do something for girls at New Garden hall in memory of Susanna," and so the memorial fund was established as her wish and will eventually become a scholarship.

The letter from which I have quoted above goes on to say: "After my father's death, whom she outlived nearly twenty-one years, she looked after the management of her little farm, laying plans for the renter and working in her garden until she had completed her eighty-fifth year when her failing health required her to give that up. She then occupied herself with reading and sewing. As her eyesight failed she gave up all reading except her Bible. At last this also had to be given up.

It was her fate to endure a long period of suffering before the end came. During the last six months as her life gradually faded away, the brain shared in the general decay and became so weak that clear thought was impossible. But through it all she preserved a gentle, loving spirit. When visitors would come in and speak to her, she would often say, 'I have lost my mind. I have no understanding, but I can love everybody.'

She talked on Bible topics and repeated texts. "God is love, and they that dwell in Him must dwell in love." "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like His" were some that she repeated a great many times.

When racked by pain and tortured with nervous distress, she would endeavor to suppress her moanings and complaining and put up a prayer that she might be able to be quiet so as not to disturb the people around her."

I have inserted these passages to show how the spirit and purpose of this brave soul survived mental and physical disorganization and remained true as the magnet to the pole, in spite of the failure of the one and the suffering of the other. "I can love everybody;" "not to disturb other people."

The funeral services held in the Friends meeting house at Center were beautifully solemn, but through them all was a pervading sense of "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MARY MENDENHALL HOBBS.



TO _____.

I.

Not that there are not other eyes
As blue as yours can be,
But that no other eyes can seem,
As blue as yours to me.

II.

Not that there are not other lips,
As rose-like and divine,
But that no other lips can speak,
So kind and true as thine.

III.

Sweetheart, with eyes so bright and blue,
And lips so like red roses,
Time cannot change the love for thee
That in my heart reposes.

HOME ECONOMICS.

The demand for industrial training in our schools is becoming more and more imperative. The demand for this training begins in the elementary school, extends through the high school and does not end there, but reaches the college and the university.

Industrial training is not specific enough to convey a clear meaning of the "new education" which is being discussed so much in the educational world, hence in order to have a better understanding we must bear in mind that industrial training deals with all such subjects as agriculture, manual training and home economics. It is the last of which I wish to speak here.

In 1870 there were some classes organized in New York city for the purpose of providing better food and nourishment for the workingmen. Classes in sewing were also started and so great was the growth of these classes that they proved to be the mustard seed from which sprang, nearly ten years later, two mighty trees, Pratt Institute and Teachers' College, now a part of Columbia University. The manner in which home economics has grown in the past twenty-five years is illustrated by the wonderful growth of these two institutions and by the establishment of such institutes as Drexel in Philadelphia, Lewis in Chicago and the Bradley Polytechnic at Peoria and many others of not such long standing. The introduction of home economics into practically every state in the middle west either in their agricultural colleges or state universities is evidence of the great growth and demand for training along this line.

It is a source of hopefulness that the Southern States are taking an active part in this movement, both in public and private schools.

The State of Virginia has adopted home economics in an elementary form, as a part of the course of study in the public schools, and North Carolina is opening wide the doors of the high schools for practical training.

The public schools are asking for teachers equipped along this line as well as literary lines; and where are the teachers to come from except from the colleges, hence the necessity of having thoroughly fitted equipment in the colleges is apparent, and work in this department made equal with that in any other department of college work, point for point, as is the case in Rockford College, Illinois.

When a girl learns the correlation of domestic science with the science of chemistry, physics and biology, cooking takes on a new interest. The knowledge that lightbread is made by bacteria which grows in the dough and produces sugar from the starch, then turns the sugar into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, then the expansion of the gas raises the bread and finally the baking drives off the alcohol and kills the yeast plant, thus stopping the further production of carbon dioxide gas, is well to know. If one knows these underlying principles you will not find that one scalding the yeast nor letting the bread dough get too cold.

Home economics is doing much and will do more, if given a chance, toward eliminating the ever present and troublesome servant problem and will do much in the reduction of the high cost of living of which we hear so much.

But what is more it will give such dignity to house work and home keeping that girls will not care to seek the office and shop in such large numbers, for they will have a profession nearer at hand in which they must take the same pride and care, and which will demand as great a standard of efficiency.

MRS. E. J. COLTRANE.

A GIRL'S DECISION.

"A letter for Miss Marie Tomlinson, Maplewood Academy," announced Marie's roommate coming hurriedly into the room where Marie sat, her dark curly head bent low over the Junior theme she was carefully preparing. "Thank you, Janette, I hope it is from home." "It is I think," called Janette as she closed the door behind her. Marie's slender bejeweled fingers languidly tore open the seal, but as soon as she had read the first few words her beautiful eyes opened wide with pain and surprise. Again and again she read the short missive in her hand. Her father had failed in business, her mother was broken down with nervousness and disappointment and she must come home. She must leave dear old Maplewood and go—not to a home of luxury, but to one of mere necessary comforts; not to gay, indulgent father and mother, but to parents sad and pensive. Then came the thought, how should she accept the change? Like an answer there swept through her mind the thought of the many things she would have to give up, things so dear to the heart of every wide awake girl of seventeen.

Just then she heard the bell for lunch. She must go. As she raised her aching eyes they fell on a quotation in the unfinished theme. "This is my work, my blessing, not my doom." The girls were coming down the hall. Already they knew of the blow that had befallen her.

"Marie—time for lunch," called Janette with a little more than her usual tenderness. "All right," answered Marie gaily. And the girls saw the slender, graceful figure coming down the hall with a step as light and elastic as ever.

"Janette," she said, slipping her arm about her, "you are worried because you can't get your dress for the reception Saturday night. I will sell you mine, it is just imported and will be perfectly lovely on you."

"Oh, Marie," exclaimed Janette in a pained voice, "are you really going to ——?"

"Yes," she said, a clear and steady light burning in her dark eyes making her face even more beautiful and noble than ever, "I am going home to my work."

CATHLINE PIKE.

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER AMMERGAU.

To many people the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau has become more or less familiar within the last nine months through magazine articles, pictures and lectures. In spite of the abundance of information, however, one who has been an interested eye-witness cannot refuse to tell the story of the play as it appeals to him, hoping to pass on to some one who was not privileged to be present a little of his own enjoyment.

Ober Ammergau is a little village about forty miles from Munich, high up in the Bavarian Alps. The railroad climbs steadily up and one seems to be entering into the very heart of the mountains. Far below lies the valley, and beyond, in the distance, rise the ragged, snow-covered peaks of the Alps. The traveler comes first to Unter Ammergau, and then to Ober Ammergau, the former meaning the meadow or intervale below the Ammer, and the latter the intervale above the Ammer, which is a swift little river flowing through the two villages. Ober Ammergau is a charming and picturesque little village of about sixteen hundred inhabitants who are homely, simple, and independent like most of the Swiss and German mountaineers. The little church is the center about which the village has grown up, and it was in the church-yard that the play was originally given. Most of the houses are plastered on the outside and painted white, with red tile roofs and green window shutters. A few of them are frescoed with curious scenes from Biblical history or decorated with mottoes in German.

On the days of the Play, that is from two to four times a week during the summer, the little streets are lively enough. One meets all sorts and conditions of men—beer-drinking Germans, French priests, sober Scotchmen, stolid Englishmen, and, everywhere, the irrepressible American. The vehicles look rather odd, for the single horse is harnessed to a long pole, and too, the horses all wear bells, an old custom not given up now that the streets are lighted by electricity. The drivers and some of the mountaineers whom one meets wear the old Tyrolese costume—short, embroidered green breeches,

gray woolen stockings which leave the knees bare, a short black jacket, and a hat of green velvet or felt with an eagle's feather standing upright at the back of it. As the players are not allowed to wear wigs of any sort, one meets many of the townsmen who have allowed hair and beard to grow for many months.

The performers in the Passion Play are natives of Ober Ammergau, and some seven hundred men, women, and children are used in the play, orchestra, chorus, and tableaux. During the whole year preceding the play they practice continually until the acting and the posing are perfectly learned. Anton Lang, who takes the part of Christ, had the same part in the representation of ten years ago, and will probably have it ten years from this time, if he lives. He is a fine-looking man, tall and dignified, with the blond hair, the blue eyes, and the features of the Germanic people. Mr. Lang is a potter by trade. Johann Zwink, a house-painter, in 1870 and 1880 was the disciple John, but since then he has taken the part of Judas, and his acting is one of the remarkable features of the play. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is his daughter; John is a fine-looking young fellow of nineteen; Pilate is the Burgomaster of the village, and so on. All are shop-keepers, wood-carvers, blacksmith, potters and the like. The costumes are made by the village women. The materials are very elegant, the total cost being something like \$30,000. For instance, the members of the Sanhedrin wear robes of brocaded velvet and satin with real gold fringe and ornaments. The harmonious combinations of color in the robes of the individual players and in those of the groups and crowds show great artistic ability on the part of the managers.

The Play was originally given, as has been said, in the church yard and the streets surrounding it, the balcony of some house being used for Pilate's judgment seat, and the road to Calvary being down the long street which leads to a hill outside of the village. To this hill the specators used to follow the procession. Now the Play is given in a great theater built purposely for it and seating over four thousand. The

stage is an immense platform open to the weather except for a covered part in the center where the tableaux are given, so the spectators can look out over the heads of the players to the blue sky and the glorious mountains. The performance, however, never stops on account of rain unless it pours so hard that the people cannot see well.

As early as the twelfth century, it is said, a Passion Play was performed at Ober Ammergau, but the wars that wasted Germany towards the close of the sixteenth century caused it to be neglected. After the Thirty Years' War, a great pestilence broke out in the country round about Ober Ammergau by which whole villages were swept off. By enforcing quarantine measures, however, the Ober Ammergauers kept it off. But, finally, Casper Schuchler, a poor Ober Ammergau man working in another village, was so anxious to visit his family that he evaded the quarantine and went home. In a few days he sickened and died of the plague which then spread from house to house with fatal rapidity. In their despair, the people cried to God that, if they were delivered, they would repent of their sins, and, in token of penitence would perform the Passion Play every ten years forever. The plague, they say, was stayed at once, and the sick recovered. To poor Caspar Schuchler, then, we owe the revival of the old Passion Play, which is today the only survival of this early form of the drama, the Miracle Play, once so important in the religious life of Europe.

A parish priest, Father Daisenberger, a devout man and a scholar, who died in 1883, made the final revision of the old play, making a version of the story of Passion Week dignified, dramatic, and wonderfully faithful to the Gospel narrative. Some one has said that the Passion Play, as we see it, is the Gospel according to Saint Daisenberger, showing us vividly the human side of Jesus in the events of the last week of his life and in his death. The music now given along with the play by the chorus and the orchestra was written about 1811 by one Dedler, who had studied in Munich and was familiar with the compositions of Handel, Hayden, Mozart, and other great musicians.

Father Daisenberger was not satisfied with simply telling the story as given in the New Testament, but he tried to show the connection of the Passion with the types, figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. So there are numerous tableaux illustrating scenes from the Old Testament which are supposed to prefigure the events to be given on the stage. For example, the tableau preceding the scene in which Judas bargains with the Sanhedrin for the betrayal of his Master shows Joseph sold by his brethren to the Midianites. To explain the meaning and the connection of these tableaux, there is a chorus of about thirty men and women who file out on the stage and give the information in song. The leader of this splendid, well-trained chorus is the village blacksmith. First, the Speaker of the Prologues, who is the drawing master in the village school, recites some verses, then the chorus accompanied by the orchestra bursts into song, the tableau is presented, after which the chorus retires from the stage to give place to the actors.

The Passion Play is divided into three parts. The first gives the events from the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem to the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane; the second, from the arrest to the condemnation by Pilate; the third, from the condemnation to the crucifixion. From eight o'clock in the morning till noon, then again from two o'clock in the afternoon till about six, the familiar scenes of the Gospels are enacted before our eyes, and though the German is unfamiliar to many, there are few who are not deeply impressed by the simple, calm and dignified acting of these peasant-artists. The principal characteristic of the Christus is dignity, though he is tender and loving with his friends, calm and unmoved amid his enemies, and always speaks as one having authority. But that is all. He is distinctly human. Much has been said about the man who plays the part of Judas. He is a gifted actor and more than that, he is a great student of human nature. He does not make a hero of Judas, but he conveys a great lesson to the spectators by showing to what end the yielding to weakness may lead, and by portraying in a profound and soul-searching manner the bitterness of remorse.

According to our ideas of the impropriety of presenting Christ upon the stage, there is much that is too realistic and consequently crude. But one must let himself be carried back several centuries in imagination, and accept the Passion Play for what it is—a Miracle Play presenting the Medieval conception of Christ with no thought of sacrilege on the part of the actors. It is said that many offers have been made by theatrical managers to induce these people to give the play in other places. There seems to be no immediate danger of this, for they apparently still have regard for their old-time vow. On the stage of an ordinary theatre, it would certainly be but a travesty, for being a survival of the old Miracle Plays, the setting must be in keeping as it is at Ober Ammergau. That is doubtless one thing that has made it so attractive to outsiders. Take away the grand and impressive scenery of the mountains, the quiet and picturesque beauty of the little town in the valley, the simplicity and sincerity of the mountain people, and we should have no Passion Play. It must be the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau.

MARIAN BRIGHAM RUSTEDT.



The Guilford Collegian

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JANUARY, 1911

NO. 4

Editorials.

The editors of THE COLLEGIAN wish for its readers a Happy New Year, remembering "that each day, each month, each year is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

Let's Aim at Something. The greatest incentive to work is purpose. Many of us do not realize on entering college what the aim should be in obtaining a higher education. We see that it means more study, but we do not realize the added responsibility that comes with greater opportunities and a broader outlook into the fields of thought. It is so easy to drift with the tide, with no special end in view, doing halfway only the tasks that are assigned us, but the ones who have definite aims are the ones who will count for something, and it is here at school that we have a chance to decide our future work. Each of us has tendencies in some special direction and it is ours to develop those tendencies to the greatest possible degree, for some vital purpose.

The New Year bids us examine anew our powers and set them in the right direction. We seem to hear, too, the exhortation, "Be cheerfully and hopefully unsatisfied; study more, learn more, determine more."

Matthew Whitaker Ransom. "Law, chile, yer think yor daddy is got sites er bales er cotton, but honey you don't know nothin'. Yer jest ought to see Matt. Ransom's cotton gin yard." "But, Aunt Nancy, who is he?" was my childhood's query, my eyes opening wide. "Well, chile, whar on earth is you bin raised that you haint hearn 'bout Matt. Ransom. He was the biggest man that eber lived in this good, ol county of Norfampton. "Tell me about him, aunty, please, what made him so big?" "He worked sites er niggers an' I reckon pretty nigh two hundert head of mules on his Rhoanoke river plantashun." "I don't see how that would make him a big man," I teased. "Well, honey, yer don't know that he fout agin de Yankees and atter de wa' he wint to Washington to make de laws for dis ere bery state you libe in. But I hain't told yer de biggest thing yit. He was a gintlemin, a pirfict gintlemin, if ebber one was born, for

he always took off his hat to a nigger when he seed him in de road, no matter if dat nigger was black as tar."

The recent unveiling of a bust of Matthew Whitaker Ransom in the rotunda of the Capitol at Raleigh shows that the people of the state at large are beginning to appreciate more "the pifict gintlemin," as he was spoken of with love and respect by even the lowest class of society in his own county. He was probably not so great a man as Zebulon B. Vance, but he did for us greater service in the United States Senate than any other man ever has, bridging us safely over the dangerous reconstruction period.

J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State, at the unveiling of this bust says: "This is the image of the scholar, the orator, the soldier, the statesman, the patriot, who loved the South as he loved his life and loved North Carolina even more than he did the South—the peerless Ransom."



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Another milestone has been reached in Y. M. C. A. work and the old cabinet is getting things in shape to hand over to the new one. Although we have not accomplished all we had hoped to, yet we feel that our work has not been without effect. The good of a year's work in the service of Jesus Christ cannot all be seen in that length of time. Impressions are made which will be of inestimable value forty years hence.

In reviewing the work of the different committees in cabinet meeting last Sunday (January 8, 1911) we found that the different committees have been doing efficient work. In Y. M. C. A. work no one man can make it a success, but if any ground is gained it is through the strenuous efforts of each committeeman. The Bible study committee reports one of the most favorable years ever known in the history of our association. Every man was enrolled in the beginning of the fall term and there have been but few absentees. It has been very inspiring to one interested in the work to go to the different groups of about ten men each and find them in a heated discussion, sometimes with their coats off and sleeves rolled up. The leader has the grandest opportunity that can come to a college man, that of leading every man in his class into a lasting fellowship with Jesus Christ. The motto of each leader is to "See that every man in his class joins some church before the year is out." In the religious meetings held every Thursday night we have had good leaders and most of the time a full house. We plan to have a series of meetings the second week in February. In mission study we are just starting a course in "Negro Problem in the South" by W. D. Weatherford. This will be a lecture course given by Prof. D. D. Carroll. We are expecting to get great good from it. We understand that the other classes are doing nicely. The membership committee is planning a new canvass for the new term. The finance committee's report is a big improvement over the one last year. The social committee has worked hard in trying to arrange socials and we hope that some interest

has been fostered toward a better social life. The musical committee, a new committee, has planned so as to have good music at the different meetings. It has also purchased an organ which helps a great deal in the singing in Y. M. C. A. meetings.

We wish and pray for still greater accomplishments in the coming year. May God add his richest blessings to each human endeavor.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. is being taken up after vacation with renewed vigor. Every officer and committee chairman has returned ready to begin just where the threads were dropped at the end of the old year. And now new visions spring up of all that might be accomplished during this spring term, and along with this the intense longing to have some share, some personal interest in this work. We come to realize that in cheerful service the threads of our lives can be woven day by day, not into a tangled mass, a jumble of irregular figures, but into a beautiful, symmetrical whole. We can strive to copy the perfect pattern set by our Master.

Many plans for the new term's work have been brought forward, including the religious, social and physical sides of our life. At the general business meeting held just before vacation, an amendment to the constitution was adopted creating the office of athletic manager. Mary Mendenhall was unanimously elected and has already commenced work with the assistance of the managers of the different departments. Regular gymnastic drills will be given two afternoons in the week in the gymnasium together with basket ball practice. Any leadership in the line of athletics is always hailed with delight by the girls and we hope they will be on hand every evening while these drills are given.

EXCHANGES.

JOHN B. WOOSLEY.

We have been very much interfered with in our exchange work for the past month, partly because of the holidays and more especially because of the fact that only a few magazines have reached our table in time for examination. This latter fact should be deplored, for all the magazines should be out by the twentieth of the month at least. If not published by this time the various exchange editors have little, if any, time to examine them. A New Year's resolution successfully carried out along this line would work wonders.

The College Message was among the first December arrivals, and its neat Christmas coverback immediately attracted our attention. "The Call of the Yuletide" is a fairly good poem. The sentiment of it is real good, but it might be better expressed. The five stories of this issue are all good. "As You Like It" is a pleasing story, abounding in love, that essential to a successful novel. "The Hero" is simple in plot, but is interesting. "Mizpah" is a rather touching story in some respects. By it we are all the more convinced that a testament is sometimes a valuable protector. "'Mine Effalent" is sad, yet happy. It is a good Christmas story. The best story is "Wedding Bells." This story is a good pen picture of a crowd of merry girls and abounds in romantic touches. The various other departments of the magazine are well handled. Upon the whole this a good issue, but is lacking altogether in articles or material of a deeper nature. This, we think, detracts from the intrinsic worth of the magazine, for no paper is complete without one or two articles at least. Two articles in the above-mentioned magazine would have made it a high class magazine.

* * * * *

The Haverfordian contains an interesting bit on the present day theatre which should be read by all students. "The Cheerful Liar" is worth our reading any day. It brings to mind a subject which should occupy more of our attention. The poems

of this issue are also good. *The Haverfordian* impresses us as being a distinctively original magazine.

* * * * *

The Davidson College Magazine is the best arranged magazine which has come to our table during the month. Beginning with a verse, then a story, which is in turn followed by an article, the editor has skillfully arranged the entire magazine. The matter of arrangement is important and we commend this magazine upon the same. "The Call of the Deep" is splendid sentiment and is well expressed. The other poems of this issue, "Firelight," "To an Anemone," and "The Hobbled Maid" are all good. The last is a humorous poem. "A Story" is bloody and disappointing, yet for all that is human. "The Honor System in Colleges" will tend to make any one think that the honor system is the only thing. "The King's Language" is interesting to us as students of English. In reading "Mosquitoes" one has little difficulty in realizing its truth. The editorials of this issue are especially strong. We, too, have oft thought with the writer, "O Religion, what crimes are committed in thy name."

* * * * *

Our attention was called to *The Acorn* by the poem "Christmas," which is both good and appropriate. This magazine contains some good stories. "A Double Mistake" is very comical, but possesses no great quality with that exception. The article on the development of public and high schools in North Carolina gives us the gist of our educational progress as a state. "On Christmas Eve in the Evening" has a good moral underneath it. We notice in this magazine a department given over to sketches. This is a good thing as it tends to stimulate that special form of literary expression. "His Christmas Painting" is an especially good sketch. *The Acorn* is a well-organized magazine and as such it is meeting with no small degree of success.

* * * * *

We noticed in a recent issue of *The Mercury* an advertisement of tobacco. Should a college magazine be a tobacco ad-

vertiser? This is a question which has long been decided in the negative. That which stands for the development of one's literary expression should likewise stand for one's physical development, which is certainly not advanced by the use of tobacco in any form. No college, state or denominational, should permit the student body to issue a magazine containing advertisements of tobacco or strong drinks.

* * * * *

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Old Penn, The Erskinian, The Earlhamite, The Penn Chronicle, The Chronicle, The Mercury, The Buff and Blue, Park School Gazette and The Dablonaga Collegian.*



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Pshew!! Finals!!!

Cracked bell!!

Smoke stack!

Poor Uncle George.

The Guilfordians have started out this New Year with a resolution against murder. They have ceased to take "Life."

The students of Guilford are sorry to state that for the past week Allen Tomlinson has been very sick, but they are glad to hear that he is improving rapidly.

Mr. O. L. Bridgers, of Chattanooga, Tenn., was at the college January 9, 1911.

Edward S. King, '10, spent a few days before Christmas at Guilford.

Some kind person please tell "Hank" the difference between a ptato custard and a pie.

Mr. H. D. White, of Guilford College, of the class of '09, spent the holidays at his "alma mater."

How much is Hayworth in Randolph?

Very sorry to hear some of the professors here do not know the difference between peanut butter and mustard.

We are very glad to announce that Hannibal Williams will be with us on January 21, and his wife on January 28, to give selections from Shakespeare.

Hic (on Geom.)—"Every one surely knows what pie (tt) is."

Voice in rear—"You bet."

A man's friends always know of his engagement before he and the lady most interested are aware of it.

When hearts are trumps, lead with a diamond.

Poor blind Dan better drop his bow and arrows and get a shotgun.

A. B. (in Biology)—“I surely will be glad when we finish working on this old frog, it's getting to be a *monopoly*.”

They were in the back seat of a big auto, the big man and pretty girl.

“My, but my ears are cold.”

“I wish your hands were,” he added, softly.

“How do you know they are not?”

Callie, hearing the quartet serenade—“I just love to hear a male voice.”

Dolores—“I got a few waters just now.”

Prof. Jay—“Er—any one there?”

Burglar—“No.”

Prof. Jay—“Strange! I could have sworn I heard someone.”

It isn't always the brightest girl that casts the most reflections.

He (shyly)—“You look as if you had not enough animation to say *boo* to a goose.

She—“Boo!”

George (at breakfast as the biscuit plate came around)—“I am not the centre of attraction or gravitation either.”

Miss C.—“No there's no gravity about you.”

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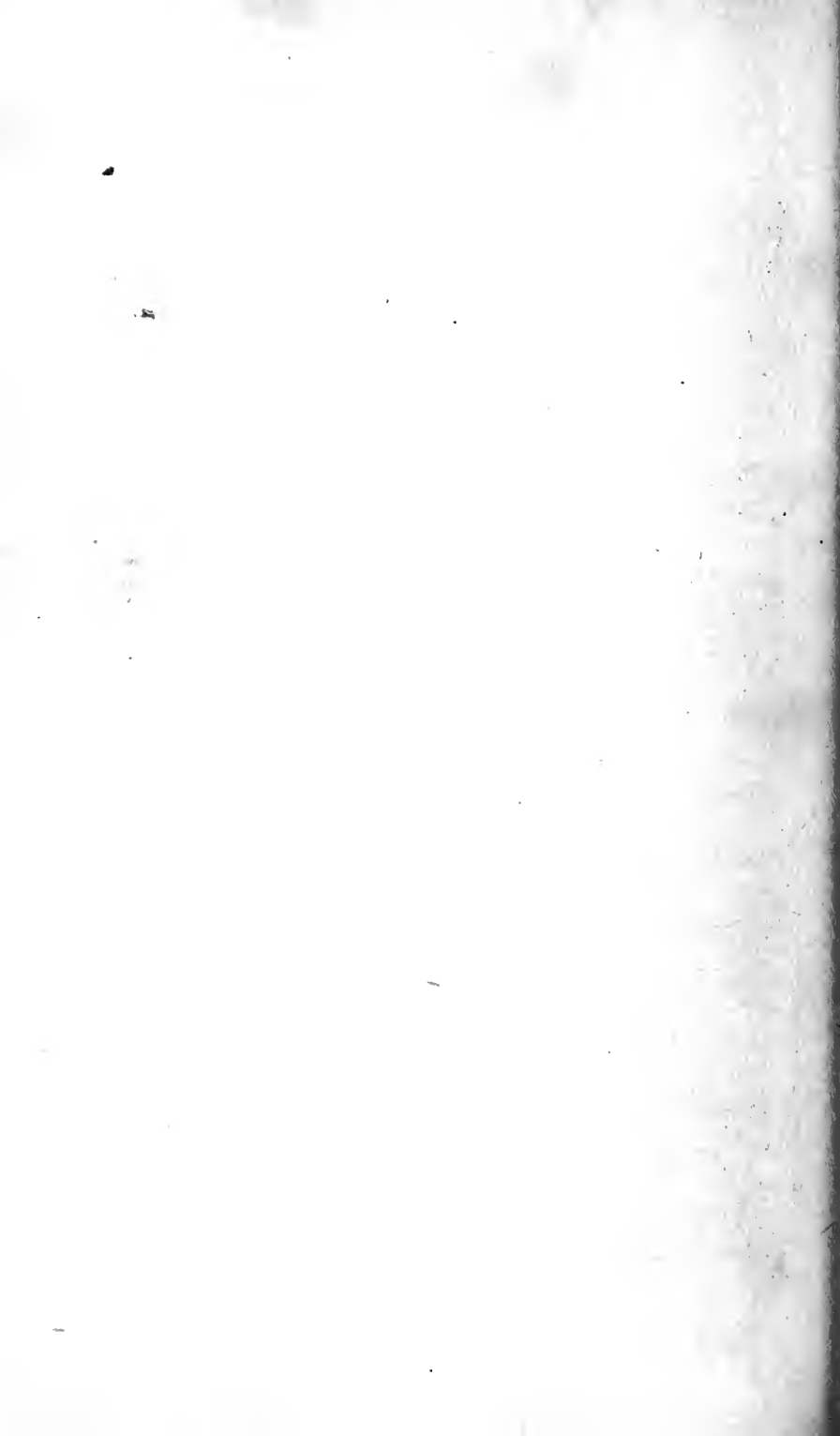
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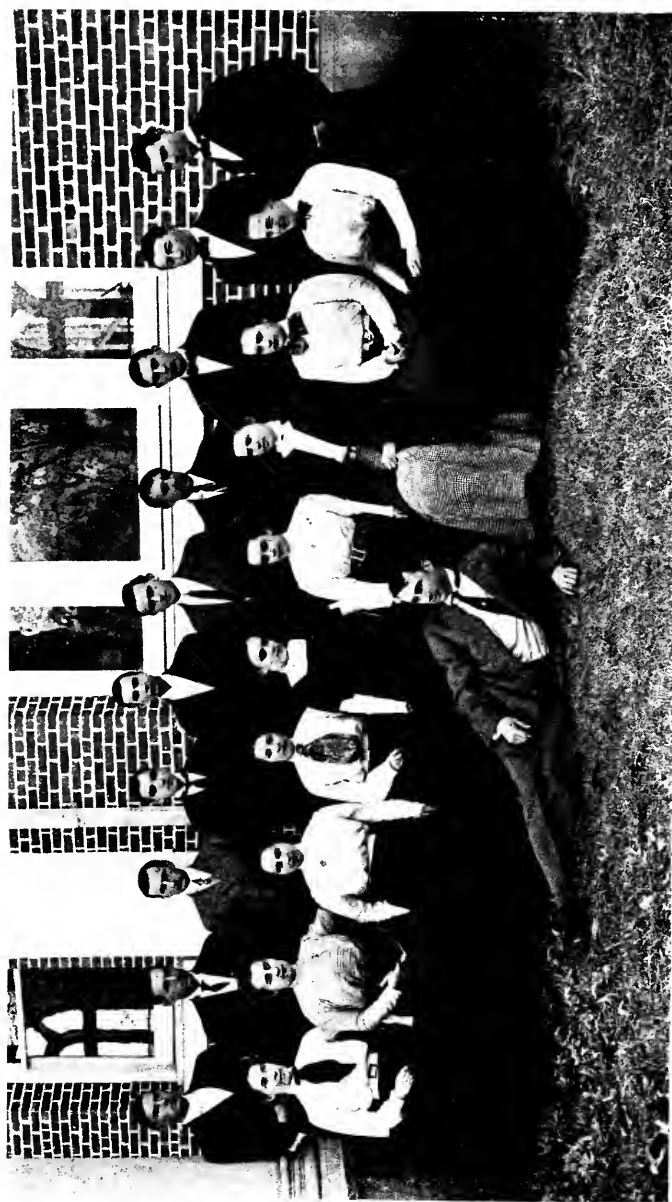
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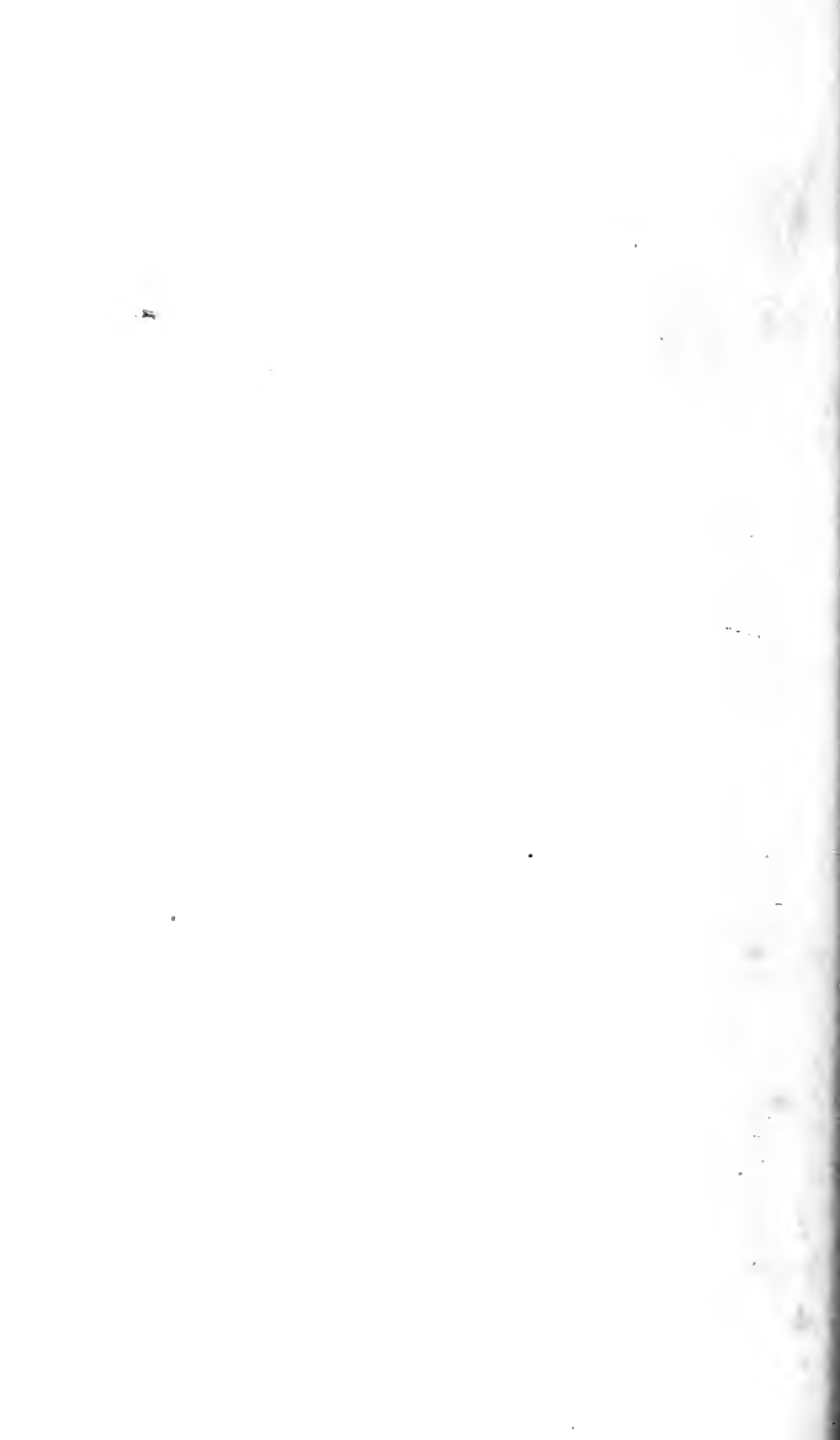
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SENIOR CLASS, 1911

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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

NO. 5

IN FEBRUARY.

LOVE is every where aglow
Hearts are warm in spite of snow
In February.

OH the luring Cupid's dart
Slays both true and wicked hearts
In February.

VALENTINES of red and gold
Make shy laddies very bold
In February.

EVERY maiden, dark or fair,
Holds a world of Cupid's snares
In February.

SOCRATES AND HIS APOLOGY.

Great teachers are not often great writers. Some indeed have written nothing, among whom the greatest is Socrates. However, through his pupils and friends, who were with him much of the time and heard his teaching, his thoughts and messages have been transmitted to us. In Plato's *Apology*, we have the charges brought forward against Socrates, both old and new, his arraignment in court, and his defense before the same. In this piece of literature, Plato sets forth the noble principles which dominated the life and teaching of Socrates, and which we today may do well to consider.

His theme was, "to know thyself, for a life without self-examination is not life at all." After first applying this to himself, he found that he was wanting of any wisdom. And when the oracle declared that he was the wisest of men, he decided to go to those reputed to be wise, and by examining them prove his ignorance, "for only by confessing our ignorance," he said, "and by becoming learners, can we reach the right course of thinking." He went to all classes of those who claimed to be wise, and by examining them, found that they only thought they knew something, when they knew nothing. "I neither know, nor think I know," he said, and in this he was as the oracle said, wiser than they. Thus conversing wherever he could with those reputed to be wise, showing them wherein they were not wise, and in what true wisdom consists, he made many enemies. After a long life spent in the search for truth and knowledge, he was finally, when more than seventy years old, indicted and brought before the Athenian court for trial.

The Athenian court was made up of six thousand men, from whom two hundred to one thousand were chosen to act as judges and jurors. The indictment was made out by the accuser, and read by the clerk; then the defendant made his plea. It was in just such a court that Socrates was tried. Everything is still, as they are seated and are waiting to hear what

this certain wise man shall say. He arises calmly, and addresses the judges as "O Men of Athens," as they were commonly called, and after some preliminary begins:

"Well then, I will make my defense, and endeavor in the short time allowed, to do away with this evil opinion which you have held for so long a time, and I hope I may succeed, if this be well for you and me. But I know that to accomplish this is not easy—I quite see the nature of the task. Let the event be as God wills. In obedience to the law I make my defense.

"I will begin at the first, and ask what the accusation is which has given rise to this slander of me, and which has encouraged Miletus himself to proceed against me. What do the slanderers say? They shall be my prosecutors, and I will sum up their words in an affidavit: 'Socrates is an evil doer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven, and he makes the worse appear the better cause; and he teaches the same to others.' That is the nature of the charge. . . . I dare say some one will ask, Who is this Socrates, and what is the origin of these accusations; for there must have been some strange things which you have been doing? All this great fame and talk about you would never have arisen if you had been like other men. Tell us then why this is, as we should be sorry to judge hastily of you.' Now I regard this as a fair challenge, and I will endeavor to explain to you the origin of this name 'wise,' and of this evil fame. . . . You must have known Charephon; he was an early friend of mine, and also of yours. Well Charephon, as you know, was very impetuous in all his doings, and he went to Delphi and boldly asked the oracle whether there was any one wiser than I was, and the Pythian prophetess answered that there was no man wiser. . . . I went to one who had the reputation of wisdom, and interviewed him, and the result was as follows: When I began to talk with him, I could not help thinking that he was not really wise, although he was thought to be wise by many and still wiser by himself; and I went and tried to explain to him that he thought

himself wise, but was not; and the consequence was that he hated me, and his enmity was shared by several who were present and heard me. So I left him, saying to myself: Well, although I do not suppose that either of us knows anything really beautiful and good, I am better off than he is, for he knows nothing and thinks he knows. I neither know nor think I know. After this I went to one man after another, being not unconscious of the enmity which I provoked. And I swear to you, O Athenians, by the dogs I swear! for I must tell you the truth—the result of my mission was just this: I found that the men most in repute were all but the most foolish, and that some inferior men were wiser and better. This investigation is what has led to my having many enemies of the worst and dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies. And I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others. But the truth is, O men of Athens, that God only is wise.

“I have said enough in defense against my formed charges. I return to the second class of accusers, who are headed by Miletus, that good and patriotic man, as he calls himself. . . . What do they say? Something of this sort: ‘That Socrates is a doer of evil, and a corrupter of the youth; and he does not believe the Gods of the state, and has other new divinities of his own.’ That is the sort of charge. The truth of this I will endeavor to prove.

“Come hither, Miletus, and let me ask you a question. You think a great deal about the improvement of youth?”

“‘Yes, I do.’

“Tell the judges, then, who is their improver; for you must know as you have taken the pains to discover their corrupter. Speak, then, and tell the judges who their improver is. Observe, Miletus, that you are silent. But is not this rather disgraceful? Speak up friend, and tell us who their improver is.”

“The judges.”

"What, do you mean to say Miletus, that they are able to instruct and improve the youths?"

"Certainly they are."

"What, all of them, or some only, and not others?"

"All of them."

"By the Goddess Here, that is good news! There are plenty of improvers then. What do you say of the audience, do they improve them?"

"Yes, they do."

"And the senators?"

"Yes, the senators improve them."

"Then every Athenian improves and elevates them; all with the exception of myself, and I alone am their corrupter? Is that what you affirm?"

"That is what I most emphatically affirm."

"I am very unfortunate if that is true. But suppose I ask you a question: Which is better, to live among bad citizens, or among good ones? Do not the good do their neighbors good, and the bad ones do them evil?"

"Certainly."

"And is there any one who would rather be injured than benefitted by those who live with him?"

"Certainly not."

"And when you accuse me of corrupting the youth, do you allege that I do so intentionally or unintentionally?"

"Intentionally," I say.

"Now am I, at my age, a man in such darkness and ignorance as not to know that if a man with whom I have to live is corrupted by me, I am very likely to be harmed by him, and yet I corrupt him, and intentionally too; that is what you are saying, and of that you will never persuade me nor any other human being. But either I do not corrupt them, or I corrupt the unintentionally, so that on either view of the case, you lie. If my offense is unintentional, the law has no cognizance of unintentional offenses. I have shown, Athenians, that Miletus has no case at all, great or small, about the matter. But still I should like to know, Miletus, in what I am affirmed to

corrupt the youth. I suppose you mean, as I infer from your indictment, that I teach them not to acknowledge the Gods which the state acknowledges, but some other new divinities or spiritual agencies in their stead."

"Yes, that I say emphatically."

"And so, Miletus, you really think that I do not believe in any God?"

"I swear by Zeus that you believe absolutely in none at all."

"You speak a falsehood, Miletus, not believed even by yourself. Did ever man believe in the existence of human things, and not of human beings? . . . I wish men of Athens that he would answer, and not be always trying to get up an interruption. Did ever any man believe in horsemanship, and not in horses? or in flute-playing and not in flute players? No, my friend; there is no man who ever did. But now please to answer the next question: Can a man believe in spiritual and divine agencies, and not in spirits or demigods?"

"He cannot."

"I am glad I extracted that answer, by the assistance of the court; nevertheless you swear in the indictment that I teach and believe in divine or spiritual agencies; but if I believe in divine beings, I must believe in spirits or demigods. Now what are spirits or demigods? are they not either Gods or the sons of Gods?"

"Yes, that is true."

"Then what you have been speaking, Miletus, is only nonsense, and could only have been intended by you as a trial of me. . . . I have said enough in answer to the charge of Miletus. I indeed have many enemies, and this will be my destruction if I am destroyed; not Miletus, nor yet Anytus, but the envy and detraction of the world, which has been the death of many good men, and will be, probably, the death of many more; there is no danger of my being the last of them."

After he finishes his defense, he sits down, and the judges vote to condemn him by a small majority. The sentence of death is pronounced, and while the magistrates are busy fixing

the papers, he speaks his last few words, both to those who voted against him, and to those who voted for him.

"And, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you and I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose; far otherwise. For I say if you think by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure, to the judges who have condemned me.

"Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. We shall see there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for it is one of two things; either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain, for eternity there is only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are, what good O my friends, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges, who are said to give justice there, that pilgrimage will be worth making.

"Wherefore, O friends and judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.

"The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God only knows."

In the foregoing, we have a brief account of the doctrine and teachings, the trial and defense before the Athenian court, and the condemnation of him who has been rightly called the fore-runner of all modern thought and philosophy. Socrates stood as a tall mountain peak, far above all others of his day, catching the first light of truth and knowledge which through hundreds of years of toil and suffering, was destined to come to the rest of the world. It is here, and serves as the controlling influence in the lives of all good men.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Did you ever have a close call? Well, it was just this way: I had been stopping at the New Willard Hotel in Washington for some days. During this time, quite often I noticed in the hotel lobby and while dining, a tall, middle-aged man, dressed in a light tan suit. I had come in contact with him a few times and we had exchanged greetings. His peculiar personality left a very heavy impression upon me. The strange shape of his head, which was covered with auburn hair of a rare hue; along with his peculiar expression which was made more impressive by his small, keen, shrewd, dark eyes shining from under a heavy, rugged set of eyebrows, caused me to notice this stranger still more closely.

We happened to take the same elevator one night in going to our rooms and there being no others on, a way for conversation was open. He talked very freely and by the time we had reached the ninth floor where we both got out, I had learned that he was an inventor and was seeking from the patent office, then, the patent for his latest invention. As we passed down the hall together, still talking I stopped at my room.

"O! you are next room to me," he said. Then he continued, "Come in with me and take a look at my new machine."

"Well," I said looking at my watch, "I believe I will since it is only ten o'clock." I walked in with him and he opened a leather covered trunk, taking from it a machine of different construction from any I had before seen.

Then he laid a savage automatic revolver on the table and said, "For fear that some one might come in on us and see my machine before I get it patented I will lock the door."

With this he locked it and crammed the key in his pocket. This being done he proceeded to set up the machine.

"Do you know anything about the science of the phonograph and electricity?" he inquired.

I assured him that I was very ignorant along these lines.

The machine seemed to be in working order by now and in appearance it looked to me, as if it was a compound machine, made by intermixing a typewriter and a phonograph with the parts of the machines laced together. He unwound an electric cord attached to the machine and stepped over and took out one of the electric light bulbs and attached the current to the machine.

"Now," he said, "we are ready to see if it will work. Briefly here is what I have," he explains. "This machine is calculated to make me the wealthiest man in the United States, for here is what it does. You dictate your letter by talking in the mouthpiece and your letter is typewritten right here (pointing to a roller in the machine), and completed when you have finished your dictation, without the aid of stenographer."

Then he placed a piece of paper in the machine and switching on the current said, "Dictate a letter or just say anything you wish in this now."

I did as he said and when I was through he stopped the machine and jerked the paper out of it, bearing the words written which I had just spoken. Well! Well! I was completely dazzled by this great invention. It surpassed anything that I had ever dreamed of.

This wonderful genius looked at me, then with those piercing eyes, in a mood of contentment said, "Friend, I must have \$500.00 before the sun rises in order to secure my patent. Will you lend it to me?"

I explained to him that we were strangers to each other and that I was there only for a few days and besides could not let money out like that. This seemed to satisfy him and the conversation drifted for a short time.

Then calmly he picked up the pistol which he had placed on the table and spoke more sternly than before saying, "I ask you to lend me \$500.00."

At this I got uneasy and became frightened; I felt weak in the knees. My first thought was to get away from there, but I remembered that the door was locked and he had the key in his pocket.

Now again with the same demand, he had turned those devilish glittering eyes on me and they seemed to pin me to the wall.

"Look here," he said. "I will give you just five minutes by my watch," taking it out and holding it in his left hand, "to hand over to me \$500.00."

I did not have near that much money, but some way I could not tell him, and in fact I could not put up any excuse for not giving it to him. I stepped over near the door, taking a look at it.

He called out, "One minute gone!"

I walked to the window, my thought being to jump out, but I remembered that I was on the ninth floor and that would not do.

"Two minutes gone," rang in my ears.

I could see the dreamy city spread out, just below me, lighted as it were in gold. What could I do? was the question.

"Three minutes gone." This he called out harsher than before.

Two minutes to live, flashed through my brain. My whole life's history faced me as it were on a canvass before my eyes. And oh! The wicked things stood out so clear in my life.

"You have one more minutes," came the horrid note.

If I only could get some one to hear, perhaps I would be rescued. I was thinking fast.

"Five seconds," he shrieked and pointed the pistol squarely into my eyes. Oh! what a feeling came over me; it was beyond expression of words. All the world seemed to have stopped breathing, a dead silence hovered about us. Then I seemed to hear the noise of footsteps. Listen! I hear some one (flashed through my brain). There comes some one down the hall. Hollow! Hollow! But make a noise I could not. I could not. If———. He is knocking. But oh! I cannot answer. He knocks louder this time. So near death and yet nearly rescued.

"Eight o'clock, get up, time for breakfast," rang out a voice.

"SMUCK."

CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL VITALITY.

The Joseph Moore Science Club spent a few interesting and beneficial evenings in the early fall discussing national vitality. The forceful everyday lessons gained from this study impressed the students who worked out the questions and revealed the startling importance when taken collectively of things trivial in themselves.

At the conclusion of his White House address on the "Conservation of Natural Resources," President Roosevelt said: "Finally let us remember that the conservation of our national resources, though the gravest problem of today, is yet but part of another and greater problem to which this nation is not yet awake but to which it will awake in time, and with which it must hereafter grapple if it is to live—the problem of national efficiency." The national efficiency of any country is directly influenced by the physical environment, social environment and the nature of the individuals. National vitality would deal only with the third, not concerning itself with the conservation of forests and water nor social and political questions.

By vitality we mean the measure of life itself which is the basis of all human qualities and activities and concerns every living human being. These questions soon force themselves on our attention: How does American vitality contrast with that of other nations; to what extent may it be increased; what value would such an increase have in years of life, enjoyment of life, and economic earnings? Hygiene, the youngest of the biological studies, has only lately gathered sufficient proof and statistics to uphold her doctrines. The old doctrine that mortality is fatality and must be granted a regular sacrifice year after year, has given place to the assurance of Pasteur that "it is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease." Many evidences of a world-wide awakening to the importance of improving vitality are found in the many societies and congresses for the prevention and

control of disease, the sanatoria and dispensaries, the subject of health in the public press, the spread of athletics in schools, Y. M. C. As. and country clubs, and the increased vigilance of health boards in respect to child labor, pure food, milk and water supplies, drainage, and sewage. Is all this vigilance raising the standard of the United States in comparison with other countries? We find the average duration of life in the United States to be 45.5 years, as compared with Sweden 52.2 years and India 23.5 years. We must then conclude that the length of human life depends on definite conditions and can be increased or diminished by a modification of these conditions. In Europe the length of life has increased in 350 years from less than 20 years to about 40 years; in England in less than half a century it has increased about 5 years; in Prussia in the last quarter century 6 years; and in America the only good life tables those for the State of Massachusetts show almost 10 years increase in half a century. As duration of life increases the death rate decreases and we find in a "stationary population" that the death rate and duration of life are reciprocals. In such a population if the death rate is 20 to 1,000 the duration of life will be 1,000 equals 20 or 50 years.

Medical discoveries of recent years have greatly decreased the mortality from infectious diseases; tuberculosis in England is only one-third what it was 70 years ago, and now equals the death rate from pneumonia; typhoid fever is decreasing; smallpox has been greatly reduced; yellow fever has practically disappeared in America. But while the danger from contagious disease has been greatly overcome, few realize how common illness is. It is difficult to find a man or woman over 40 whose health is not impaired in some manner and we still find "How are you?" the ordinary form of salutation.

It is estimated that for each annual death there are two persons constantly sick during the year. This would mean an average of thirteen days per year for each inhabitant. Added to this there are many milder forms which do not keep people from work but which reduce their working power. These are

often carefully guarded secrets. The individual knows only of his own physical troubles, but is unconscious of the fact that almost every person about him has such troubles also. As preventative medicine replaces curative medicine these minor ailments will receive much more attention. They are all curable and nine-tenths of all these drains of daily efficiency could be removed by careful attention. With the removal of nine-tenths of our disabilities and the conservation and development of our natural powers the average person can increase his efficiency 100 per cent., that is he can be twice as effective. This does not refer to doing merely twice as much work, but by working at a higher rate of speed and by making fewer mistakes. This added efficiency which comes with a perfectly healthy body broadens our lives into an ocean when compared with the narrow stream of an invalid life. Some persons imagine that length of life can be purchased only at the expense of breadth. As a rule length and breadth of life are not opposed. Persons of great vigor have much better chances of a long life and centenarians are usually persons who have been exceptionally free from illness and who have performed a large amount of work. An ideally healthy life free throughout from ailment and disability is rarely if ever found. But it is the aim of hygiene to approximate such an ideal. It is said of Alexander Von Humbolt, who was 90 at the time of his death, that he had not only lived twice as long as others in years, but that in work accomplished he had lived twice as much per day, thus enjoying four times the average lifetime.

The things which make for this added efficiency, adequate recreation, lack of needless worry, wholesome diet, prevention of undue fatigue, are brought to our attention almost daily; yet how often we load our stomachs with too much food and deprive our lungs of pure air. The machinery is supposed to do as accurate work and last as long as though it had been properly nourished and cared for.

Imagine if you can an addition of fifteen years to a life almost free from minor ailments. The limits of the working period now from 17½ to 60 would be pushed farther on. Both

the absolute and relative length of the working period would be increased and the farther off the burden of old age is shifted the easier it will be to provide for it. As life becomes more complex it requires a longer period of preparation. Preparation is education and education requires time. As our fund of knowledge increases and the demands of the public increase, the period for acquiring this knowledge, or only enough to enable one to earn a living, is constantly tending to increase. The age of leaving school is much greater than 50 years ago, and is constantly advancing. It would be much in keeping with the growth and requirements of this century if biological science, practically applied, should shift the limit of the working period which we have assumed to be 60 to a more advanced age. Human life would be on a larger scale throughout. It would provide time for a longer and more thorough preparation and at the same time provide sufficient years of working life to repay this investment. If therefore the sanitary movements now in progress have brought about such a marked increase, what may not added vigilance accomplish? Fifteen years of health and happiness is only the "ore in sight." If we will work for it we may secure an even richer prize.

MARGARET V. RUTLEDGE.



THE SALE OF THE AVON PALACE.

The sun was sinking behind the great Avon Mountain, reflecting in magnificent splendor its wonderful streams of red and yellow. The autumn leaves fell softly strewing the valleys and dales with a sheen of brown and gold. Far to the southward curling in its heavy blackness rose the smoke from the mighty engine. The noise of the distant foundry echoed through the openings of the mountains like a terrible peal of thunder. Yet all the world seemed happy in the soft cool light of the autumn day. Even Elsie as she slowly walked down the pathway, somehow began to feel that the world was not wholly bad—that in spite of the fact that her wealth and even her father's life had been taken by the cruelty of usurpation, that life after all might be worth living. But quick as a flash, cutting off all further hope came the thought of the latest sorrow. The sorrow which though not the greatest, yet coming as it did after other losses, seemed cruelist and hardest to bear.

Michael Hatheway, who had until three years ago owned the Avon iron mine, had been comparatively well to do, and his quaint little palace on the hill was the boast of the surrounding country. Now the place was to be sold, and Elsie remembered with a bitter pang how first the mine had been taken by the iron monopolists of the Avon region—The J. F. Milner Mining Co. How a short time afterward, her father stooping under adverse fortune, had gradually grown weaker and then—Elsie stopped to dry her tears. She was going to meet her brothers and she must not let them see her thus. For they were toiling even harder than she, common mine hands, they, her younger brothers who ought to be in school!

Brightening her countenance and quickening her step she went further down the hillside. There, coming slowly up the pass on his steed of black was a rider, clad in a brown hunting suit and whistling as he rode. As he came nearer Elsie noted the elegance of his high, white forehead, the proud,

happy curl of his lip and the grace of his splendorly physique. "Will you tell me the way to Avon village?" "Yes, sir," said Elsie, "just over the hill from the palace yonder." "Thank you," and the hunter rode on. But as he started over the mountain he looked back at the slender girlish figure, modest, graceful and beautiful, now crossing the plain. In her face he had read the elements of her nature, sad, refined and heroic.

When Elsie returned her mother told of a Mr. E. E. Hepburn who had stopped that evening and had engaged his dinner for the following day. Many times afterward during the pretty autumn days the hunter came to the Avon palace. Always he was greeted with a smile and always he brought good cheer. And at Christmas time the family was made glad by a large rich gift for "Elsie and her mother"—a happy Christmas for their last in the dear old home, they said.

Early in the spring the hunter again came to the palace "for his dinner" still he said. Elsie had anticipated his coming for their friendship had easily grown. One morning they walked down the old path to the foundry. The sun was rising, the birds were singing, and all the world seemed happy. There was nothing to mar the beauty of the day except one solitary cloud. As he turned to leave he said, "You may write to me here," and slipped into her hand a card on which was engraved, "E. E. Hepburn, Asst. Supt. of the J. F. Miller Mining Co."* Like a flash it dawned on Elsie, "So you are connected with that company?" "Oh, yes," he said, proudly, "my father was one of the organizers." Elsie felt the hot blood rush to her face, and the flame of anger burned in her heart. But she restrained herself and quietly told him goodbye. As she watched him ride away all the impulse of her former esteem had turned to hate. Then it was you, you who killed my father and it is you now who is taking our home. All his fine manner now appeared as hypocrisy and his kind words mere flattery. The proud, firm curl of his mouth was no longer the token of self-respect and success, but the sign of scorn, of business, and of cruelty. No, she would not write to him, and weeks and months passed by.

On the day before the sale, Elsie took a stroll over the grounds surrounding the palace and finally seated herself for the last time by the great cool spring on the hill side.

Down at the foot of the hill she saw Everet making his way toward her. Quickly all her anger focused on him and with a sudden determination, "I'll tell him my mind," she fixed her eyes on the ground and sat like a statue waiting for him. She had mistaken the distance and before she was aware of it a soft voice said "Elsie." Looking up she saw the kindness in his eyes as he stooped over her. Nothing but innocence and sincerity could be discovered there and Elsie was compelled to listen. Silently she heard his condemnation of the principles of his firm and how he hoped to instigate reform, in accordance with his ideas of right, justice and honor.

As they returned to the palace it was high noon. The sun shone bright above. The violets along the pathway looked up in lovely spring time beauty. "Don't worry, mother," she said, and the little Avon weekly announced the sale on May 16th of the Avon palace to Mr. E. E. Hepburn. —

LILLIE E. BULLA.



THE CLASS OF 1911.

I.

Hail to the colors that float in the breeze,
Hurrah for the Green and Gold!
Green are the leaves of the tall forest trees,
That stand so noble and bold;
Golden the fields where ripens the grain,
And Green is the meadow where buttercups reign;
Then hail to the colors that float in the breeze,
Hurrah for the Green and Gold!

II.

Green is the foliage that bows to the sun,
When golden robed morning is here;
Golden the rays when the day is done,
And the hours of slumber near;
Green is all nature when summer's begun,
And golden her vesture when summer is done;
Then hail to the colors that nature has given,
Hurrah for the Green and Gold!

III.

Here's to the class whose colors we wear,
Here's to the hearts that are true;
Here's to the girls who are sweet and fair,
And the boys who are loyal too;
Garlands of buttercups with love intertwine,
And hearts that are true and loyal combine;
(And) all hail to the class whose colors we wear.
Hurrah for the Green and Gold!

A TRIP THROUGH THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

It was when a very small boy I first heard of the Great Dismal Swamp—that immense tract of swampy wilderness lying in the northeastern part of our own state and partly in southeastern Virginia. I was told of the wild beasts there—bears, panthers and wild cats. I heard stories of runaway slaves, chased by bloodhounds, taking refuge in that great, weird, man forsaken place. They told me of a great whirlpool in the centre of the lake that lay in the heart of the swamp—that a log had been seen to whirl around there, until it stood on end and disappeared, and that people also had lost their lives in that terrible place. Later, Thos. Moore's poem, "The Dismal Swamp," especially these lines impressed me deeply:

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
The maid and her lover, so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp
And paddle their white canoe."

So, I purposed, I resolved—"some day" to see for myself.

Imagine my pleasure—when canvassing in Southeastern Virginia a few summers since, to find I was very near the little canal known as "Washington's Ditch," which runs easterly five miles to Drummond Lake in the Great Dismal Swamp. Taking a day off (May 20, 1908), I set out for the Ditch—A young farmer who lived half a mile from the landing, kindly consented to take me through for \$1.50 (the usual price). His wife prepared us a lunch and we started. At the landing we procured a boat from the old colored lady who lives there in a small "shanty." At 10.25 a. m. we had turned our backs upon civilization and our faces toward the centre of the great wilderness.

We glided smoothly along in the centre of the current and my thoughts naturally recurred to the immortal George—"The Father of His Country"—his greatness, his principles—

the very foundation of our government—and then—how I was, that moment, enjoying the fruits of his mind—for had he not organized the land company, after the Revolution was over, to reclaim this Great Dismal Swamp by digging this very Ditch? Though it was not sufficient to reclaim the Swamp, it has proved extremely useful in getting out lumber.

We glided on beneath the beautiful green arch that extended as far as we could see, which was not more than three-quarters of a mile, as an occasional overhanging bush obstructed our view. The overlapping branches of the trees shut out the sunlight, save in a few places—making it very cool and dark. Huge maples, poplars, cypress, black gums, ash were all along the stream—and, in places encircled and tied—a veritable tangle—with grapevines and rattan. Occasionally gigantic trees, their tops far above the general growth, their long arms extended, seemed to say, "We are the protectors of our tribes." At times, I lay my paddle across my knees and feasted my eyes on the wonderful scenes before me.

The undergrowth was scarce, but reeds grew in abundance along the banks, which were made of peat and the subsoil, thrown out when the canal was made.

After a while the boat dragged through sediment and decayed organic matter that had nearly filled the Ditch and in several places we had to push with all our strength to get the boat on. Again, the undergrowth hung so low over the stream, we got along with difficulty and were almost horrified at the thought of "snakes." Again, we moved along rapidly. No sound save the gurgling of the water around our paddles, or the occasional surprised twitter of a gold finch, seeking safety farther in the undergrowth, or a sudden flutter of a flying hawk.

Soon we came to a turn in the Ditch. It is said, when General Washington was surveying it, he intended a perfectly straight waterway, but after they had cleared the way for four miles, he realized they would come out north of the lake, so he changed the course 30 degrees to the right, coming to the lake on the northwest border.

After we turned the bend we had a free stream and in a short time entered "Jericho Ditch," about 150 yards from the lake. This is a canal extending from Lake Drummond northwest to Suffolk, Va. Because of its great length and difficulty in travelling most people prefer to go by way of "Washington Ditch." Soon after entering "Jericho Ditch" we paddled up to an old dilapidated shanty called "Drummond's Hotel." We pulled our boat around the lock, and as it was now "noon" we decided to eat dinner before going on the lake. We had seen only two snakes in the stream, a black snake and a red moccasin which sought refuge in the water as we approached. My guide told me that there is a snake in the Swamp called the "cow moccasin," that defies any man's trespass on its territory. Formerly they were so onumerous along the Ditch it was dangerous to go unarmed, but now they are seldom seen.

The man who has charge of "Drummond Hotel" lives at the lake all the year. He has no family and lives an isolated life—it is said because he prefers it.

After lunch we proceeded to the lake—a beautiful sheet of water two and a half miles broad and three miles long—nearly oval in form. Trees and shrubbery make an unbroken wall of greenery around it. In the shallow water near the shore, scattered along, were huge old cypress trees towering like skeletons on a wicker work of roots; also innumerable juniper and cypress stumps, making it dangerous to venture within a hundred yards of shore. The bank is lined with bleached logs that apparently serve as a fortress against stormy waves. Turning to the left we followed the bank toward the feeder, to the Great Dismal Swamp canal, but we had not gone far when the wind sprang up and quickly disturbed the quiet waters, making it necessary to seek a place of safety. Soon the wind was to our backs and we ventured farther out. One place, 500 yards from shore, I tried for bottom with my paddle and found the water $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep and the bottom hard and sandy.

The water of the lake is dark brown in color, due to the juniper roots and many people drink it for their health.

The wind increased and the waves grew too large for our small boat and we returned to the hotel and chatted awhile with old Mr. Lassiter. The wind abated and we went out on the lake again, but did not stay long as the cloud rising in the southwest looked ominous. The thunder beginning to peal we decided to return to the hotel for our lunch basket and hasten homeward. We bade the proprietor good-bye and left the lake. It was easier getting in than getting out—now the current was against us. I took off my coat, threw it in the bow of the boat and pulled and pushed with all my might. The wind ceased. The stillness of the forest was broken only by the rippling and gurgling of the water as the little boat plowed through and the occasional heavy rumbling of the thunder and its echoes dying away in distance. We said nothing but worked with a will. It grew darker. Heavy drops began to fall. We found a suitable place for landing—pulled the boat out, turned it bottom upward, and propped it up for shelter. The rain fell heavily for an hour, then ceased. I tried the depth of the peat with a stick and found it nine or ten feet. Converting our shelter to a boat again, we proceeded homeward, catching the water from the wet overhanging bushes as we went. Soon we stood again on the landing. The long-looked-for trip was over, but we had seen none of the terrible things of my childhood's imaginations. Instead, my mind had been filled with admiration and awe at the beauty and grandeur of nature.

THE PROPHECY.

"A long journey for you; on this trip you will be in a small crowd of people; among the number there will be one whom you like better than the others." Thus the old woman, grown wise through the frost of ninety winters, read in the coffee cup the future of one of the young girls who had teased her for this unraveling of their fates. To be sure no one of them owned that she believed the words of the old fortune teller, but deep down in the heart of each still lay a secret hope, which would not be put down by reason in the mind of sixteen.

The days passed by. The bleak winter crept away, and still the prophecy relating to Lonnie, the brown-eyed school girl with hair the color of the chestnut, was not fulfilled. But the famo's coffee cup must not prove false: so sure enough, just at that time of year when the blue arch above seemed never to have known a winter's cloud, or the inhabitants of the budding trees one day of winter's hunger, there was a rumor of a picnic, and Lonnie's chum whispered in her ear that it had come. The fulfilment of hte prophecy wa sbegun.

It was an ideal Saturday in April. The sun crept lazily up over the tree tops, and the birds sang as they do at no other hour of the day. The gay crowd of boys and girls settled themselves on the hay in the large wagons, which were to be their means of conveyance over the eight miles of road to the pond, selected as a suitable place for the day's fun. The way echoed far and wide with their shouts and laughter, and many a mother looked from her work with a smile of satisfaction at the innocent pleasure.

When they reached the pond they separated into small groups. Some were inclined to try their luck fishing at this early season; others preferred to stroll through the woods seeking the flowers, which only early spring affords; while still others found their amusement in gliding over the calm bosom of the water in a little boat. Among this latter group

was Lonnie, accompanied by three of her friends. Everything was going on calmly and happily, the forest re-echoing now and then with the laughter of the party, when suddenly Lonnie, who was trying her skill at standing in the boat, lost her balance and fell headlong into the depths below. Quick as a flash there burst from the bushes along the bank a tall figure. Before anyone had time to realize the situation he had plunged into the water and was half way to the place where the brown locks were just then for the first time in sight. A few more strokes and he had reached her side and lifted her into the boat, drenched and shivering. Then the brown eyes for one moment met the gray. Each read what each had tried to hide. The prophecy was fulfilled.

L. GERTRUDE FARLOW.



THE PESSIMISTIC CLUB.

We have our social clubs, literary clubs, religious clubs—clubs of all kinds both good and bad and the worst of all is the club of pessimism. Without any fear of successful contradiction, we can unhesitatingly say that the most detestable character in any community is the pessimist. Such a person is all the more despicable in a college community because he will not yield to the good influences around him. He is chiefly concerned with his own personal pleasure, with no regard as to how it is obtained, and with no inclination to create a cheerful atmosphere for others. His business is rather to tear down, or try to do so at least, all the beneficent undertakings which the better element of a student body may propose. The greatest and most edifying expression that can be used concerning such a student is that he does himself no good and is absolutely worthless to his fellow student, his college, and the world.

It is difficult for one who is accustomed to looking on the bright side of things to imagine a person with such a temperament in college. One would naturally think that the very atmosphere of a college community would yield such wholesome breaths that it would be impossible for a student in full possession of his faculties to be otherwise than optimistic. Notwithstanding these invigorating breezes, with all their elevating and expansive powers, we have pessimists as other communities. We can hardly say however that they are of the purely unbearable element, but we have those who will not permit themselves to see good in everything that is good. Possibly the term "general howlers" or, perhaps better still, "knockers" characterizes these individuals better than the term pessimist. However they all belong to the same general class who are seeking self interests without any regard for the welfare of their fellow students or for their college.

Our pessimistic club, which is made up of such fellows as described above or the "knocking" element of a student body,

undoubtedly retards the progress of a college community. One very distinguishing characteristic about them is that they will not cooperate in the further advancement of general interest. Instead of this they seem to hold themselves aloof from the promoters of the best interests and cling together for the purpose of jeering at the promoters of common causes. Adverse criticisms are always dropping from their lips, when they themselves have nothing better to offer. They are always ready to sneer at the leaders of college functions and try to rob them of their standing, even though it does not add to their own riches. Then when the time comes for a distribution of honors these little pessimists, these very promoters of retrogradation, wonder why they do not share in the honors open to the student body. This has a tendency to make such fellows even more pessimistic, and so it goes throughout the rounds of college life. It is better to have an unbiased mind in respect to everything and always be able to say: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like a toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head; and this our life exempt from public haunt finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." And so away with pessimism.

T. J. C.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Thursday, Feb. 2d, the regular business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held. It being the time for the election of officers and the reports of the various committees, the president, after reading a portion of Scripture and offering prayer, called for the report of the Bible study committee. This was given by John B. Woosley, chairman of that committee. He showed that every man had been enrolled in Bible study and that the attendance, 82 per cent., was the best in the history of the college. This was gladly received when the fact is considered that the present system of Bible study is only in an experimental stage. Then E. L. Hudson gave his report on religious meetings. He stated that the average attendance had been about 50 per cent. of the students. K. T. Futrell reported a good year in mission study, the enrollment being practically 75 per cent. of the students. C. C. Smithdeal reported on the membership, about 80 per cent. of the students being enrolled and was followed by H. S. Sawyer, who reported the status of the social life. The report of the musical committee was given by J. G. Briggs. He reported that the music had been good and pointed out the fact that the committee had purchased an organ for the Y. M. C. A. hall. The report of the treasurer showed that the association had had its best year financially, having paid out pledges brought over from previous administration, as well as having added great improvements to the hall.

Then followed an address by President R. H. Fitzgerald on the "Y. M. C. A.—Its Sphere and Influence." The following officers were installed for the coming year: John B. Woosley, president; George T. Perkins, vice-president; William G. Gilchrist, treasurer; Herbert S. Sawyer, secretary, and Silas J. Lindley, marshal. The retiring president, R. H. Fitzgerald, and secretary, T. J. Covington, made short, appropriate speeches, as did the incoming president, John B. Woosley, and secretary, Herbert S. Sawyer, who reviewed the work of the

past year and appealed to the student body to support them in their future work.

This year has been the greatest in the history of the Y. M. C. A. at this place and much has been accomplished, the results of which are not visible as yet, only the future can reveal the result of the earnest Christian efforts of the retiring officers. The future is always bright.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The regular prayer meetings have been very well attended since the beginning of the new year. After the strain of four days school work the girls welcome the quiet hour spent in communion with a higher power. It brings a calm, restful, cheerful spirit which can be noticed in the way the girls go back to their work when this brief season of prayer is over.

The membership committee has enrolled eighty-five members for the second semester. This work is not yet entirely finished owing to changes in the number of students. We are glad to see that the number is greater than that for last term showing that there has been no decrease in interest, but rather indicates an increase.

The mission study classes have a regular though not large attendance, but those girls who are regular have become deeply interested in the study and discussion of missionary problems. The lives of those men and women who have braved dangers in foreign lands and often misunderstanding and criticism in the home land are fascinating to a youthful mind fired with the love of heroism. We cannot know what will be the outcome when these seeds of interest have grown to maturity under the sunshine of God's goodness. We can only pray and work knowing that the guidance is sure and that each life can be used for the coming of His kingdom.

All efforts are now being turned toward plans for the Student Council February 16, 17 and 18. This council, for the

purpose of Bible study and help in the general work of the Association, is under the supervision of the territorial committee for Virginia, North and South Carolina and will include the colleges of central North Carolina. The following program has been arranged:

THURSDAY EVENING.

7:00.

A Word of Welcome From Guilford College..President Hobbs
Response.....Miss Ada Middleton, Meredith College
Address: The Lordship of Jesus Christ....Miss Ethel Cutler
Student Secretary of the National Board of the
Young Women's Christian Associations.

8:30—Asheville Luncheon.

Toasts—To Our Guests, To Our Hosts and Hostesses, The
Mountains, My First Conference, Delegates I Have Known,
The Asheville Spirit.

FRIDAY MORNING

9:00.

Bible Study.

9:45.

Discussion: Have We Time for Bible Study?

10:30.

The Day of Power.....Miss Claris I. Crane
An Hour on Missions....Miss Elizabeth Sherrard, Charlotte.

11.00.

Reports from Associations.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00—Sectional Conferences.

Faculty: Leader, Miss Cutler. Senior: Leader, Miss Casler.
Technical: Leader, Miss Crane.

3:00—Recreation.

FRIDAY EVENING.

7:00—Some Plans of Association Work:

In the WorldMiss Cutler
In Our FieldMiss Casler
Address: The Life Obedient.....Miss Crane

8:00—Reception Founder's Hall.

SATURDAY MORNING.

9:00.

Bible HourMiss Cutler

We ask the earnest prayers of all who are interested in this work that the spirit of Christ may abound in the hearts of every delegate and student; that they may be drawn nearer to Christ and learn more about his work during this convention.



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Editorials.

In the assignment of the class issues of THE COLLEGIAN it fell to the Seniors to edit the February number. For this purpose the following members were chosen as a staff: Editors, Arthur K. Moore and Flora White; associate editors, A. Grant Otwell and Jennie Bulla; business manager, C. C. Smithdeal. Although it has been a time of final examinations the class as

a whole has faithfully and cheerfully responded to the additional call for work. For their hearty cooperation the staff is most deeply indebted, and we wish to thank every member who has in any way endeavored to make this issue worth while.

Wasted Time. We often hear a student say, "If I had time I would like to take another study, but I haven't got the time." Why is this? Is it because the professors have already given them all, or more than they can do? There may be a few cases where the student has been classed too high, but these are exceptions to the rule. For an answer, we must go not to the professors, but to the students themselves. They are not overworked. They simply do not employ their time. Some spend a large part of it loafing around the stores or other public places, smoking and engaging in idle talk, when they might be in their rooms preparing that extra study.

Another class of time wasters are those who put in a large part of their time idly strolling over the campus, or in the library reading the daily papers, hours at a time. Here again could be found time for extra work if only these students would spend those wasted hours in honest study.

Still another class are those who during study hour persist in visiting their neighbors to "gas." This is perhaps the worst class of all, because they not only waste their own time, but they compell their fellow students to spend hours in idleness when they could, and really want to be at work.

Now if our parents are willing to sacrifice their money that we may have the advantage of a college education, shall we not then do all we can to repay this sacrifice. Let us employ our time not in idleness and loafing, but in work. Let the motto of each student be, "I shall consider it a disgrace for the professors or students to catch me loafing." Then will we have time for our regular work and the extra study besides.

The Power of Decision. The power of wisely deciding upon questions which daily confront us is no easy matter as we well know. Yet, if, for a moment, we will carefully survey our circle of acquaintances we will see that this power is more dormant in some than in others. Did we ever stop to consider why this is so? I fear that most of us never did. Upon a little meditation and inquiry, however, we will come to the conclusion that this faculty has been developed by careful study on the part of those individuals. Whenever a problem is presented to them for decision, they never let it pass by with the remark, "I can't solve that," but begin with the little facts of the case and build upon them until they can come to some definite decision upon the whole. With one success they are mentally stronger to solve the next problem, with a second they are stronger for the third and so on until a decisive power becomes ingrained into their very lives.

This faculty, properly developed, becomes a habit to simplify our actions and make them accurate to serve us in the future, but neglected and handled in a careless manner becomes a habit which terminates in putting stumbling blocks in our paths.

The opportunities afforded us at Guilford College for cultivating this faculty are many. The choice of friends and associates, the stand between high and low scholarship, and the decision between right and wrong, all offer problems to the average college student which cannot be overlooked in any trivial manner. Yet we say, "Oh, that makes no difference," or "I don't care about these things," never realizing the terminus to which such negligence is inevitably rushing us on. If on finishing our college course, we are to be able to take our stand for or against the political, social and religious issues of the day, or if we are to be of any service to ourselves and our fellowmen, we must cultivate in our college career that power of discrimination and decision which characterizes individuality of purpose. Shall we depend upon others to decide our questions for us and follow in their lead as a dog follows its master, or shall we have originality of thought, idea, and purpose to characterize our future career?

"The Gates of Twilight." Henry E. Harmon, the poet of the Carolinas, and the author of many beautiful poems, has recently published another volume of verse entitled "The Gates of Twilight," and dedicated to him.

"Who loves the sunlight on the hills,
Who feels a pain at human wrongs,
Whose soul at childhood's laughter thrills,
For him I sing these simple songs."

The entire book breathes a spirit of restfulness and delight in the beauty and quietness of nature. What could be more comforting to a turbulent, dissatisfied soul than his "Song of Cheer," closing with these words:

"Like sunshine from a cloudless sky,
His blessings fall; look up and see
And catch the good that passeth by.
Good fortune is man's destiny.
God made it so, ah long ago,
And if you fail to see the light
You grovel in the shadows low
Amid your own imagined night."

In "The Fields of May" he describes in his own charming way the beauties of the field and wood, declaring that he pities the man who should miss all the glories of such a day while busy with his gold and earthly store, but most of all he pities

"the drossy soul
Of him who walks the blooming fields of May
And tramples, unconcerned, the blooming wold,
Who never hears the unseen lutes that play:
Alas the fields of Paradise will be
But wasted to such as he."

For a lesson in the mere joy of living read "The Brook and I," beginning:

"The brook and I
Go strolling by,
Like vagabonds who loaf and play
Through all the lazy summer day;

We never try
To reason why
We always sing and never cry."

The "Sound of Sumter's Guns" and "Gettysburg" are both good historical poems. In the former the author shows the universal sadness which covered the fair Southland like a pall at the firing of the first gun in the war between the states, a sadness so great that even nature sympathizes for

"Alas! the jasmine closed its yellow cup,
And children faltered in their happy play,
The daisies in the meadow, looking up,
Bent low their heads upon that April day.
Through all the South the laggard breezes crept
And happy birds refused to sing and wept."

In the latter we have the opinion of the conflict from a man living south of the Mason and Dixon line, after forty-five years have allowed his blood to cool:

"The broken heart, the shattered home, the grave—
The absent father, brother, sweetheart, friend:
These are the trophies which the battle gave—
These are thy gifts O War! This is thy end."

In addition to its poetic value this little book is attractively bound and beautifully illustrated. It will give one a delightful hour's reading on a rainy day. We have in this brief review attempted to show only a few of its beautiful passages, but we would not omit the title poem:

"Close, gates of twilight; leave me with the night,
To counsel take and set my soul aright
Of errors, that beguiled me in the light,
This, ere I seek repose.
Close with the softness of an angel's tread,
Leaving without no deeds of wrong to dread,
No spoken word that I might wish unsaid,
Dear gates of twilight, close."

ATHLETICS.

There is certainly much good to be derived from a friendly rivalry between two institutions in athletic contests of various kinds. When a team representing one college goes into another college it will naturally form some opinions as to the work and spirit of that institution and will carry home this impression and diffuse it among the student body. In this way the two institutions will to a certain extent become acquainted and, if the proper conditions prevail, there will spring up between them a spirit of friendly rivalry and interest. In addition to this friendly feeling which the proper kind of contest creates, these pastimes serve as a relaxation from the more strenuous duties of college life and furnish to the student body a means of recreation and pleasure.

In so far as athletic contests are carried on upon this high plane they are very beneficial to both institutions participating in them and should be encouraged and fostered by every faculty and student body in the country. But there is a tendency in intercollegiate athletics which should be condemned, because it counteracts all the good which would otherwise be derived; and if it is allowed to enter in, it makes the contest a positive evil. I refer to the professional spirit which some schools have, and the spirit of bitter rivalry that makes them use questionable means of securing victories (and makes the contest end usually in a free-for-all fight or at least leaves a feeling of ill will that is not soon forgotten).

No later than this spring the basket ball team of this college went to another college of this state for the purpose of playing a game of basket ball. In direct violation of the intercollegiate basket ball rules, and in violation of every known law of courtesy and hospitality, the visiting team was refused the right to choose a referee. The game that was played was more of a farce than a contest and as a result the team came home with a feeling of ill will and resentment towards the other institution. This is only one case out of a hundred that

takes place every year where unfair means are used in winning an athletic contest, and I mention this incident to illustrate the point I wish to make in regard to the proper spirit for conducting intercollegiate contests. The fact that our home team was defeated upon this trip will soon be forgotten, but the fact that another college in North Carolina violated every law of justice and courtesy in winning, it should be forever a blot upon the fair name of that school.

Now to bring the matter home. Let Guilford College never resort to unfair means in order to win an athletic contest. Whenever a team comes to our college let us treat them with the utmost courtesy and respect, and show them that we stand for a square deal and clean athletics.

BASKET BALL.

So far in the season the following games have been played with the accompanying score:

Danville Y. M. C. A., 7; Guilford, 102.

Davidson, 22; Guilford, 68.

Wake Forest, 18; Guilford, 16.

Va. Christian College, 25; Guilford, 72.

All of the above games were played upon the home floor with the exception of the one with Wake Forest, which was played at Wake Forest.

The following is the schedule of the remaining games to be played:

Carolina, at Carolina.

University of Virginia, at Guilford.

University of Tennessee, at Guilford.

A trip through Virginia of about four days was planned, but for various reasons it was given up.

Basket ball is certainly destined to take a large place in college athletics, for it fills a long-felt want for a mid-winter game. It is fast becoming a popular inter-collegiate game and will beyond a doubt hold a permanent place in college athletics.

BASE BALL.

The base ball schedule for 1911 is as follows:

March 27—Bingham at Guilford.

March 31—Atlantic Christian College at Guilford.

April 5—Elon College at Guilford.

April 10—A. & M. at Raleigh.

April 12—Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute at Guilford.

April 13—Richmond College at Guilford.

April 15—University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

April 17—Davidson at Greensboro.

April 18—University of South Carolina at Guilford.

April 20—Roanoke College at Salem, Va.

April 21—Roanoke Club at Roanoke, Va.

April 22—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.

April 24—A. & M. at Greensboro.

April 28—University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

April 29—Elon College at Elon.

May 1—V. P. I. at Guilford.

It is hoped to add two more games to the above, one with Wake Forest and one with Va. Christian College. Possibly there will be a few deviations from the schedule, that is, one or two of the dates are pending.

It is interesting to note that seven of the games will be played on the home grounds. This gives the student body a chance to see some good games and at the same time places upon us the obligation of giving the team our hearty support.

Two of the best games of the season will be on Saturday before Easter with Carolina and Easter Monday with Davidson both at Greensboro.

The team this year will be fitted out with new suits and grey sweaters with the crimson G. Every indication points to a swift team. All the old men are back with the exception of the first baseman and "Big Bob" Edwards is showing up for this position in good style.

Work has been begun on the new diamond and in a week or so it is hoped to put the space between the running track

into good condition for a ball field with a level outfield as well as infield.

Some person, whose name is not known to the student body, has given five hundred dollars to bettering the condition of the athletic fields of the college. The benefactor should have the heartiest possible thanks from the students and friends of the college for the gift comes in a much needed time and this, in addition to funds already raised, will make it possible to eventually construct an ideal ball field.

TRACK.

The new track is now completely covered over with cinders and the work of training is being begun. On warm evenings the team, and any persons who care to go, take a cross-country run or try their wind on the quarter mile track. A good per cent. of the old men are here and several new men are showing up exceedingly well.

The manager hopes to have the following meets:

April 1—Davidson at Guilford.

May 6—A. & M. at Guilford.

Meets with Carolina and also Wake Forest on their home grounds will be arranged if possible.

There is no kind of athletic exercise that demands more individual work than the track. There can be no team work as in most other exercises and for this reason the track is an excellent place to learn self-reliance. Besides, there are few exercises that give the chance for muscular development that the track does. With such an excellent opportunity for good healthy exercise as the track offers there is no reason why there should not be a good number of men out on the track who are taking the exercise even if they have no hope of making a place on the team. The work and expense of putting down this cinder track has been no small item and the students should take advantage of this opportunity for good healthy exercise.

GURNEY BRIGGS.

EXCHANGES.

R. H. FITZGERALD.

In looking over the table we find but few exchanges have reached us at this date. If the different magazines made a new year's resolution to be more prompt in sending exchanges, the worst for it, since it is broken. But it does seem, in the light of the fact that the exchange department is one of the most important, that we might get our magazines to one another a little sooner in the month. While in college we should learn to be punctual in all that we do. Doing the right thing at the right time is the characteristic of every man who has attained any success.

We look over the table and naturally pick up the magazine which attracts our eye. It is the one that has the wish-bone on it—*The Radian*. The cover design is very appropriate and attractive. The first poem is catchy, "The Uncarved Marble" is good. The author brings out his point by way of good illustration and that is one of the most attractive ways of expression. It appeals to all classes and makes a thing easily understood. Henry Ward Beecher was one of America's greatest speakers and he used an illustration in almost every expression. We should be constantly on the look for good illustrations that will help us to clarify our point. "Wordsworth and Shelly Compared and Contrasted" is an article well worth reading. It is very interesting because you enjoy the discussion from the comparison of the two men, and the point which is brought out at the last is very good. We need more like it in our magazines. "Morals That Govern Both Sexes" is an article as the writer says that is well considered in our magazines. It is good and shows thought. We should all read it. The magazine as a whole is good and is given much attention and thought by the students who contribute.

The next magazine we pick up is *The Buff and Blue*. For some reason we notice that the poets have been asleep at Gollandet, and we hope they will wake up next time and tell

us their dreams. We enjoyed "My First Visit to the Falls of Niagara." It was good.

The few magazines we have received have been on the whole good. Among others received were: *Earlhamite*, *The Chronicle*, *The Sage*, *State Normal Magazine* and *The Comenian*.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Zans!

Zera!

Cheer up the worst is yet to come.

To the new students who have entered this term we extend a cordial welcome.

Editor Collegian (sending directions to printers)—“Please be careful about your pronunciation.”

For information about penny pictures see Holt.

FOUND ON CAMPUS.

Oh! Miss —————

You are the prettiest girl in all my round.

Your big brown eyes

Cause my heart to break with sighs,

And long to see

The time when I can seal my love with Thee.

Miss Rustedt—“I wonder why my French class remember the word *derner* better than any other.”

L. E. B.—(At basket-ball game)—“The referee should have called a foul on that fellow.”

T. J. C.—“Why? What did he do?”

L. E. B.—“He had both arms around his partner.”

Professor H. (entering Hayworth's room)—“Say, Hayworth can you sing or dance?”

Hayworth—“Look here Professor I thought this hazing was over.”

Johnson (Fres)—“Say Otwell you're a Senior, I want you to tell me the difference between an (naught) (0) and a *wont go*.”

Life no longer comes to the library, but is stopped at Founders and kept on the faculty table. The students think this very unfair.

Ask Zachery what a chronometer is.

H. S. (reading Virgil)—“Three time I put my arms around her.” “That’s as far as I got, Miss Louise.”

We are glad to welcome Miss Stratford in our midst again, and especially are the Seniors glad to receive her as a member of their class.

T. F. (translating French)—“*Tout le monde est gai.*” “All the people *is* gay.”

C. C. S. (studying for final on English)—“Say, fellows, who wrote the comedy?”

A zam to take we have,
 A Prof. to satisfy,
 On English and Psychology
 Our sheepskins now rely.
 Must we be carried through the zams.
 On ponies swift and fleet,
 While others sought the goal to win
 And met with our defeat?
 No we must fight if we would win,
 The longed for C on French,
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 The thirst for science to quench.
 Then let us toil and hope,
 That on the final day,
 We'll all be favored with a pass
 Even though 'tis not an A.

Covington, standing in front of President's office reading schedule, was approached by “Winburne,” a new student.

Winburne (bowing and scraping)—“Er-er th—Winburne is my name, sir.”

Covington—“Glad to see you, Mr. Winburne. Covington is mine.”

Winburne—“She—are—are you the President?”

Don't grieve over flunk books. Better not to have flunked.

L. S. (to A. B. B.)—"Do you believe in predestination?"

A. B. B.—"Yes, I'm a predestinationests."

THE COLLEGIAN extends sympathy to Miss Enla Ballinger, who was recently called home on account of the death of her father.

Miss Brown (in Psychology)—A *fiat* is a divine command.

Did you pass? You bet.

What did you get? A *low*!

E. L. H. (entering Otwell's room)—"What are you studying?"

A. G. O.—"I am studying Calculus."

E. L. H.—"What is that *Greck* or *Latin*?"

We are glad to know that Miss Hazel Briggs, who was compelled to leave school on account of sickness, is doing "*Fairley*" well.

New Boy (pointing to Founders)—"Is that the college?"

Senior (after Mrs. Hannibal Williams reading)—"How did you like Andrey?"

Junior—"Oh, I think *he* is a funny old fellow."

L. M. R.—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

J. P. B.—"Yes, it is, I want "*Moore*."

We hear that Fletcher Bulla has developed a new disease—"The *sympathetic pneumonia*."

Alice Louise Dixon, of the class of '10, was a welcome visitor at the college recently.

The Shakesperian plays given by Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Williams on the nights of January 21 and 28 were masterpieces of reproduction and were enjoyed very much by all who heard them.

L. M. R.—Oh! Janie, don't you *hear* the onions.

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GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

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C. C. SMITHDEAL, Manager.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

MARCH, 1911.

NO. 6

HARMONY.

Last night as I stood at my window
Gazing on vale and hill,
Gazing with a feeling of tenderness
Upon the scene so calm, and still,
I felt the beautiful harmony
Of stars and moon and trees.
How tranquil, how calm, how perfect they lay,
Wrapped in the silvery flood.
And I thought of the Holy Radiance
Enveloping our lives so close,
But where was the beautiful harmony,
The sweet and restful repose?
I thought of the broken hearts all over
This wide, wide world;
I thought of the crime and vice
In the city's busy whirl.
But was it only these that marred
The scene so pure?
Did my own life make a perfect harmony,
Here in its humble sphere?
Again I gazed at the moon and stars,
Then down at the fields and trees,
All transformed into perfect, peaceful beauty
By the moonbeams sweet and still.
I prayed that my own life might be
So transformed by God's own purity,
That it might reflect those beams so pure and white,
And help others to live in harmony—
For God, and for the right.

C.

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT.

The most important dramas of the present century will doubtless be enacted, not on the European, nor yet on our own Atlantic coast line, for out of the great western ocean of our hemisphere new constellations have arisen. Dormant so long, the east is rapidly awakening from her sleep of ages. Since the recent war with Japan, Russia, the giant of the north, has taken on new life and vigor, and if allied with her one-time enemy, the supremacy of the east would be a matter of certainty. England with her already vast interests gradually growing, France with her possessions, and young America, struggling for a foothold with the older powers, all must be considered in the forecast of the future. In the center of these lands, and in the midst of this new activity, Japan, the pearl of the east, keen, bold, and active, both in war and peace, has suddenly surpassed all records in her wonderful development, and even now can be said to keep step with the great powers of the west. In the past decade she has risen indeed far above the expectations of her warmest friends, and is fast becoming the most interesting country of the world today.

A survey, however brief, of the development of Japan, during the past ten years, will show her to be the leader of the Orient, along every line of progress. Note the wonderful growth of her manufactories. The total value of manufactured products in 1897 barely reached nine millions of dollars, while the estimate of 1905 shows an increase of ninety-six millions; thus making in all one hundred and five millions of dollars. In order that this unparalled growth may continue, Japan sends great numbers of her young men to America to borrow from us the skill to put in practice the policy of supplying her own needs. Thus we see very conceivable sort of industry springing up in Japan, bearing the stamp of American genius. The Japanese student keeps his eyes open, and his mind alert while a guest upon our shores, and returns home filled with American ideas of industry, American ideas of democracy, and

American ideas of general progress. All that he has learned he begins to put into practice, and hence we see a miniature America, clothed with Japanese customs and traditions growing up in the far east.

In ship building, in commerce, in science, in education, in railway construction, we see this young nation expanding like a flower garden under the genial influences of a southern sun. Yesterday she was a sleepy, inactive little land, scarcely worth our notice. Today she is awake, active, thrifty and progressive, attracting the attention of the whole civilized world. Tomorrow she will have become a power, ranking with the foremost nations of the globe. Why this wonderful development? Why this sudden expansion? Why this transformation? Inbred love of country and native land—Japan, first, last and always, is the keynote to the situation. From Emperor to peasant, the spirit of devotion to country is the primal motive of life. This devotion to native land at first led to a policy of foreign exclusion, and an inclusion of her own people within their own walls. This fostered the spirit of self love already innate, and these years of aloofness, but well prepared the way for a united uplift, when the time should be ripe for an open door. The United States government recognizing the possibilities of Japanese-American commerce, attempted to gain admittance. At last through the efforts of Commodore Perry, in 1854, the bars of exclusion were partially let down, much to the indignation of some narrow-minded patriots. But gradually the men fell in line and the doors were opened wide. Men with new ideas and determined purposes came to the front, and the Emperor was forced to swing the nation out of the ancient routine and lethargy. When this new order of things seized upon the people new possibilities dawned upon them, and a transfiguration—a new birth—was the result. America was asked to reorganize her educational system; French officers to remodel her army; British seamen to rejuvenate her navy; and foreign engineers to make internal improvements.

In government she accomplished in a decade what it took

Europe centuries to do—she rid herself of feudalism and established a constitutional monarchy. If she borrowed much, she borrowed well. The heir of all the ages past, she accepted the best—rejecting the superficial. Though the pattern may be foreign, the warp and woof of the product is Japanese. Her industry, her zeal, her spirit of do or dies, her national character, her art, her customs, her courage, and her genius form the frame-work upon which her greatness is built.

Thus briefly we have portrayed the rise of the Japanese nation from her place of obscurity to one of world-wide prominence, with a population of forty-eight millions.

Let us now take a glance at the people themselves who achieved so much: Small of stature, athletic and lithe, fearless, bold, determined, willing to endure hardships and privations for the cause of country and home—loyalty to country, religion, and nature is typical of the Japanese as a class. Sunny of disposition, we always find him invariably courteous and gentle in his manners. Let a foreigner become offended with him and he laughs it down. They never worry about the future, and meet death calmly and stoically. The beautiful ever appeals to the Japanese, whether in nature or art. If sad they never show it to the world.

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.”

The maxim of the poet is the motto of the race.

With such sturdy qualities as these is there any more wonder that they have accomplished so much in so short a time? And yet as a world nation, she is but in her infancy. Vast possibilities lie before her. With the marvelous development of her universities and colleges and public school systems; with the reformation of her religious superstitions and creeds the Japan of the future is a power to be reckoned with.

Coupled with an ambition ever ready to strengthen her position, she is destined to play no small part in the history of nations.

The future may witness a conflict between the western world

and the orient. Let us therefore be watchful lest we be drawn into keen rivalry with our friends in the East. Let us strengthen the bonds of mutual friendship and admiration, and as the years pass on, may we grow apace—America, the “Land of the Free,” Japan, the “Pearl of the Orient.”

F. R. S.



AN EXCITING AFTERNOON.

"Do you know that this is actually the fourth rainy Sunday this year and that it is only the middle of February?" said Mildred Norris to Katherine Fisher, her roommate and bosom friend at Central College.

It was as Mildred had said. Ever since the Christmas holidays the Sundays had brought with them disagreeable weather. So it was no wonder that Sunday was looked forward to as a very disagreeable and undesirable day to the three hundred girls at Central. To Mildred Norris especially were this rainy Sundays disagreeable, because she was active, fond of nature and loved to spend Sunday afternoon roaming over the fields and woods. With this kind of a nature was it a wonder that she could find any pleasure in having to spend the whole of Sunday afternoon cooped up in a small room with nothing but an old book for entertainment? Well, Mildred knew that she need not depend on Kitty for entertainment. Now, Katherine Fisher was Mildred's very opposite. Kitty was fond of books and spent most of her time reading, as in fact she was doing at that very time. So it was no wonder that the only answer Mildred got was: "Millie, do be quiet and let me alone."

"Rainy Sundays are not a bit romantic," went on Millie as though she had not been interrupted. "If the weather man doesn't soon give us a pretty Sunday, I'll report him to the Dean, and then I guess he will have him (the weather man I mean) up for back work. We will have some pretty weather then, I recokn. I don't see why something real exciting can't happen. It would not be a bit of trouble for my uncle who is visiting in Alaska to come back unexpectedly and stop by to see me on his way home. Or better still that some son of some of my father's old friends should happen to be in town and hear that I, the daughter of one of his father's friends, was a student at Central and come out and spend the afternoon with me and then—" with that Mildred went off into a reverie.

Her reverie was not long, however, and in a few minutes she burst forth again. "Kitty Fisher, you have not been listening

to a word that I have been saying. If you don't put down that old book and talk to me I will go crazy. You know that you wanted to take those pictures as bad as I, and yet, you sit over there with that old book as calm and contented as though this were a perfect day in June. I must say that your actions are very commendable. What a lucky mortal I am to have as my roommate a girl with such an angelic spirit. There must be some truth in that old law we had in Physics about 'unlike charges attracting each other' or else how would it have happened that we two should be rooming together. But list, what is that I hear? Some one is coming down the hall. Mark my words Kitty, that is the maid coming to inform me that I have a caller."

Just then some one knocked and to the girls "come in," a maid opened the door and stepped into the room.

"Miss Mildred," she said timidly, "the matron wishes to see you immediately."

"My, what have I been doing to have Miss Richards call me up for, during meditation hour. It must be something awful," exclaimed Millie.

"It's—it's a telegram," stammered the maid and at the same time backing out of the room.

At the word telegram both girls turned pale. As a general rule, all telegrams were sent direct to the girls' room. The girls all knew that it was only in the case of very bad news that the matron sent for them. So it was indeed a very changed and worried girl that went slowly down the hall to the matron's room.

It was not more than fifteen minutes, but to Kitty it seemed as many hours until she heard Millie coming back. What could have been the matter? Millie had only heard from home yesterday and she had not said anything about any of the family being sick. Surely there was a mistake or else—

Just then Millie burst into the room, her face flushed with excitement and her cheeks wet with tears, but all the same Kitty thought she saw a twinkle in her eyes. With these contradicting signs, Kitty could not tell whether she had been laughing or crying (tears always flowed down Millie's face

when she laughed very much) but of course she thought she had been crying.

"Read this I wish you would," exclaimed Millie, handing Kitty the telegram. "but don't ask me to explain one word until I have had time to recover my senses. You see," went on Millie after a few minutes, "that this message is signed by two of my old friends at the Academy year before last and whom I suppose from the heading of this telegram are spending Sunday at home. Now those dear girls thought they would have a little fun at my expense and at the same time, knowing how I hated rainy Sundays, give me a little excitement to break the monotony of this dreary afternoon so they have sent me this telegram. But what gets me is why should they send the pass word of our old secret society."

"But what did Miss Richards say when you told her that it was only a joke," asked Kitty. "I did not tell her. You see when I went in she was so kind to me that she really scared me. She took my hand and led me to a seat and then handed me the telegram. 'Dear,' she said, 'you will have to read it for I can't bear to tell you.' Well, when I saw that 'dead sympathy' and who had sent it what could I do but laugh—yes laugh until I thought I would kill myself. The funny part was that Miss Richards thought that I was crying and began to quote Scripture by the page and to tell me that sometimes death was for the best and then all of a sudden she remembered that the telegram did not say who was dead, so she asked me which one of the family was it as she supposed I knew which one had been sick. Then I told her it was not one of the family but only a friend. I could not tell her that it was only an old joke that she had been quoting Scripture over. As I was leaving she told me that she would send my supper up to my room and that I need not face the girls tonight if I did not feel like it. But I told her I thought it would be better to just go on as I had always done, and then what do you suppose she said. She commenced to praise me for bearing my troubles in such a commendable way. There goes the first supper bell and I guess that puts an end to my afternoon's adventures. The day has not been so dull after all."

HABIT.

What is habit? Habit is that which determines what a person's whole life shall be. The value of habit is as little thought of by us as the thing we are in the habit of doing is thought of by our minds. The importance of habit is worthy of our careful consideration, because if it were not for it we could scarcely live. For a person to keep his attention on everything he did would be almost an impossibility as well as a torture. A person would soon be worn out physically and mentally if he had to stop and think of every step he takes or of every breath he breathes or a thousand other things he is continually doing. Imagine a person while eating having to think of every piece of food he ate and you can readily see that there would be no conversation and no enjoyment other than eating, while a meal was going on. Then shall we not agree with the one who described habit as "the fly-wheel of society?" Truly it is habit alone that keeps the blacksmith at his work day after day, without thinking that other occupations are as good as his; it is habit that keeps the pilot on the ship at his duty.

Again, habit makes man a success or a failure, a man of influence or a tramp. It distinguishes a gentleman from one who is not a gentleman, a lady from one who is not a lady. It is habit that determines whether a man will be a man of character or a coward; a religious man or a drunkard; a strong man physically or a man with an infirm body.

A few simple illustrations will show the power of habit. Take for example the habit of reading, if we form this habit it soon comes to have such a power over our lives that to a certain extent it will form our ideals. If the reading matter be good, it will give us high ideals, while on the other hand if the reading matter be poor it will give us poor ideals. Another example to show the power of habit is the habit of using slang. When a person once begins this habit it is almost impossible

for him to stop it, and it is needless to mention the power that tobacco and alcohol have over their slaves.

We continue the same thought by recalling how hard it is to give up an old habit and how easy it is to form new ones that do not conflict with old ones. Then habit has a powerful effect on our lives, for this reason we should be very careful in forming habits, and if we have already formed bad ones, we should go to work to get rid of them. But the question arises, if a habit has so much power how can one be got rid of? The answer depends wholly upon the amount of will power a person is willing to put forth to reach the end. The best way to succeed is to take a decisive stand to begin with, and then strengthen that stand with every available opportunity.

H. A. C.



CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

Among the events leading towards universal peace, one of the most interesting and one about which most people know the least is the erection of the statue of "The Christ of the Andes." On March 13, 1905, a statue of Christ was erected between the two republics, Chile and Argentina.

These two nations were in the act of beginning a war, for which they were both making great preparation. They were spending enormous sums of money on these preparations amounting to five dollars a year per capita of their population.

The cause of this conflict was the renewal of a dispute over the boundary line on the Andes, involving the question of title to eighty thousand square miles of territory. The British ministers were trying to prevent war. The two countries decided to refer their dispute to the King of England for settlement. The decision of the best jurists, that the disputed territory should be divided equally between the two countries, was accepted by both. They further bound themselves together by two treaties which provided that they should submit all troubles to arbitration for five years and reduce their armies to a police force only.

The results of this disarmament have been remarkable. With the money saved by decreasing military expenses, good roads have been constructed, schools have been established and Chile has built a break water in the harbor of Valparaiso. Some of the war vessels have been put into her commercial fleet, thus adding to her prosperity instead of to her impoverishment. The two countries have constructed a railway through the Andes, bringing themselves into close communication in trade and travel. As a result the Argentines and Chileans are becoming very friendly towards each other.

On an Easter Sunday Bishop Benevente proposed that as an emblem of peace a statue of the Christ should be placed on the Andean border, where it could be a reminder to both countries to prevent strife. This proposition was accepted by the

people of both countries. They accordingly petitioned their legislatures, thus reaching the executives. Bishop Benevente's suggestion of placing the statue on the Andes was quickly carried out. The women of the Christian Mothers' Association began at once to collect funds for the statue of the Christ, which was to be placed on the highest peak on the Andean border. The design of the statue was entrusted to a young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso, of Buenos Ayres. The statue was cast from an old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside of the city of Buenos Ayres. During the erection of the statue begun February, 1904, the Argentines occupied the Chilean soil and the Chileans the Argentine soil. The dedication was to the whole world a lesson of "Peace." Just as the sun went down the ceremonies were closed with prayer. The base of the statue is of granite. On this is erected a granite column twenty-two feet high, supporting a granite sphere weighing some fourteen tons, on which are carved the outlines of the world. On this sphere stands the figure of Christ in bronze twenty-six feet in height. The cross supported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them gives the record of the creation and the erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed these words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

May the example of establishing "peace and good will" among the nations as set forth by these, two of the youngest and smallest nations, be made the guiding principle for other nations of the world.

Then we may indeed look forward to the time when "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks," when "nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

MY SOUTHERN SWEETHEART.

Where the Southern sun is shining,
O'er the mountains and the hills
With the waters sweetly chiming
In the rivers and rills.

Dwells a pretty little maiden
With a lovely form and grace,
Who with Southern beauty laden
Has a bright and merry face.

For the colors of the flowers
Hide behind her modest blush
While the music of the showers
In her voice outsings the thrush.

But there came a time of parting,
When I left my dear old home,
From the scenes of youth then starting
On a foreign strand to roam.

Sometimes on the rolling billows,
Still more on the rushing trains,
As I pause beneath the willows
Where in Southern lands it rains.

Or in regions cold and icy,
Or the sunny tropic clime,
Where the air is soft and spicy
And buds blossom all the time.

Where the summer breeze is blowing
Thoughts of her they always come,
Where the wintry clouds are snowing
Thoughts of her still ever come.

Mountains, rivers, caves and valleys,
I've beheld them one and all;
Cities with their squares and alleys,
Mansion, palace, room and hall.

But I'd rather see my sweetheart
In the sunny Southern hills.
Oh! to see my maiden sweetheart
By my native rippling rills.

S. S. NELSON.



THE MOST ORIGINAL GENIUS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Reviewing the writings of those who have made a name for themselves in American literature, one would probably say that H. W. Longfellow is the most widely read. Some might choose R. W. Emerson as the most original, and not a few would select Walt Whitman; but unbiased and impartial judges have agreed that the greatest originality belongs to Edgar Allan Poe, who was born in Boston, Mass., more than a century ago.

At the time of Poe's birth his mother was on a tour of New England, fulfilling a theatrical engagement. The exact date of his birth is not known, but a magazine bearing the date of February 9, 1809, has an account of his coming into the world.

Like a great many men of genius, Poe inherited many qualities from his mother, Elizabeth Arnold, who was born and reared in the atmosphere of the stage. Like her he was frail in body, but he captivated the hearts of all who came in contact with him by his keen sensibilities and romantic nature.

This sensibility did much toward making Poe the most remarkable master of prose and poetry that America has ever produced. So susceptible was he to every impression that one might call him feminine in nature. In the world of dreams and visions this quality stimulated his abilities. In the realm of reality it made his life weary, and was directly responsible for his tragical, premature end. A man of more robust physique and steadier nerves would have established himself in a settled place; but it is very doubtful whether any one, save Poe, could have written such weird, fantastic poems as "The Bells" and "The Raven," and such strange, romantic stories as his "Tales of the Grotesque and Grottesque," which have immortalized his name, not only in America, but also in the old world.

One should recall this peculiar susceptibility when judging him. He was easily irritated and when aroused was almost

uncontrollable. The presence of a woman aroused his thoughts of good and holy beings and set his whole frame to trembling with a heavenly joy. A tablespoonful of brandy set him raving, and unbalanced his self-control, where a normal man would not have felt any effects whatever. Thus it came about that Poe was reported to be a person with whom no one could carry on any transactions. This is also the reason why he was styled as a heartless flirt—and again, it is the reason why he has been falsely called a drunkard and a man of dissolute character.

In reality one should see him as a pathetic figure, living from hand to mouth, not able to hold any responsible position, doomed to live as a literary hack, and at last to die among strangers. He was buried in the cemetery of Westminster church, near the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe.

At the time of his death he seemed only a failure—a writer of great cleverness, nothing more. Today his fame is growing with each year until his works have been translated into almost every foreign language, including Swedish, Bohemian, Danish and Russian. The great genius, Boudelaire, translated much of Poe's work into French. British critics, with Dr. Wm. Minton, agree in calling him the most interesting figure in American literature.



ARE YOU MORTGAGED?

Upon entering the business life of this world you must have capital of some kind, and to do business in the right way you must know how you stand. The merchant finds his capital by finding out how much money he has on hand as due, so much in merchandise or so much in securities, but this is not sufficient for you. You must examine that private book that is kept in one corner of your safe to find out how your credit stands, or what are your chances for available life.

You will find in every community two classes of boys. The first is careless of his appearance, slouchy, and lazy; the odor of stale tobacco accompanies him, he is pale in the face, and fond of loafing about places where he is not needed. Anybody in the neighborhood would laugh at him if he asked them for credit, for they know he would not make any effort to pay. He has no credit.

The second is careful of his appearance, brisk, polite, rosy-cheeked, sure to keep his promises, always busy at something, not known in saloons, and a favorite with all those who know him, and any one would credit him because they know he will pay. That is capital.

Draw up the muscle in your arm. Hard, is it, and moderately large? Good strong eyes, that do not ache, sleep well every night, sound body, strong limbs, walk with body and head erect and not slouching along? Put all this down on the credit page for it is a large amount of capital. This one always succeeds and will sometimes be employed in preference to an older man, his friends speak well of him, he is active, healthy, cheery; and willing to do anything he is told. The employer says he will learn my ways and make me a good man. I will take the youngster, for "it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." That credit page is filling up, your capital is growing.

You would have smooth sailing were it not for that debit page. You cannot find out how you stand unless you balance

one against the other. All the liabilities of a business are not shown in the books. It is that little private book of yours that you must balance and determine how much capital you have, and answer the question for yourself. "Am I mortgaged?"

Your capital is perhaps better than that which many of our wealthiest men started with, but it must be nursed. That is a misleading old adage which tells us to "take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." The dollars must be watched closer than a penny, and a hundred dollars closer than one. No capital takes care of itself. If a man fails in business and is sold out he can begin again and acquire new capital. But you cannot. Your capital was given you by God, to be well accounted for; if you lose it once it is gone, there is no taking a new start.

Anything which you do to impair the capital you now have is a dangerous mortgage. Your health and strength is a great part of your capital, and anything that takes away from them is a claim upon you that must be paid sooner or later. The creditor will soon demand payment, and you cannot put him off. Have you any mortgages of this kind? You may have some such mortgages almost without knowing it. So you will have to answer the question for yourself.

You may know some young man in your own neighborhood that has a wooden leg or has an arm cut off. His brothers are all prospering in the world, but this one will never reach the top of the ladder because he is mortgaged beyond his value.

If you were an employer what would you think of a young man who was continually puffing the vile smoke of a cigarette? Would you employ him? Would you set him up as a model to follow? Is he not heavily mortgaged?

Ask the man that smokes whether a drink is not the quickest thing to remove the depression. See whether he does not look at you out of the corner of his eye. Ask him if tobacco and alcohol are not first cousins, living usually in the same house. It is alcohol that the drinker wants whether it comes in the form of beer, or wine, or even hard cider. It is this same old alcohol that killed a thousand more Americans last

year than were killed in the Spanish war. Are you going to let it kill you?

The mortgages of the young men that drink regularly are already foreclosed, the clerk is taking inventory; making ready for the sheriff's sale. Your capital is gone, and your credit is gone.

There are many pitfalls with a broad solid road between them leading to happiness, honor, wealth and distinction.

Many true-hearted, ambitious young men with not a shadow of claim upon their capital travel this road every year. The roads are crowded, the strongest man mentally and physically is first across. And those who have slipped? Ah, they, poor fellows, are down in the pits.

K. L. W.

THE ONE I NE'ER FORGOT.

My heart is longing like a cooing dove
When sadly calling to its lifeless mate.
But mine has left me to a sadder fate,
A broken heart and disappointed love.
But why should I be calling like a dove
And weeping tears o'er my doleful state?
With hope all gone 'tis forever too late
Unless we meet beyond the sky above.
Then gather up the fragments of my heart
And bury them where last in love we met
The hour and spot I never shall forget,
Though long and weary years we've been apart;
And when you see this green and lonely spot
Go tell her she's the one I ne'er forgot.

S. S. NELSON.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY DOES FOR US.

The benefits derived from the possession of much money are many. So many and great are the benefits of an education, even a common education, that none can afford to be without them. But the greatest benefits derived from any source are the benefits of the Christian religion. If we should enumerate the benefits which the individual possessor of the Christian religion receives in this life and may receive through all eternity, they would be so numerous that space and time would fail us in writing them. But we wish to notice some benefits that come indirectly. We mean those that come to a nation, family or individual, without any efforts on their part.

In the first place Christianity is and has been the forerunner of civilization, education and enlightenment. Some have said that the red-coat and English cannon have gone before and the Christian religion followed; but the truth is, the Christian religion has gone before and these have followed. There is not a civilized person that lives or ever shall live but what is, or shall be benefited by the Christian religion, though it may be indirectly.

What has made the United States the greatest nation on earth? Was it not because the ancestors of its people were men seeking religious liberty and gave up all for it? And though there are more than forty million within its borders to-day who make no profession of being Christians, yet each and every one has been benefited by receiving the blessings bestowed upon them through the loyalty of their forefathers to God.

Again its benefits will reach far down the family record, even though they fail to follow the God of their fathers. It is a well-known fact that children of Christian parents are better equipped for the battles of life morally, mentally, and physically than those of the ungodly. There are exceptions in individual cases, but generally speaking, this is true. The Edwards and Jukes families are an illustration of the benefits

of the Christian religion to their progeny. Jonathan Edwards was the son of a most Godly sire. His father was a preacher and before him his mother's father. Some pains have been taken to trace the history of the descendants of this singularly separated man. More than four hundred of them have been thus traced, and they include fourteen college presidents, and one hundred professors; one hundred ministers of the Gospel, missionaries and theological teachers; more than a hundred lawyers and judges. Out of the whole number, sixty have adorned the medical calling and as many more known as authors of high ranks, or editors of journals. In fact almost every conspicuous field of effort has had among its leaders one or more of the offspring of the Edwards stock, since the remote ancestor was married in the closing half of the seventeenth century. On the contrary, there has been careful search into the history of one criminal family known as the Jukes, and it is equally conspicuous as a long record of pauperism and profligacy, imbecility, and insanity. Twelve hundred descendants have been traced of this prolific family tree. Four hundred of these were physical self-wrecked; three hundred and ten professional paupers, one hundred and thirty convicted criminals, sixty habitual thieves and pickpockets, and seven murderers; while out of the whole twelve hundred, only twenty ever learned a trade, and half of these owed it to prison discipline. The Jukes had the benefits that come indirectly from the Christian religion, while the Edwards had the benefits of a godly ancestry. All that any one is or receives or accomplishes individually or in the home, church, nation or world is due directly or indirectly to the benefits of the Christian religion.

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MARCH, 1911

NO. 7

Editorials.

The following members of the Freshman class were chosen to edit the March number of THE COLLEGIAN: B. S. Sellars, editor-in-chief; Frances Smith, H. A. Carroll, D. W. Holt, and Cathaline Pike associate editors. The class has put forth a strenuous effort to make this issue a success, but we are sorry to say that the editorial department has been entirely overlooked on account of some misunderstanding of the staff.

EXCHANGES.

B. S. SELLARS.

In running through the contents of *The Earlhamite*, I found the story of "An Ascent of Oregon's Olympus" to be very interesting. The description of the ascent was indeed very vivid. One could, while reading it, almost feel the keen atmosphere as the party approached the snow line. As a whole the story is consistent throughout and by its clearness and simplicity tends to stimulate the mind of the reader. If the author had invented some way in which to introduce his party the story would have contained more interest. Nevertheless such work is a credit to any college magazine. We wish the writer much success in the continuance of the story.

We are glad to welcome *The College Message* to our exchange department. The business manager deserves commendation on the promptness of this issue. The detail description of Stratford-on-Avon is very interesting; therefore we will be glad to follow the remainder of the series.

We never like to be disappointed; therefore when you are writing a story for your college magazine do not carry your reader upon the house-top and show him the surrounding beauty, then suddenly push him off by ending your story with a few words which explains what really did happen. Such endings cast a shadow over the interest of the whole story. Let the reader draw his own conclusion. This is the criticism which we offer on the "Intrusion of Lady B—" in *The Chronicle*. Otherwise it is an excellent story.

The exchange editor always welcomes anything that is fresh and clear; anything that does not smell musty and ancient. He has to wade through all kinds of literary attempts and when he runs across something full of originality and life his drooping spirit is refreshed. We found the Chapter II. of the "Illusion of the Moth" in the *Haverfordian*, very interesting and clear from start to finish. The author of "Jepson's

Jeopardy" executed his subject matter splendidly, but the scene of action was very dull and dreary. The only way we can account for this is to persuade ourselves that the writer was undergoing a severe attack of the blues.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of *The Comenian*, *The Dahlonga Collegian*, and *The Park School Gazette*.



LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

✓ Mr. Manuel Galdo, Sr., of Cardenas, Cuba, visited his two sons and daughter recently.

Mr. Babcock, of Washington, D. C., a member of the U. S. Bureau of Education, visited the college January 26.

Roland had a little love,
Then he had another,
Now he's got another one
And says he'll have no other.

Prof. J. (in Bib. Hist.)—"How is Mr. Benbow?" (No boys answered.)

Prof. J.—"The boys don't seem to know. Do any of the girls know?"

A. R.—"He's better."

Frances has a "beau" at last.

Prof. Hodgkin—"Edgar, did Bacon possess any versatility?"
Edgar—"Yes, sir, I think he wrote a few verses."

Miss Fields (in Fresh. Chem.)—"Does any one have a question he would like to ask?"

Chas. B.—"I don't understand my book."

E. Y. (in Eng. IV.)—"Prof. Hodgkin, what is the meaning of this verse?"

Prof. H.—"Miss E. haven't you been studying poetry long enough to know better than to ask the meaning of it?"

E. Y.—"Oh, excuse me, I didn't mean to ask you something you couldn't answer."

Prof. Carroll (in Soph. Hist.)—"Mattie, give us the description of Henry II.'s personal appearance."

Mattie—"Read-headed and ugly."

Prof. Carroll—"The terms are not synonymous, are they?"

Will W.—“I saw you with a girl Saturday night, didn't I?”

W. T.—“I guess so.”

Will W.—“Who was she?”

W. T.—“I didn't ask her name.”

Georgia M.—“What's that noise?”

Irma C.—“I believe it's some one coming up on the radiator.”

Bessie L.—“Why are you writing Jamestown, N. C., all over your tablet?”

Lillian C.—“Oh!—ah!—why that's Jamestown, Va., I'm writing.”

Prof. Kibler (in Botany)—“What is it that makes roots grow downward?”

Bertie Dix—“Mercury.”

Grace Hughes (calling roll in Zatasian Society)—“Yella Young.”

Prof. Hodgin (in Expression class)—“Braxton, you didn't get the right atmosphere. You must look real ugly when you read that passage.”

Braxton—“I don't know how.”

Prof. H.—“Well, look at me.”

First Delegate—“I just met that Miss Mendenhall with the dark hair. She's a teacher, isn't she?”

Second Delegate—“No, she's the matron.”

Olive Smith—“Where is that place in North Carolina called Bettydear?”

Berta Smith—“I don't know, I never heard of it.”

Olive S.—“Oh, you know that place where the Mary Whites come from.”

Mary M.—“Lizabel, what you got your umbrella up for?”

Lizabel—“Oh, isn't it raining?”

We have heard it oft indeed,
"If at first you don't succeed"—
And we've never seen it fail,
Until Pearson took the trail.
Fifteen girls each got a note
Which the brother Pearson wrote,
Asking, begging, pleading, praying
To "answer soon" without delaying.
He was asking for a date,
But alas! he came too late.
Each succeeding Saturday night
Left him in a sadder plight,
But may he still his hopes retain,
And—"try, try, again."



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The Cross (X) Mark on the border indicates that you have not paid your subscription. It is past due.

We have ordered a few extra copies of our Annual, "The Quaker," to be printed. If you have failed to send in your order you can possibly get one yet by notifying me at once.

C. C. SMITHDEAL, Manager



The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XXIII.

APRIL AND MAY, 1911.

NO. 7

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

Nowhere in the history of North Carolina with all her records of great and illustrious men do we find a man who equalled Governor William Alexander Graham, in his burning enthusiasm and eager ambition for the upbuilding of his native State. It glows in every line he wrote, in every word he uttered, and is in fact the keynote to his whole career. Well may it be said:

“He labored day and night in little things,
No less than large for his loved country's sake,
With patient hands that plodded while others slept.
Doing each day the best he might with vision
Firm fixed above kept pure by pure intent.”

Governor Graham was a member of that sturdy and virile race of Grahams formerly of Pennsylvania, but who later moved to Lincoln county, North Carolina, and formed one of her most noted and influential families. It was here on September the fourth, eighteen hundred and four, that he was born, inheriting from his father, Joseph Graham, honesty, integrity and unflinching loyalty to his native State. From his mother, a daughter of that distinguished Davidson family, he inherited much of his personal attractiveness and physical perfection. Educated at the best private schools the State could afford at that time and at the University, he by thorough and conscientious work brought to himself honor and intellectual power which have given him such renown and reputation as few men are truly able to possess. So well did young Graham equip himself at the University that John Norwood,

whose learning and high character were known throughout the State, said, "William Graham's collegiate career, in all its duties and obligations, was an epitome of his career upon the stage of the world. On the day when he graduated he could have filled any chair with honor to himself and acceptance to the republic."

On leaving the University he took up the study of law, determining to make this his profession in life. With such men as Judges Mangum and Ruffin, two of the most capable and well read men of his day, as instructors, he made rapid progress, so that soon he was able to take up the study of law. At the very outset one could see what the result would be, for endowed with excellent mental development, untiring industry, elegant and courteous manners, he could not fail but win success in the end.

Never was there a man held in higher esteem by the people with whom he worked, mingled and associated, for their was about him an innate refinement which lifted him above the common work-a-day world. So that, entering public life when North Carolina was in a state of retrogression, he was able by intelligent and persistent labor to lift the State out of such a condition. He made internal improvements, education of his people, and the preservation of the State's history, objects which he set himself to secure. He served two years as United States Senator and two administrations as Governor of North Carolina. During this time he was constantly striving to stimulate State and National pride by telling the people of the great deeds of their forefathers; he sought to enlighten them by diffusing the blessing of education among them, and to arouse them to effort by bringing the highways of commerce to their very doors. Through it all we see love of State and people showing itself in every act and deed he performed. We are glad to say that there never was a more diligent and faithful legislator and never a more diligent and faithful governor.

During the dark and discouraging days of the Civil War, when everything and everybody was suffering under persecutions of the worst kind, the Quakers, who were especially ill-

treated, found in Governor Graham a loyal supporter of their rights and beliefs. An attempt was made to pass an act to the effect that every man above sixteen years of age be required to publicly renounce allegiance to the United States. This was successfully opposed by some of the leading men of the day. Governor Graham, in his speech against it, most emphatically showed himself opposed to the ordinance.

The citizens of North Carolina are at present realizing that to stir up a proper State pride the records of the deeds and accomplishments of our forefathers should be preserved and not only their deeds and accomplishments, but their features in bronze and marble should be placed in our State capitol, for they see that the spirit of a people is the history of a people impersonated in the life of a people, and if there is no history there will be no spirit—therefore a historical commission has been appointed to gather up the records of our history, and recently it has placed in our State capitol, filling one of the eight niches of the rotunda, the statue of one of North Carolina's most famous men, one who has brought fame and glory to his native State—William Alexander Graham. We hope that soon his co-workers who have kept the spirit of the people unbroken through bad as well as good fortune, will come to take their places at his side.

We hope that the present generation of North Carolinians will take the standard of Governor Graham, for it is only with such men as leaders that North Carolina can make the best progressive movements. 'Tis true we now have men who appear to be working for the uplift and betterment of our State, but it stands out clear that it is not with such whole-hearted devotion as we have seen manifested in the work of our former Governor, for they are failing to arouse the interest of North Carolina's boys and girls in the welfare of their own State. As a result some of the State's best talent still persists in going to other parts of the Union to do their most effective work, causing a decrease in the high standard which our own State should hold among the States of the Union. We are standing in constant need of such men as William

Alexander Graham; therefore, boys and girls, let us stay in our own State, work for our own people; thus we will bring fame to our commonwealth and perhaps, unconsciously, as did our beloved Governor, win a place in the hearts of the people of our native State.

M. I. W., '12.



AT THE FOOT OF THE CATARACT.

The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the fountains rose above their leafy beds and rested in the atmosphere. Still that breathing silence, which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July, pervaded the secluded spot, where stood an Indian boy and his sister. While they were lingering on the banks of the river, earnestly engaged in conversation, a young warrior passed close by, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. Ignorant of the presence of the two behind him, he said, as if speaking to the river:

"What is to be done? I will never return to the cruel life my people lead! But where will I find friends?"

Not heeding the angry words of her brother, Darvendine approached the stranger and said: "We will aid you if you will promise one thing."

"Name it," he said.

"Never betray our tribe to that of the north," she replied.

"I am from the north, and am fleeing from my people because of their cruelty. I will try, by the aid of the Great Spirit, to be worthy of the trust placed in me."

"Then follow us," said the girl, leading the way to her own camp ground.

Thus Reynal came to be a member of the more civilized tribe of Laramine Valley. He was a noble-looking fellow, had not the same features as those of other Indians, and was free from the jealousy, suspicion, and cunning of his people. Reynal soon became a favorite. Even the Old Chief found that he could trust him.

Three years had passed since Darvendine, the pretty Indian girl, had conducted Reynal to her home. He had since been her true friend and companion. Many merry hours had they passed either along the banks of the river or racing over the swift waters in their little canoes. Darvendine appeared to

be the happiest girl in the peaceful valley of Laramine, always smiling and sweet, until a shadow fell across her path, arousing jealousy within her breast. She saw Reynal making love, as she thought, to her younger sister. Reynal noticed that she was losing her gay spirit and asked the reason. For answer she smiled sadly and left him. Struggle as she would with herself, Darvendine was helpless. Jealousy was eating her very strength and life away. In her dreams she could see another taking her place by Reynal's side. She now refused to race with him on the river. If she had only known the true cause of Reynal's conference with her sister, how different her life might have been.

It was all caused by the Old Chief, Davendine's father, who had said, in reply to Reynal's request for his daughter: "The most skilful marksman will get my daughter."

It was the custom for all youths desiring any favor of the chief to enter into a contest which would determine their skill. Thus those who desired the hand of Darvendine were come together. Reynal, with the aid of Darvendine's sister, had secretly planned it all, thinking that if he failed in skill as a marksman, Darvendine would never know what it cost him to give her to another. Her sister had consented to say nothing to her about it. The thought of Darvendine doubting him had never occurred to Reynal.

"Now let it be proved, in the face of these people, which is the better man," cried the chief.

One by one the young warriors aimed at the goal and lost. Darvendine, who had come out with others to see the shooting, saw Reynal fitting an arrow to his bow, with the utmost care, and said to those nearest her:

"What can the prize be? See how careful Reynal handles his bow."

"It is for the chief's youngest daughter," answered an old woman by her side.

Darvendine bowed her head in disappointment and for a moment struggled with her chagrin. Then elevating her rich features and beaming eyes she said, in tones scarcely less pen-

etrating than the unearthly voice of the old woman at her side:

"Tell me does Reynal love her?"

"He asked the chief for her," whispered the old woman.

Darvendine pressed her hands convulsively on her heart, and suffered her head to drop until her burning cheeks were nearly concealed in the maze of dark glossy tresses that fell in disorder upon her shoulders.

"Why, why, did he deceive me?" the old woman heard her say. "Why did he tell me he loved me?"

"'Twas done with Indian skill," Darvendine heard her father say and being unable to endure another word she crept behind the old woman and darted away. A beaten path, such as those made by the constant passage of the deer, wound through a little glen at no great distance, and led to the river bank. Down this path Darvendine sped. In her wild flight she did not hear her name called, nor did she know that Reynal had hastened after her as soon as he perceived her flight. On, on, she hastened to the river. Dashing away the tears that stood in her eyes, she spring into her little canoe.

"Darvendine, Darvendine," called Reynal entreatingly.

But she appeared to be dazed, and by the time Reynal had reached the bank, she was being borne away by the swift current. He looked in vain for a boat. At last he found one hidden among the willows. Then began a race of life and death.

Lower down, the river was confined between high and rugged rocks, one of which impended above the spot where the canoes passed. On, in, the little barks sped. Behind them the curvatures of banks soon bounded the view, by the dark and wooded outline; but in front, and apparently at no great distance, the waters seemed piled against the heavens. The frail canoes were now exposed to the fury of the stream. Reynal, in feverish suspense, saw Darvendine tossed here and there by the dashing waters. Many times he thought the whirling eddies were sweeping them to destruction. A long, and as it were, desperate effort seemed to close the struggle. Reynal veiled

his eyes in horror, for they were about to be swept into the vortex at the foot of the cataract. His suspense, however, was soon relieved, for the canoes shot into an eddy and flated at the side of a low rock. Both boats glided swiftly along for some distance, then both disappeared, seeming to vanish against the dark face of a perpendicular rock.

The moon had risen, and its light was already glancing here and there on the foaming water. Reynal, uninjured, could clearly see the little canoe tossing in the whirlpools at the foot of the cataract, but where was his little Indian girl?

The moon had reached its zenith, and was shedding its mild light perpendicularly on the lovely form of Darvendine peacefully resting on the cold hard rock a few feet from the foot of the cataract.

Reynal made his way slowly back to Laramine Valley. In a brave and war-like manner he told the Old Chief what had happened. But to remain there longer was to him impossible. The sudden change from the horrifying incident to the stillness that now reigned around him acted on the heated imagination of Reynal like some exciting dream. He turned his steps to the river. With the exception of the sounds produced by the rushing water, and an occasional breathing of the air, the scene was as still as night and solitude could make it. No longer able to resist the oppressive stillness Reynal waded far into the river and disappeared. He had gone to join Darvendine in the Happy Hunting Ground.

A. L.

SHAKESPEARE'S INTERPRETATION OF NATURE IN
THE WINTER'S TALE.

The drama is the last form of poetry to which we would turn in hope of finding rural objects and scenery described. Yet it is astonishing how much of this kind can be culled from a careful search through Shakespeare. This is especially true of the Winter's Tale. Being as it was among the very last of his plays, it must have been written after his retirement from the stage; for its unconscious emphasis of homely and rural simplicity, its vivid descriptions of scenes and objects, show us the poet enjoying his release from the artificial life of the city. The out-door character that pervades the greater part of the play gives to it a tone of buoyancy and enjoyment, and its true holiday spirit. Nowhere else has Shakespeare represented the simple life in the country, and he has here done it with a vigorous, healthy spirit. Here we see him mingling with his Stratford neighbors, the lads and lasses, at the sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond peddler's talk, delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens and buying them "fairings," telling goblin stories to the boys, and opening his heart afresh to all the innocent mirth and the beauty of nature around him.

Though Shakespeare sometimes describes, in a general way, countires he had never seen, as in the exquisite description of Sicily in "Th Winter's Tale,"

"The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears"—

yet whenever he descends to details of country life and scenery, as he so often does, every word bears the stamp of having been brought, not from books, but from what his own eyes had seen in the neighborhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. How familiar he was with the garden and all its processes is shown in a speech of one of his characters—

"You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bred of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature."

Though garden flowers—such garden flowers as were cultivated in his time—are not passed over, yet much more noteworthy is the living way in which Shakespeare dwells, or rather makes his characters dwell, on the field flowers. Almost every wild-flower that is to be found at this day in the meadows and woods by Avon side looks out from some part or other of his poetry. We have an instance of this in the wonderful scene where Perdita presiding at the sheep-shearing feast sorts the flowers she has gathered to the age of the guests, "flowers of winter, rosemary and rue, to the elders, to men of middle age flowers of middle summer—

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping;"

And for her fairest friend—

"I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day;
Daffodils, that come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!"

There are a great many passages scattered throughout his works, some of them the most beautiful that he ever wrote, in which, no particular tree, herb, or flower is mentioned by

name, but show his intimate knowledge of plants and gardening and his affection for them. It is from these passages, even more than from those in which particular flowers are named, that we learn how thoroughly his early country life had permanently marked his character, and how his whole spirit was naturally colored by it. Numberless allusions to flowers and their culture prove that his boyhood and early manhood were spent in the country, and that as he passed through the parks, fields and lanes of his native country, or spent pleasant days in the gardens and orchards of the manor-houses and farm-houses of the neighborhood, his eyes and ears were open to all the sights and sounds of a healthy country life, and he was, perhaps unconsciously, laying up in his memory a goodly store of pleasant pictures and homely country talk, to be introduced in his own wonderful way in tragedies and comedies, which, while often professedly treating of very different times and countries, have really given us some of the most beautiful pictures of the country life of the Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time, drawn with all the freshness and simplicity that can only come from a real love of the subject. "Flowers I noted," is his own account of himself, and with what love he noted them and with what careful fidelity he wrote of them is shown in every play he published, and almost in every act and every scene.

On the whole, though Shakespeare never set himself formally to study or describe external nature, his descriptions of rural scenes and objects are never elaborate but they are given with rapid strokes, and side-glances, vivid, penetrating, intense, thrown off from the heat by an imagination brooding mainly over human interests and emotions. And after all, that view of nature is the truest, healthiest, manliest, which does not pore or moralize over her appearances, but keeps them in the background, putting man into the foreground and making him the central object. As man and nature stand over against each other, and are made each for each, it may be that not apart from man, with his emotions and destinies, can nature be rightly conceived and portrayed.

E. V. S., '12.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN AS A LEADER.

Time was when the essence of a girl's learning consisted in her being useful or ornamental or both. Boys were taught to work for success; the majority of girls were forced by circumstances and education merely to court it. Not so very long ago mankind argued quite seriously that all was fair in love and war. Man has long since ceased to live by war; but woman continued to be restricted to love, to a life of rivalry with her sex. Woman was found to be skilled in learning as well as man, and that her education should afford her opportunities for development. Realizing this, women colleges were founded.

"Woman goes to college that she may go from college," Mr. Charles Thuing, president of the Woman College at Cleveland, once said. Woman goes to college that she may thereby the more readily become not an able scholar, but a capable woman, that she may go from college, the more completely equipped. Colleges for women have been found not so much that they love learning, as because they prize the efficiency which learning develops.

The college has made woman different from other people, and fitted her for a highly useful and honorable service to the world. The college has given her something which the rest of the world has not, that of leadership. Giving back to the world the fruits of her labor in ways promoting its highest welfare.

In this progressive age the college woman is more than ever the leader of the world. Mind leads the world, and is the ruler of the world and its great works. The mind that leads the world is not simply developed into intellectual perfection, but it is that mind which, perfected and strengthened, given symmetry and vigor, is also made thoroughly at one with the world. It is not enough that a woman be a scholar; nor is it enough that she shall represent the highest culture and possess the most vigorous brain; nor can learning, even united

with wisdom and culture, however magnificent give leadership in this world.

As a leader woman must have a strong and intimate connection with those who are to be lead. If this unison between them be assured the true leader gains and holds her leadership by the exercise of her power and unequaled tact and judgment; these united confer leadership. Now that college woman is different from other people must be forgot in a way. She is not to be conscious of being different from other people in the sense of superiority, the disposition to look down upon those who are not blessed as she, this is highly injurious to usefulness. On the contrary, she is to think and look upon the other classes around her and respect and reverence what they may be contributing as highly as she respects and reverences her own. She must win her way, forget she is different, and make their interests hers. She must so keep in touch with those around that they will welcome and appreciate her as the exalted of their sisters. She will be the exalted then in her own usefulness and in the honor they will bestow on her and the class of women she represents.

On the other hand, if she dare to think herself as superior to them, if she draw herself apart, they will hate her, and despise her, and ridicule her, and her leadership is lost. Many a one has started out with high hopes, splendid promises and efficiency only to lose her hold just here, falling back into a life unfruitful as judged by the usual standard. Yet such a woman may be the grander character. Her character may ripen, her work ennoble her and those about her. It is the spirit of the woman that has that determination to make all opportunities fruitful no matter in what work she may be engaged.

Not all women can be leaders, but many may become leaders who are not if they will be the true modest woman who always finds in the world outside, and in other people something good as herself or better. This is the kind of a leader the world needs. The woman who is to succeed in the new and modern world must have more than ever before the tact

of seeing good in others. Highest success will come only to those who have more of this spirit.

Today the educated woman is taking her place in the world, and her chances of success have long been vastly greater in all directions than the uneducated. The average woman in the days to come will see opening before her the largest and most attractive opportunities for leadership. The college woman is to find her way into prominent places as never before. They are to be the leaders in every department of life. There lies ahead for every one a career of full accomplishment of honor and usefulness to the world, if she will use her talents and power to her utmost capacity.

Today the watchword should be ambition and determination to make the best and most of opportunity, and seek to make the world better and happier.

M. R. L., '12.



THE PRIZE.

"Say, fellows, did you know Harry Mason is going to leave college? I'm glad of it, for that'll take him out of the race for the prize; he always wins in everything, you know."

This remark was made by one of a group of Juniors who stood chatting on the campus. The speaker, Jack Hanes, was a classmate of Mason's, but, obviously, that fact did not influence his liking for the boy. Harry and Jack were old rivals, and Harry, the year before, had carried off the Peabody medal for oratory "with Jack Hanes a close second."

A few weeks previously the president of Eastern College had announced a prize offer of \$100 made by the class of 1895 for the best essay on Municipal Government, written by a member of the Junior class. Six of the Juniors, including Mason and Hanes, had expressed their wish to compete for this prize.

Harry Mason was not an unusually brilliant boy and was certainly not popular among the students, but he was an ambitious and a hard-working boy. To the casual observer, there was nothing striking about his appearance. Yet his firm expression and well-poised head revealed to those who really observed him a character whose sterling qualities were dauntless courage and untiring will-power. Being the only son of a widowed mother who had not been left with a large income, he had to assume great responsibility. For the two and a half years that he had been in school his mother and little sister had denied themselves many comforts in order that he might be aided by the small sum received from their half-dozen boarders. Harry, too, was helping himself by doing odd jobs at the college.

He had done splendid work and was intending to graduate. But now his hopes seemed completely shattered. A letter had come saying that he must return home on account of the serious illness of his mother. The sister's weak eyes, too, had become very much worse. As Harry hastened to get ready to leave, the thought of his misfortune—having to leave college—

together with the knowledge of his mother's sickness, seemed almost too much for him—and the prize—the prize he had set his heart on winning, how could it be forgotten!

When Harry got home he found the mother's condition really worse than he had expected, and conditions of the home were very discouraging. But he must seek employment. A bookkeeper was wanted just at this time at the mill in the little village. This place he immediately sought and secured.

Two weeks had passed since his return, during which he had worked steadily—staying in the office most of the day and sitting up with his mother until late at night. The thoughts of school, his classmates, the prize, had been constantly in his mind. The essay he had outlined mentally in his reflective moments.

Finally one day as he sat at his desk there came to him the thought of borrowing money and getting some one to stay with his mother. Immediately he decided to appeal that very afternoon to a man whom he knew well able to lend the money. With this new determination he turned to his books and began his work with greater effort.

As he sat poring over a long column of figures, some one bounded into the door of the little office, rushed to Harry's desk and laid a letter on the open ledger. Harry turned to see his little sister and hear her exclaim: "O, Harry, here's a letter for you—from some strange place that you certainly never heard from before, I know. I want to hear you read it but can't stay away from mother any longer. With these words Edith hurried away and left Harry to discover the contents of the strange letter alone. He opened it and read:

Dear Harry: You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me, but I have heard from President McLaurin of your splendid career thus far at Eastern College and I am anxious for you to finish your course there. If you wish to return I will pay your way for the rest of the time and will give you a position when you are through. My daughter will stay with your mother during your absence, and take charge of the house. Hastily,

Your Uncle,

WALTER GRAHAM.

For a moment Harry sat in awe-stricken silence, unable to grasp the situation. Was this really the uncle out west who, since acquiring considerable money, had had little to do with his less fortunate relatives? Surely the dreams of the past few weeks were actually going to be realized. Harry at once informed his employer of his desire to return to college—then hastened home to his mother and Edith, who were anxiously waiting to hear about the letter.

Just a week from that day Harry departed from home to resume his studies, leaving mother and sister happy because of his good fortune and because of the tender care given them by the gentle cousin who had come to live with them.

His return was not a cause for much rejoicing among the students—in fact a very few had felt his absence. Jack's greeting, when by mere chance they met, rang with a note of coldness and indifference. Harry found it difficult to get in line of work again and it seemed that the prize essay must be given up along with other unnecessary work. But how could he do that when his whole heart was set on it, and that prize (should he be the winner) was to be Edith's. It had been rumored among the students that his extra work would prevent his entering the contest again, and of course it was quite natural for everybody to think this. But Harry was a master of difficulties. With another thought of his use of the prize-money he made a final decision to work for it. He would continue to keep it a secret from his mother and Edith as well as from the other students.

Commencement day of that year was a notable one in the college history. The large hall was crowded with friends and relatives who had gathered to hear the final program of the largest class that had ever finished and one with an exceptional record. Among the happy students that day perhaps no one was happier than Harry as he sat between mother and sister, his face beaming with pride and joy.

At the close of the splendid program the president arose to announce the prizes won during the year. As he finished with

this, "The prize of \$100 for the best essay on Municipal Government was won by Mr. Harry Mason," the moment's silence was followed by a burst of applause that shook the entire house. Expressions of mingled surprise, disappointment, and delight swept over the audience. The mother's delight at this moment was too great to be suppressed. Little Edith could only exclaim, "O Harry, I am so happy. Now you can take that long-wished-for trip this summer."

Harry was showered with congratulations to which he responded in his modest and dignified way. "You'll have that hunting outfit now won't you?" "Say, Harry, don't forget the trip planned to the beach this summer; you know Sadie Allen is to be there." "That will be a splendid start for your bank account." Amid this flow of rapid suggestions from his friends a voice strangely familiar called to Harry and he listened with suppressed amusement to Jack say: "Harry, old boy, I'm glad you won. That hundred will come in good for all the shows you want to take in next year, won't it?"

When the crowd had passed on, Harry whispered something to his mother, then drawing Edith aside he said tenderly: "Sister, the prize is yours to be used as you wish."

"You dear, good brother! Now I can go to Boston and have my eyes treated."

Edith clasped her arms around her brother's neck, while tears of joy trickled down her little cheeks.

THE CARDINAL POLICY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

Every nation which has ever arisen to any prominence in the world's history has attained that prominence by its adherence to one cardinal policy. England, during her infancy, for centuries maintained the policy of the balance of power and by it rose to world prominence. Germany, having no insular possessions and being surrounded by strong nations clung strictly to the policy of internal development and has therefore grown to be a strong centralized nation. The United States is no exception to this rule. The policy by which we have attained world prominence is no less than the policy of non-intervention in European political affairs and its logical associate, non-intervention by Europe in American affairs.

The formal enunciation of this policy was made by James Monroe in 1823 and is known as "The Monroe Doctrine." The policy, however, had existed from the time of Washington's presidency, but as a nation we made no formal declaration of the same until in 1823 when the Holy Alliance, which was a confederation of Russia, Prussia, France and Spain was planning the restoration of the South American countries to their mother country, Spain. It was against this confederation and in the ears of the entire world that James Monroe proclaimed the policy which the United States had been silently maintaining from her infancy.

The policy of the Monroe Doctrine has not, however, remained the same in its applications. The policy as enunciated by James Monroe, differs distinctly from the application of the present day policy, yet the principles underlying it have always remained the same. The original import of it was no more than a mere notice to Europe not to meddle in American affairs, but as our nation advanced and grew more powerful the scope of this policy alike increased. President Polk enlarged it so that it prohibited the transfer of American territory to an European power. Another addition was made by President Cleveland which compels European nations to ac-

cept arbitration in American boundary disputes. It was President Roosevelt, however, who made the policy more practical by declaring to the powers that their just claims on the South American countries would be met and also by informing those countries that they must live up to their obligations or the United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, would be compelled to take an active part in their affairs. Thus has the policy been changed and added to, each change and addition being a direct result of the advancement, progress, and enlightenment of the world.

Now let us notice some reasons why this policy is the cardinal policy of America and in the first place let us examine the underlying principles. These principles we find to be two in number, the one the principle of national safety or self-defence, the other the altruistic principle of guardianship over South America. The matter of self-defense is of primal importance to any country and undoubtedly no other policy which we as a nation have pursued has been more intimately connected with our national safety than this policy. It was called into existence for this purpose and has been used on various occasions when this principle was involved each time resulting favorably. The other principle of fraternal guardianship, while of a secondary nature at times, has all the while had its influence on our nation. The fact that the United States was able to say to the world that we will protect our South American neighbors was no insignificant statement and the enforcement of the same has required no small amount of work on our part. And it is also worthy of our note that the United States is the only nation with the probable exception of England, which has had the welfare of others in view as well as their own. The policy, therefore, that embodies the principle of self-defense, and more than that, extends its interests by incorporating the welfare of others, cannot have broader or more comprehensive basic principles. And the policy of the Monroe Doctrine, embodying these two fundamental principles must be, unless misused, of first importance in our diplomatic relationship to other countries.

Now the practical side presents itself for consideration.

Have these principles in practice proved of a beneficial nature both to our own country and the other powers affected by them? Let us see. In 1865 the ruler of France decided that he needed Mexico and began to act upon his decision until the United States informed the gentleman that we would not allow such, thereby saving Mexico and protecting ourself from the danger of having an imperial government as a near neighbor. Again in 1893 an European squadron attempted to blockade Rio de Janeiro, and had it not been for active steps on the part of our fleet would have succeeded. At another time Great Britain attempted to slice Venezuela, but was forbidden to do so by our government. And although it caused some ill-feeling between the United States and Great Britain at that time, the later effects of it have been entirely bnificial to both countries. Besides these instances the policy of the Monroe Doctrine saved the Panama Canal from European control. So far theses instances have shown that the United States has protected South America and North America as well from the encroachments of the European powers. But it has done more than this. It has compelled the South American Republics to meet their just debts, for at one time our government took charge of the revenues of Santo Domingo until the demands of the European creditor nations were entirely met. Yet this was done in such a way that no ill-will was aroused against our government in Santo Domingo. These few examples will serve to show how the principles of this policy have worked in practice. To say that in use the policy is practical and satisfactory to all parties would not be too much, for such it has been and will continue to be so long as we have practical men at the helm of the state. In practice thus far we see that it has proved to be a great policy.

The last fact that lends evidence that this policy is the cardinal policy of American diplomacy is the relationship the people bear toward it. In a country like this where each man is trained to think independently of every other man we naturally have a very decided difference of opinion when a question of national significance is presented. This is well illustrated by the tariff question. Here we find a strong following declar-

ing for high tariff, believing that without it our manufacturers will be crushed out by foreign goods. On the other hand we have nearly as strong a number as zealously working for the reduction of the high tariff as we have working for its maintenance. So it is on most important questions of national policy, but we find no such division of opinion as regards the policy of the Monroe Doctrine. Even from its earliest existence all parties accepted it. Federalist and anti-federalist in times past and now Republican and Democrat gather around it; all support it; all adhere to it. Every president, regardless of party, in whose administration a question has arisen concerning it has reaffirmed and if necessary has extended it. And when Congress granted appropriations for the expenses of the commission proposed by Cleveland to settle the Venezuelan dispute it added its official sanction thereto. It is indeed a policy which has grown to be a part of the life and thought of the American people. Search as we may the annals of American history still we will fail to find a policy which has always had the sanction and support of the entire public to the extent that this policy has had. And this is not because the policy is unimportant for there is perhaps no other national policy which carries with it more responsibility than does this one. The only practical explanation therefore for the almost unanimous support accorded this policy is that it is the policy of American diplomacy.

Thus we have noticed the policy of the Monroe doctrine from three standpoints with the result that each one points to this policy as the cardinal policy of American diplomacy. The basic principles make it such in theory; the practical applications of it term it as such, and the almost unanimous support of all parties and people of America assign it the foremost place. With such facts as these before us we are convinced that this is true and the duty of the American today should be to continue it as such.

JOHN B. WOOSLEY, '12.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

At our regular quarterly business meeting on the evening of March the 9th, the new officers for 1911-12 were elected as follows: President, Mary Isabella White; vice-president, Callie Irene Nance; secretary, Elva Strickland; treasurer, Mary Elizabeth Cox. A few days later the chairmen of the different committees were appointed and committee members were chosen. The new cabinet finding the work in good shape has not found it difficult to fall in line with its duties. The former cabinet with unswerving effort and loyal devotion to the Association has been the means of causing the Association to make steady progress in the college. We are earnestly praying that it may continue to go forward in the coming year. But this we realize can not be the case unless each girl enters into the work with a determination and zeal to accomplish great things by looking unto Christ our Lord from whom cometh power and strength.

The work done by the Bible Study department is quite encouraging. We find that the plan of having the Association Bible classes in place of Sabbath school works well and we are hoping that the faculty will allow us to continue the plan.

The Mission Study classes finished their work three weeks ago and now each leader is with the aid of her class members giving us at our Thursday evening prayer meetings brief and concise summaries which show to a certain extent the work which has been done in the past five months. We are striving to do everything possible to cause the girls to become more interested in mission work since we know there is a great need in this field. The chairman of this committee is now arranging the leaders and courses for next year.

The religious meetings committee has the leaders all planned for the rest of the term. We have had some splendid meetings with good attendance which has been encouraging to those in charge. We are looking forward with even greater

anticipation to the meetings that are to follow since here it is that we find much help and strength.

On the 13th of May we are going to give a play from which we hope to realize a good profit for our Asheville conference fund. To this conference we expect to send at least four delegates, if not six, to bring back to us in the fall new life, inspiration and higher aspirations. The good derived from these conferences is such that every girl who has it within her power to go should now begin to plan for it without further hesitation.

Our athletic manager has been enthusiastically and energetically working trying to get in readiness the tennis courts and croquet grounds. Although hindered by bad weather she has done much and soon in the coming spring days we shall see the girls developing the physical side of their lives by making use of their athletic ability.

The year is fast drawing to a close and we are desirous of accomplishing many things before the end, which we can do only by the hearty co-operation of every member of the Association.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The past month or so has brought nothing of the unusual to the forefront, but good consistent work has been done. In fact the unusual has not been aimed at, the cabinet preferring a month or so of quiet, persistent effort. The weekly prayer meetings are well attended and considerable interest is shown in them. The leaders for the most part have been either students or members of the faculty, those who come in close contact with the students in their everyday life and hence the subject dealt upon have been practical and appropriate. The Bible study committee reports a little decrease in attendance which is probably due to inclination of the students to be out on the campus these spring days. The mission classes are still actively engaged in interesting work in that line. And in fact every phase of activity seems to be well organized and running smoothly.

The religious meeting committee now have a plan for a series of talks on the chance of life work which we trust can be successfully carried out. Several other subjects equally as practical are also being planned.

Interest is being aroused in the summer conference. Several men are making plans to attend the conference this year. We cannot fall back in this, for the quality of our next year's work will depend in a large measure upon the amount of stimulus our leaders get at this summer conference. Every one who is expecting to lead a class of any kind should stretch every nerve in order to be present at this conference and thus receive the necessary training. Not only ought the leaders be there but the students as well. Guilford must maintain her record on this score. Let us all get behind and push and pray and work.

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NO. 7

Editorials.

The following editors of this the Junior number of THE COLLEGIAN, Chief, H. S. Sawyer, Mary I. White, Associate J. H. Lassiter and Cassie Mendenhall, wish to express their appreciation to all members of the class for their untiring efforts in this publication of our college magazine. To our readers we wish to present a happy, joyful, spring-time greeting. The time is now approaching when, as John Charles McNeill says:

"A thousand roses will blossom red
A thousand hearts beat gay,
For the summer lingers just ahead
And June is on her way."

Who Are We? Unless we can meet the challenge
What Do We Know? of life as it puts to us these three
What Can We Do? searching questions we cannot absolutely understand what life really is or how to use it, or we are likely to float on its great tides without any check whatever, tossed hither and thither with no definite harbor in view.

Here at college we have a most beautiful opportunity to begin to answer these three all-important questions. "What Are We?" comes to us over and over again. We are what we love, believe and think. If we love truth and nobility we shall sooner or later become true and in spite of much stumbling and faltering we shall climb to the heights where dwell truth and nobility, above the strife for place and power, above low aims and self-seeking. If we believe and think high and noble thoughts our characters will eventually prove this for character and that alone is belief.

What do we know? Do we know how to command and control ourselves? Do we know how to think clearly, coolly and courageously? Do we know how to inspire, console, and help those less fortunate than we are? In learning how to accomplish these things in our college life we shall have grasped much for our future welfare.

What can we do? Not what we should like to do nor what we are willing to do, but what can we do with skill, power and strength. We may know hundreds of things but what can we do with them? This is the question life puts to us all. To what service can we dedicate our gifts? They must pass into action before they can reach their full growth. The world of beauty and truth about us is not made by those who dream.

Beyond feeling, thought and knowledge is action. What can we do? means how much of a man or woman are we going to be? Are we going to count as a force in the world or are we going to join the innumerable army of the negligible? We are constantly faced by the question, What are we? What do we know? and What can we do? So while we are young and at college with splendid advantages let us so educate ourselves in order that we may not hesitate and falter in answering them, but be ready to meet them with a valiant mind and steady eye.

Cheerfulness. Of all the good gifts which ever came out of the wallet of the Fairy Godmother, the gift of natural gladness is the greatest and best. It is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. It is to the soul what health is to the body, what sanity is to the mind, the test of normality. Next to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is a deliberate and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift.

How many of us, though, go through our college days performing the duties of each returning day in a mechanical and worried way with only the purpose in view of getting them finished rather than receiving any real and permanent good, thinking that perhaps in the future we may enjoy the results when now is the time we should be reaping the benefits.

While on the other hand, if we should perform our duties with joyous zeal, letting cheerfulness abound with duty, we could no dore in the same time—do it better, and persevere longer. Duties performed in this manner, will not only be giving us pleasure now, but be storing up good results to be reaped in after life. If our work is performed in any other way we will not only be robbing ourselves of present pleasures, but also future good, because efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful

from very gladness, beautiful because bright. One is scarcely sensitive of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they resolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness and its powers of endurance in helping us perform our duties.

We as students, however, may look upon this gift of cheeriness in contributing to the happiness of others as well as helping us in our work. A cheerful mind is disposed to be kind and obliging, and also raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A student finds himself inspired, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companions. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices and naturally flows out in friendship and benevolence toward the person who has so kindly an effect upon it. Cheerfulness is catching and if you go around with a thoroughly developed case your neighbor will be sure to get it. This is an epidemic which all want, for:

“God blesses the good natured and they bless everybody.”

Public Education in Religion. We American people boast of our religious freedom; we are proud of the fact that church and state are divided, and we like to see them running smoothly in their own respective channels. We give the state certain functions to perform and place some things under the care of the church. The question is constantly arising as to which institution certain functions should be intrusted. There is often a mean between the two, and both church and state have useful parts in looking after some important affairs. If this tendency could be increased, without seriously breaking into our existing social order, much more could be accomplished by the efforts of each. Perhaps there is no better illustration of this fact than our educational system, which is entirely under the supervision of the state. The state authorities, when providing for the education of the children of our land, usually think only of their material wel-

fare. They arrange a splendid course of study for mental development, and try to make it possible for all children to take advantage of this opportunity; but can it be the best kind of development without some definite knowledge of the Bible and its great teachings? This phase of education, however, is left entirely with the church, and the church has nothing whatever to do with selecting the studies pursued in our public schools. Hence there is a great chasm between our church and state, in developing the young life of our country. This cannot be done well without the assistance of both, and they have not yet found a medium. The church has no legal right to step forward; the state has not done so. As a result the public school training is not what it should be, and what it might be if this chasm could be filled. Sunday schools are trying to fill it; Christian teachers do all they can to fill it; various Christian organizations are accomplishing a great deal toward that end; but there can be no ideal solution of the problem, until the state recognizes its importance and acts accordingly.

The religious influence is better cared for in the colleges and universities but even there it could be improved. Many denominational colleges and high schools have been established throughout the country—of which North Carolina has her share. These institutions, properly managed, contribute much to the moral, as well as to the physical and mental development of our young men and women. These schools not only have good Christian instructors, but some of them have already recognized the importance of including a certain amount of Biblical work in their curriculum; while others yet intrust this important phase of the student's development to the Sunday school, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., with such other religious influences as may chance to fall upon them. These Christian influences do an untold amount of good, but they can not be efficient within themselves while other influences have a stronger hold upon the student. They are much more efficient where they have the co-operation of the college or university.

ATHLETICS.

Guilford has always stood for the development of the physical man as well as the moral and intellectual man. Perhaps every man in college cannot make a varsity team, but every man can help these teams; and there is not much excuse for an able-bodied man's not making the team at some time during his four years in a small college. The team needs help in many ways. It needs some good, hard practice to enable it to win when it goes up against a tough proposition—such as some of our boys have met this year. If a game is being played where the students can attend, the men who are representing our college need the assistance of the bleachers. There are numerous ways by which every man can help to win the game, even if he is not at the bat, or on the gridiron.

Playing on the teams and winning games, however, are not the most important things connected with college athletics; they do much good in the way of creating college spirit and loyalty. But the primary purpose is to develop men. A man cannot spend his entire time on books and hope to get all there is in college life for him. In the first place he cannot get what there is in books for him, unless he takes a reasonable amount of exercise, and thereby keep his body in good shape and his mind clear. Furthermore one learns something of how to get along with one's fellows by being thrown with them on the athletic field. It is not every man who possesses the happy way of getting along with men of which Joseph Addison was master; and if there is anything more important than to make good in class work, it surely must be to learn this art. Therefore good clean athletics not only helps to develop a man physically, but also in other important phases of life.

BASEBALL.

Baseball has been somewhat handicapped this spring because of so much bad weather. The diamond has been moved and the present situation is affected by rain much more than

the old diamond was. Hence the team was late about getting into shape. But by the persistent efforts of the coach, Professor A. W. Hobbs, and Captain Doak, with much hard work on the part of those who were trying for the team we have a fairly good team. Professor Hobbs has proved himself an efficient baseball coach as well as a good teacher.

The team is composed of the same men that composed it last year, with one or two exceptions. Stuart is again making a good record behind the bat. Very few men steal second on him; and "Lengthy" never puts on more steam than he can collect in his mitt. Shore is the only old pitcher back this year. He is showing up well. Sellars and Fike are doing part of the twirling. Bob. Edwards, "Hercules," is holding down the first, and the rest of the infield is the same as last year. Davis and Nelson of last year's team show up all right in the field, and Redding Thompson, a new man, shows up well for an outfield position.

For several years our men have planned a trip to Virginia, but for some reason or other they have always been prevented from making it. This year, however, they will take a short trip of three or four days, during which time they are to play Roanoke College, Roanoke club, and V. P. I.

Manager Woosley arranged a good schedule, and hoped for a successful season, but the schedule has already been broken into very much by rain. Of the nine games which were to have been played up to the present time, four have been rained out. They were: Lafayette at Guilford, March 29; Bingham at Guilford, March 27; Elon College at Guilford, April 5; and Carolina at Greensboro April 15.

The first game of the season was played at Greensboro March 30, with Lafayette. Score, 7-4 in favor of Lafayette. Shore pitched. The second game, March 31, with Atlantic Christian College at Guilford. Score, 8-5, for Guilford. Sellars pitched. The next game was at Raleigh with A. & M. Score, 5-2 for A. & M. Shore pitched. Richmond College played here April 13. Shore and Fike pitched. It promised to be a shut out game, but by a little tough luck a ball passed third base and let a man in. Score 11-1 for Guilford. The next game played

was that with Davidson on Easter Monday. The Guilford students, as well as all those who are interested in baseball at Guilford, always look forward to this game with anxious expectation; since it is usually the most hotly contested game of the season; and it has been played for so long at that time that we have come to consider it as a part of our Easter holiday. Monday, April 17, was a splendid day for the game, and about eight hundred people were eagerly looking on. It seemed doubtful for a long time which side would win the day. There was no scoring until the last part of the sixth inning. Moore got on first, Stuart got a two bagger, Thompson got on first and by an error on Davidson, Moore scored. Davidson scored in the seventh inning. Then the fight came sure enough. In the eighth inning Doak got a three-bagger and scored two men for Guilford. There was no more scoring on either side. Many times during the game Shore showed his ability to pull out of a hole, and being backed up by all the team he seemed to have little trouble in winning the game. Both teams played well. Score 3-1. This is the fifth Easter Monday that the Crimson and Gray have won over the Black and Red.

TRACK.

If there is any phase of athletics in which every man has a chance to take part it is track. There is no reason why every man who is physically able to get out and run should not do so, unless he is engaged in other athletics. He can get some good exercise in a short time, and he can, if competent of doing so, make the team by sheer force of his own strength. He has no chance to say, "O, well I can't make that team; the captain don't like me." He can get out and run. If he can beat the other man and do it continuously he has made the team. Perhaps he cannot run, but has a special tact for throwing the heavy weights. If he can throw the hammer two feet further than the next best man he has made the team. The same is true in all the different phases of track work, and a man never knows what he can do until he tries something. Perhaps it is because of the fact that track work is the most

satisfactory form of athletics, in that it gives every man a chance to make good somewhere, that it is gradually forging its way to the front ranks in the college athletics of North Carolina.

Last year Guilford had a very small and unsatisfactory track; yet it afforded much opportunity for men, who did not play baseball or tennis to take an important part in athletics, and caused the student body as well as the faculty to realize more fully than ever before the fact that we needed a good track. Therefore through the efforts of Manager Smithdeal, Prof. Hobbs, Prof. Carroll and many others, with the assistance of the students the alumni and other friends of Guilford, we have a good quarter-mile track completed. It is a valuable asset to the athletic life here, and we hope it will be the center of much athletic activity in the future.

Our first meet on the new track was held with Davidson April 1 and resulted in a victory for Guilford. Davidson had a good team, and when they started off with first, second and third places in the first event it appeared that our team was only giving the dash men ordinary practice; but when we reached the heavy-weight and long distances the Guilford men began to raise the score. The Davidson men were not only good athletes, but they impressed the student body at this place as being fine young fellows. The results of the meet were as follows:

Hundred yards—Davidson all three places; Watson first, time 10 1-4 seconds.

Pole Vault—Davidson first; Kerr, height, 10 feet; Guilford second and third.

Hammer Throw—Guilford first; Johnson, distance, 100 feet 9 inches. Davidson second and third.

Four-forty yards—Davidson first; Mann, time, 58 3-5 seconds; Guilford the other two.

Broad Jump—Guilford first, second and third. Taylor first, distance, 18 feet 8 1-2 inches.

Eighty-eight yards—Guilford first and second; Nelson first, time 2 min., 24 seconds.

Low Hurdles—Guilford first and second; Winslow first, time 29 seconds.

Shot Put—Guilford won all three places, first, Edwards, distance, 36 feet 5 inches.

High Jump—Davidson first and second; Johnson first, distance 5 feet 2 1-2 inches.

Two-twenty—Davidson first and second; first Fuller; time 25.2 second.

Discus—Guilford first, Ernest More, distance, 102 feet 9 1-2 inches; Davidson other two places.

Mile—Guilford all three places; Nelson first, time 5 minutes 3 2-5 seconds.

High Hurdles—Davidson, Kerr, time (?) Guilford other two places.

Guilford won seven first places, Davidson six, final score was 66-50.

Our team was to have met A. & M. at Guilford April 6, but because of rain the meet was called off. It hopes to meet A. & M. men later in the season.

The next meet was with Wake Forest. The track team left on the morning of April 10, went to Raleigh, stayed over there and saw the baseball game between Guilford and A. & M. that afternoon, then went to Wake Forest and had the meet April 11. Wake Forest won by a score of 58-47. The results were as follows:

Hundred yards—Wake Forest, first and second; first, Murchison; time 10 1-10 seconds.

Hammer—Guilford first; Johnson, distance 102 feet, 3 inch. Wake Forest won second and third.

Pole Vault—Perkins, of Guilford, vaulted higher than any one, but he only won third place, since Winslow, Guilford, won first; Davis, Guilford, second, while Perkins and a Wake Forest man tied for third. Then while they worked off the tie they went higher than any one had gone before.

Two-twenty yards—Wake Forest first and second; first, Tyner, time 24 2-5 seconds.

Shot Put—Guilford first and second; Edward first, distance 35 feet 2 inches.

High Jump—Wake Forest won all three places; first, Hutchins, height 5 feet 5 inches.

Half Mile—Wake Forest first; Davis, time, 2 minutes, 19 seconds. Second place tied.

Low Hurdle—Wake Forest, first; Hutchins, time 26 2-5 seconds. Guilford second and third.

Broad Jump—Guilford first; Taylor, distance, 19 feet 7 in. Wake Forest second and third.

High Hurdles—Wake Forest first and third. Hutchins first 16 2-5 seconds.

Four-forty yards—Wake Forest first place; Murchison, time 54 3-5 seconds. Guilford second and third.

Mile—Wake Forest second; Guilford first and third; first, Nelson, 5 minutes, 23 seconds.

One of the features of the meet was "Uncle Sam's" running away with Wake Forest's fancy mile man.

Many of our men deserve mention because of their good work on the track team. John Winslow is about the best all-around man we have. He does not shine so much in first places, but he is always there when it takes endurance. He is winning more points than any one else. "Beef" Johnson is standing well in hammer throwing. S. S. Nelson is taking off the long runs, and George Perkins is doing some good vaulting. In the interclass meet, Briggs promised to rank as one of the fanciest men in the State on the dashes, but owing to a severe attack of laryngitis he has not been able to take part in any of the meets. But we hope he will be ready for business at the next one. Several other men are doing excellent work.

The splendid efforts of Captain Taylor and Manager Smith-deal cannot be overlooked. The good showing of the team is due largely to their efforts.

We were glad to have representatives from four high schools meet on our track April 1. Kernersville, Jamestown, High Point and Friendship sent men to this meet. They showed up well; some of them did excellent work. These men were contesting for a beautiful silver cup. Jamestown was the successful school, and its representatives carried the cup home with them.

Hundred Yards—First, Charles Matton, High Point; time 11 1-5 seconds; second, Frank Clark, Jamestown; third, James Teague, Kernersville.

Mile—First, Hazel Patterson, Friendship, time 5 minutes, 23 seconds; second, Otis Bundy, Jamestown.

Two-twenty Yards—First, Walter Clark, Jamestown; time, 25 3-10 seconds; second, Deek Smith, High Point; third, Ernest Shoffner, Friendship.

Shot Put—First, Will Futrell, Jamestown, distance, 34 feet, 2 1-2 inches; second, L. Isley, Friendship; third, Charles Matton, High Point.

Four-forty Yards—First, Troy Short, Jamestown; time, 58 seconds; second, Homewood, Friendship; third, Smith, High Point.

High Jump—First, Charles Matton, High Point; height 4 feet 11 3-4 inches; second, James Teague, Kernersville; third, Hazel Patterson, Friendship.

Throw-Distance—First, Will Futrell, Jamestown; distance 281 feet; second, C. Coble, Friendship; third, Ned Stuart, Kernersville.

Thow, Accuracy—First, Will Futrell, Jamestown; second, Hermon Morton, Kernersville; third, N. Isley, Friendship.

Broad Jump—First, Charles Matton, High Point; distance 18 feet 5 inches; second, Walter Clark, Jamestown; third, L. Isley, Friendship.

All these men deserve credit for the effort they put forth.

BASKET BALL.

Perhaps there is not much to be said about basket ball at present, since the season is over now, but there have been two games played since the last write up; one with the University of Tennessee, the other with the University of Virginia. The Tennessee game was not a very warmly contested one. It was an interesting game, however, and both teams did good work, but Guilford won out, 46-39. The game with the Virginia men, however, was a hard fought one. The Virginia men came to North Carolina and were having a successful march to vic-

tory. They had won over every other college in the State that puts out a regular basket ball team except Davidson, whom they had not met at all. Our boys were determined to check their victory if possible, and thereby hold up the standard for North Carolina. So they did. Every man went in set on winning; and they all came out with the satisfaction of having done well their respective parts toward gaining the victory over the heavy and efficient team from across the line. The score was 20-19. After the game was over some real college spirit was exhibited by Guilford students of both sexes. A bonfire was built on the old ball ground and the whole Hill roared with the sound of college yells.

TENNIS.

There has not been as much interest shown in tennis this year as is usually manifest. Perhaps this is due largely to the lack of courts. It is surely not due to any fault of the game itself, for it is undoubtedly as interesting a game as any played in college athletics; and, although it requires much practice and some degree of skill to play it well, it possesses a fascination that can only be appreciated by those who have played the game. The cold weather and rain have also handicapped tennis this spring. Briggs, who holds the championship here, has been sick for several days, but we are glad to see him out again, and if the weather will permit the team will attend the intercollegiate meet at Carolina on April 20. It was suggested in the November issue of *THE COLLEGIAN* that the girl's tennis courts be turned into a rose garden. We are glad to note that they are now being used to produce roses; but roses for more beautiful than ever grew on thorny bushes—roses on the cheeks of many G. C. girls.

H. S. SAWYER.

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

On the evening of March 11 a large crowd gathered in Memorial Hall to witness the last inter-class debate of the year. The contesting teams were the Juniors and Freshmen. The other two debates occurred last fall, and as an account of them, some reason or other, did not reach the COLLEGIAN it might not be amiss to mention them briefly. In the Senior-Junior debate the query was, "Resolved, That the United States should establish a Central Bank," and despite the fact that the question was difficult the debaters put so much vigor into the debate that it was interesting throughout. The result of the debate was two in favor of the Juniors, who upheld the affirmative. The subject of the Sophomore-Freshmen debate was, "Resolved, That women should be allowed equal suffrage with men." This debate was also hotly contested, the Freshmen, who defended the affirmative, winning two to one.

The question for discussion in the Junior-Freshmen debate was, "Resolved, That North Carolina should adopt the Initiative and Referendum." The Juniors represented by John B. Woosley, H. S. Sawyer, and Henry W. Smith, defended the negative, while the Freshmen represented by Hardy A. Carroll, D. Waldo Holt and B. S. Sellars upheld the affirmative. After a few words of welcome by Prof. C. O. Meredith, who presided, the secretary, Miss Snipes, announced Mr. Carroll the first speaker on the affirmative. After a few explanatory remarks, Mr. Carroll began his argument by contending that the initiative and referendum was constitutional, that being granted by the fact that it was in practice in several states of the Union. He further contended that the principle was recognized even here in North Carolina and as evidence for this fact pointed to the prohibition measure which was referred to the people. Following this he contended that the direct effect of this measure on the people justified its adoption, for it makes the people more sympathetic. Furthermore he contended "it educates the people in the art of government," and finally he pointed out that the people can be trusted more than the

representatives. He concluded by outlining the question as his colleagues would debate it.

Mr. Woosley opened for the negative by outlining the two forms of Democracy. He declared that the measure proposed by the affirmative would require a change in our State government from a representative to an absolute democracy. He then took up the history and workings of the initiative and referendum and by citing its failures declared that its history condemned it as undesirable for North Carolina. "Furthermore," he declared, "it increases the cost of legislation and demands additional time of the people, both of which are unnecessary under the present system." Again he contended that it paves the way for the professional politician. Following this he proved that it established rule by the majority of a small minority and not real majority rule and thereby destroyed government of, for, and by the people. Finally he said that this measure if adopted by North Carolina would be used as it is in Oklahoma, as a means of tying, blocking and suspending important legislation.

Mr. Holt spoke second for the affirmative. He contended that the proposed measure had made good, that it has proved a success in Switzerland and in some states in our Union, especially in Oregon, where it has eliminated boss rule and restored power back to the people. He further contended that it was absolutely necessary to self government, for it prevents boss rule. Following this he pointed out that this measure would retain the good of the present system and would remedy the defects. He contended that the representative principles would still remain and that the proposed measure would only serve as an aid to good representative government.

Mr. Sawyer was the next speaker. He began by reviewing the rise and influence of representative government, declaring that its growth was coincident with freedom and liberty. He then reviewed briefly our representative government showing that it had stood the test of time and was the bulwark of justice and progress. Then he declared that this measure for which the opposition were contending would destroy this rep-



Champion Debating Team---Juniors, '11



representative government of ours and put in its place a merely plebescitic form of government. He contended that this measure would destroy all chance of amendment or revision, and worse than all would eliminate the right of discussion which is absolutely necessary in the framing of good laws. Following this he proved that this measure would lower the class of legislators by removing the responsibility from the people of electing good men. "As a result we will have a low class of legislation and our entire state will suffer." He closed with a short summary.

Mr. Sellars was the last speaker for the affirmative. He began with a brief outline of his speech. In the first place he contended that the present representative system was defective and was failing to give satisfaction. He pointed out that the people had lost confidence in their representatives and this means that it cannot last. Furthermore he contended that the committee system was used as a means of depriving the people of their rights. Then he pointed out that the party system was defective and that the people should be brought into closer contact with their representatives. Following this he cited instances of fraudulent legislators who were failing to represent their constituency. He also contended that the class of legislation was not such as the people desired and the times demanded. He then said that these defects in our representative government would be remedied by the initiative and referendum and that it would give satisfaction to the people. Finally he said this measure would be toward the final goal of Democracy. He concluded by summing up the argument of the affirmative.

Mr. Smith was the last speaker for the negative. He began by reviewing the conditions of legislation in North Carolina, pointing to the numerous laws which our legislatures have passed which were for the good of the people. He contended that there was no demand for the adoption of this measure by North Carolina for where it has been adopted the primal causes were lack of confidence upon the part of the people in their legislators and the failure of the legislatures to give satisfac-

tion, both of which do not exist in our state. He declared that the people do trust our legislators and that the legislation is satisfactory. As instances of this he pointed to the numerous laws which our legislature had passed and for which there had been a demand. He then showed that our legislature in passing anti-trust laws was of the people and not of the trust. Finally he declared that it would be political folly to adopt a measure for which there was no more demand than there is for the initiative and referendum in North Carolina.

Mr. Carroll, leader for the affirmative, gave the rejoinder for that side. He attacked several points of the negative and declared that the class of legislation was low and should be raised by letting the people have a chance.

Mr. Woosley, leader on the negative, closed the debate. In his rejoinder he attacked the argument of the affirmative as it was produced and succeeded in hitting some rather severe blows. In conclusion he said: "The opposition have failed to show that the representative government of North Carolina is defective and it would therefore be folly to adopt a measure which has for its aim the remedying of such defects."

The judges, who were Messrs. King Hines and Hall, of Greensboro, then rendered their decision, two to one, and Prof. Meredith announced the result by placing the inter-class debating cup on the table of the Juniors. The silver trophy cup will therefore rest with the "Twelves" for a year.

In conclusion it must be said that the spirit exhibited in this debate was the best that has ever been shown in the history of inter-class debates here. No rank or personal feeling entered into the debate. Society spirit, which so often assumes undue proportions, was healthy and hearty and not destructive. The Freshmen declare that the debate was enjoyable throughout, and the Juniors do not hesitate to say that it was the most pleasant debate in their history.

THE WEBSTERIAN-PHILOMATHEAN RECEPTION.

Never will the Philomatheans forget the elegant reception given to them by their "Brother Websterians" on the evening of March 31st. It will in years to come fill the minds of each Philomathean with tender memories for their fellow-society.

We deem it one of our greatest privileges to have listened to a program so novel and unique as the one presented on this occasion. The political meet between Messrs. P. S. Kennett and J. T. Perkins, nominees for governor of North Carolina, was an event which many of us have often wished to see. If perchance, either of these young men should fill the gubernatorial chair of this state, we shall have no fear for her development, for according to their glowing promises we can in our mind's eye see her blossoming into even greater prosperity than she now enjoys. There will be an excellent educational system, the good roads law will be put into effect to a greater degree than ever before, and the prohibition law will be more forcibly carried out. Such a state of affairs we have a great desire to see brought about. The violin solo furnished by Mr. G. T. Perkins was a most delightful feature of the evening. The ease and grace with which Mr. Perkins always plays the violin imbues the music with a charm and feeling that enchants our very souls.

Following the literary exercises came the social part along with delicious refreshments, refreshments which made us feel that the Websterians were not only possessors of great literary ability but were likewise making wonderful progress in their domestic attainments.

The whole reception was admirably planned and beautifully carried out showing that great effort had been exerted for the pleasure of the Philomatheans, for all of which we are deeply grateful.

A PHILOMATHEAN.

THE CLAY-ZATASIAN RECEPTION.

When Zatasians think of the Clay reception it is with a joy and a sigh. A joy to remember the excellent program, the delightful social hour, and the good things to eat. A sigh because it is past and most of us cannot experience this enjoyment again soon, others—never. But these thoughts come only in our more sober moments. I am sure when we think of this evening in days to come, we will remember, the question: "Resolved, That the United States should establish complete reciprocity with Canada," argued so ably on the affirmative by H. A. Stewart and Waldo Holt, and on the negative by B. S. Sellars and Hardy Carroll. We will remember the comic recitation rendered by Mr. A. Zackery, which kept us from having the blues the next week. We cannot soon forget how the earnestness and excellency of the whole society served as an incentive for us to make ours as good a society as theirs; the whole-souled hospitality which they extended to us and the refreshments they served, which consisted of grape fruit, a salad course, coffee and wafers.

The Zatasians consider it a benefit as well as a great pleasure to have been present at this meeting of the Henry Clay Literary Society.

SENIOR-JUNIOR RECEPTION.

Many times have we heard, "That Junior Class is small but mighty." "Yes, and brave too," we would add, "to undertake the giving of a reception to its big Senior sister." This happy event took place at New Garden Hall on the evening of March 21, 1911. All the members of the class stood in a receiving line in the front hall, each giving us a hearty handshake and a cordial greeting. We were made to feel still more the generous hospitality extended to us by the class president, Mr. A. F. Zackary's speech of welcome. Then we were ushered into

the dining room, which had been made lovely with decorations of ivy, jonquils, ferns and other potted plants, the color scheme being olive green and gold, the Senior colors.

Miss Rachel Farlow, head of the Domestic Science Department, assisted by the Sophomore girls, was in charge of the elegantly served menu, consisting of:

I.

Bouillon

Wafers

II.

Baked Shad

Stuffed Potatoes

French Peas

Ham Sandwich

Olives

Celery

Tomato Salad

Rolls

III.

Orange Ice

Cake

Coffee

Mints

Mr. Herbert S. Sawyer made a most graceful and dignified toast-master. The following toasts were given:

Response to Mr. Sawyer's Opening Speech—Dr. Hobbs.

"To the Lassies"—Cassie Mendhall.

Response—Gurney Briggs.

"To the Would-be Great"—Mary I. White.

Response—Janie Brown.

"To the Seniors"—J. B. Woosley.

Response—Lillie Bulla.

"To Auld Lang Syne"—Hazel Harmon.

Faculty members present were: Dr. and Mrs. Hobbs, Misses Benbow, White, Osborn, Field and Rustedt, Messrs. Meredith, A. W. Hobbs, Kibler and Carroll.

This reception was without doubt one of the best planned and carried out affairs of its nature which we have ever had at Guilford. All honor to the class that attempts big things.

J. P. B., '11.

EXCHANGES.

HENRY SMITH.

Another year has passed away; it has again brought us to the pleasurable task of examining the magazines which give us an insight into other institutions. Owing to the fact that we have been somewhat overworked this term it is barely possible that this department will receive its due attention. Many magazines have come to our table this month, which we feel are worthy of comment, but have escaped a critical examination. There are always two kinds of criticism to be offered on anything attempted, the favorable and the adverse. It is our aim, however, in whatever criticism we may offer to give it in a way that will make for progress. That is, when we offer a favorable comment on a magazine or any part of it, we hope to give it in a way to inspire the author to do even better things. When we offer an unfavorable remark we hope to do it in a charitable way, that will not discourage anyone; but, on the other hand fill them with a determination to rise above such a criticism.

Again there is danger, in a work of this kind, of being led into error by our own personal feelings. We are all, sometimes, prone to praise our friends and to lash those for whom we hold the least enmity; but as it is our policy to remain on terms of strongest friendship with all so long as we can do so without compromising our own rights and self-respect, we shall lay aside all prejudices and give praise to whom in our humble judgment, praise is due.

The Davidson College Magazine has in its appearance and the arrangement of the material, evidence that it is backed by a careful and painstaking staff. The verse articles and stories are so rotated as not to become monotonous. The material itself, in general, speaks well for the contributors. The historical sketch of William Lounds Yancey is well written and brings to light a bit of history that is interesting to us of Southern blood. "A Ghost Story" is interesting as such. While it goes the way of most all ghost stories, it carries with it a touch of humor, that we all enjoy at times. The article

entitled, "Wanted—A Fountain of Youth," is a well-worked up satire against our fast, money seeking age. Though rather obscure, "The Deserter" is a well told story. The plot is unusual. It is rather seldom that sympathy can be raised for a deserter. Yet it is evident that the author has here succeeded in arousing an interest in his hero. "The Man With the Hoe" is the only poem in the paper worthy of mention. It is pregnant with one characteristic quality of true poetry—human sympathy. As a whole the magazine is of a high order.

The State Normal Magazine is ever a welcome guest with us. It fulfils the mission of a college magazine in that it gives people outside the college an insight into the workings of the institution. Yet there is plenty of room for improvement. The editorial department should be made stronger. One editorial is not enough, considering the strength of the staff, and the variety of things of interest around the Normal College. The Contributors' Club might, also, be improved, both in respect to quantity and quality. Taken as a whole the magazine is creditable.

The Wake Forest Student is as always a magazine of high order. Its neat cover and careful arrangement of material are commendable. The quality of the material shows that Wake Forest has a strong student body as well as alumni. The one thing noticeable about the *Student* is the college spirit that pervades it from cover to cover. If this spirit is always of the right sort it is to be commended; but as soon as it overreaches its bound it is to be detested. There are one or two things here that seem to be overdone. Especially does its boast of the 400 look that way. It is perfectly all right to have 400 students and to call attention to the fact. But it is altogether another thing to boast about it in a way that seems to speak out, "Conquer foul or fair."

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

EDITORS—HAL LASSITER AND CASSIE MENDENHALL.

"Jingle! Jingle! little bell."

Team!!!!

Victory!!!!???

Wanted:—Grits—Teddie Perkins.

'Tis said that Elva got to German on time once. If so the day of miracles is still not past.

H. I. H. (copying programs for reception)—"Somehow I don't much like my title."

C. C. M.—"Why don't you change it then dear?"

John English has a desire to know what "those" ethics are.

(Windy night) Olive: "I do believe the house is going to be blown away."

Lillian—"I don't care; just so it blows it toward Y. M. C. A."

C. I. N. (speaking of soldier boy): "Didn't he have a fine countenance on his face?"

Johnson (in Fres. Chemistry): "Miss Field, please show me how to write this equation."

Miss Field: "What equation?"

Mr. J.: "This one here for handling-sodium with care."

Anabella wants to know when the college Algebra exam. is to be given.

L. M. R. to A. B. B.: "If you go home Easter you won't be here will you?"

Helen: Annie Maude, I know I am falling off 'cause my glasses are getting too big.

M. I. W. (after trig. exam.): "C—, don't walk so fast. My heart's in my foot and its awful heavy."

When are A. K.'s library hours? Miss J. don't know. Ask her assistant, she probably can tell you.

Soph. girl (to Math. teacher): "Can't you pass me on mid-term report? I simply can't afford to have a D. go home, my father will think I'm a dummy."

Teacher (very coldly): "Sorry, but I can't afford to deceive him."

M. (in Mission class): "The millenium is coming."

L. T.: "I hope it won't come before I get home."

O. S.: "Don't worry. It's going to strike Fla. first."

H. Howard is in distress: No one takes him seriously; why?

Prof. J. (in Church Hist.): "How far does one go west before one begins to go east?"

Answer (very promptly): "When one gets half way round the world."

Miss J.: "How often does Yearly meeting convene?"

We desire to express our sympathy to those who made only 100 on Trig.

Second floor girl (sliding for breakfast, rummaging through bureau drawers): "Do tell me where my hair is?"

Annie Maude (trying to whistle): "Wh-u-n-Hugh!!"

Prof. J. (in Bib. Hist.): "Class, we'll have a quiz tomorrow."

Voice in the rear: "What! a quiz on religion?"

Stretcher Bulla: "Caesar said: 'Beyond the Alps lies Itly.'"

In the parlor there were three,

Girl, the parlor lamp and he.

Two is company; no doubt,

That is why the lamp went out.

First girl: "What is the play that the Y. W. C. A. is getting up going to cost?"

Second girl: "25 cents."

First girl: "Oh, why don't you make it ten."

Second girl: "How absurd! It is not going to be any amateur "theoretical."

Janie Brown: "Oh, I do feel so bad and A. K." (Aachy).

(Practicing in the minstrel) Briggs: "Hey, there, Perry, go put your shoes on."

Prof. J. (in Bib. Hist.): "Let's turn to the book of Zephaniah."

Futrel to Woosley: "Has that book been in the Bible all the time. I don't remember to have ever seen it."

Ask Mr. Kibler if he knows when his birthday comes.

Go to G. Perkins all you I German folks, who have trouble with sentences.

Miss Edna Laughlin was unable to continue her studies at Guilford on account of serious illness. She has gone to her home in Ashboro.

It is with pleasure that we welcome Mr. Gurney Briggs back among our ranks.

Miss Annie Petty was a welcome guest of the college for a few days recently.

We are glad Mr. Welch was able to return to the college, after a week's absence on account of his brother's illness.

Misses Myrtle Allen and Lydia Leach, of Salem Female Academy, Margaret Blair, Winston-Salem, Anna Mendhall, High Point, Perkins, Morganton, Clara Harmon and Ruth White, of High Point, Maggie Davis, of Greensboro Female College; Messrs. Vance and Robberts, Winston-Salem, were welcome visitors of the college recently.

Mrs. D. W. Bulla, of Burlington, N. C., visited her daughter at the college quite recently.

M. A. T. to E. D. Y.: Say who did you say got "D" on *what*.

The Y. W. C. A. girls are all anxiously awaiting T. J. C.'s discourse on the following subject: "Of the girls, by the girls, for the girls and most of all to the girls," which he expects to deliver at their Thursday evening meeting on the fourteenth of May.

Prof. H. has an eighty dollar dictionary. Where? In his head.

Ask John Woosley where he learned how to SLEW to breakfast.

Wonder if E. V. S. gets hungry on Sunday nights when she fails to reach the dining room on account of her LACK of "sliding ability."

John Woosley (in Bible Hist. on being asked a question by Prof. J.): "I was out last night, Prof."

Prof. J.: "I think you are also *out* this morning."



ALUMNI NOTES.

We are glad to note that the number of Guilford's graduates who are attending universities and schools of technical training is increasing.

✓ ^{apell} R. C. Lindsay, '06, who has been in the banking business in Philadelphia since 1907, is now completing his course in law at Chapel Hill. Also he has not lost interest in the national sport for he is playing short for U. N. C.

✓ ^{ufus} At Harvard are R. W. McCulloch, '03; Henry A. Doak, '08; E. Leroy Briggs, '09; William T. Boyce, '09.

✓ David H. Couch, '06, who taught physics at Guilford last year, is at Columbia studying electrical engineering.

✓ Lewis Lyndon Hobbs, Jr., '07, has a position in the Haverford Grammar School and is taking Chemistry and Biology in Haverford College with a view to entering the University of Pennsylvania for the study of medicine.

✓ Richard Hobbs, '09, will take his A. B. at Haverford this year.

✓ Alfred A. Dixon, '09, expects to take his M. A. in Physics at Haverford this year.

✓ Laura Alice Woody, '09, is taking Domestic Science in the University of Tennessee. She is doing some Home Settlement work in the slums of the city also.

✓ John Waldo Woody, '01, is pastor of a progressive Friends' church at Knoxville, Tenn.

✓ Robert C. Root, '98, secretary and treasurer of the Southern California Peace Society, was recently presented with a bronze medal of the International Association in appreciation for what the local organization has done to advance the cause of universal peace. The donor was Baron d'Estournelles de Con-

stant, founder of the International Conciliation Association, and a member of the French Senate.

✓ Kearney E. Hendricks, '00, is teaching mathematics in Lehigh University.

✓ Augustine Blair, '90, is State Chemist, Gainesville, Fla.

✓ Walter W. Mendenhall, '92, is secretary of the Southern Live Stock Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

✓ Robert C. Willis, '01, is employed as special agent and attorney for the United States Interior Department, Little Rock, Ark.

✓ R. Ernest Lewis, who has been in Y. M. C. A. work since his graduation in 1905, is now located at Lock Port, N. Y.

✓ L. Lea White, '04, is now located at Winston-Salem as principal of the High School.

✓ Miss Annie F. Petty, '94, spent a few days at Guilford recently in the interest of her work as registrar of the Alumni Association. Her interest in the association is quite an inspiration. If all of our members were so loyal it would have quite a telling power for Guilford.



Directory.

Guilford College.

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GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

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B. S. Sellars, Secretary
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Young Men's Christian Association.

John B. Woosley, President

H. A. Stewart, Jr., Sec.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Margaret Rutledge, President

Tecie Beaman, Secretary

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S. H. Hodgkin, President

Miss Gainey, Sec.

Margaret Rutledge, Vice President

Joseph Moore Science Club.

Prof. Hobbs, Pres.

W. H. Welch, V. P.

Jennie Bulla, Sec.

Prof. Kibler, Ausseher

Athletic Association.

T. J. Covington, President

Geo. T. Perkins, Sec. and Treas.

W. G. Gilchrist, Vice-Pres.

J. B. Woosley, Base Ball Mge.

Gurney Briggs, Tennis Manager

C. C. Smithdeal, Track Manager

R. H. Fitzgerald, B'sk't Ball Mgr.

Classes.

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Elizabeth Snipes, Secretary

JUNIOR

A. F. Zackary, Pres.
Adna Lamb, Sec.

SOPHOMORE

G. W. Hartman, President
Grace Hughes, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

D. W. Holt, President
Estelle Koiner, Sec.





